

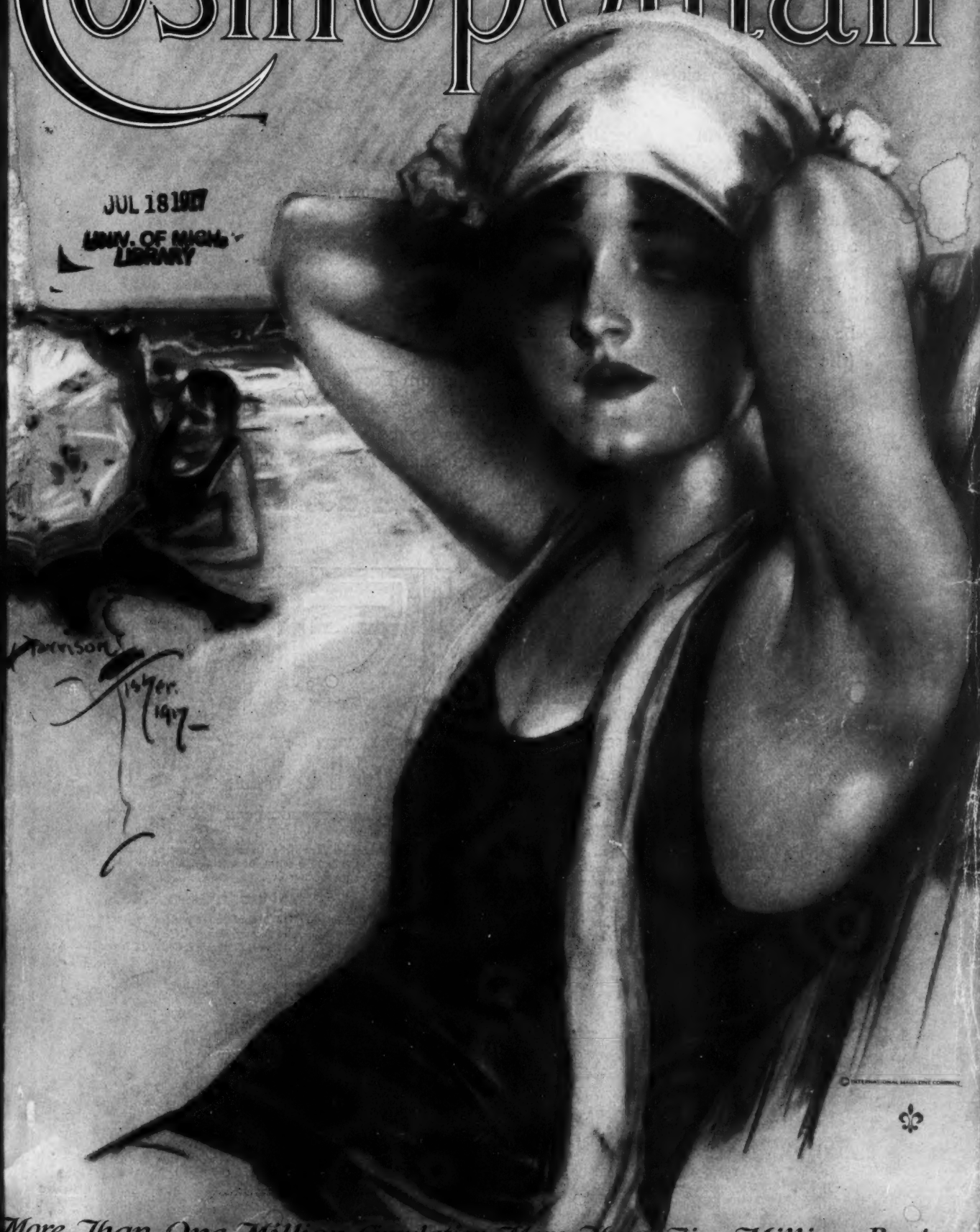
# Cosmopolitan

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# The Sweetest Thing in the World

About the sweetest thing in the world is a baby just after he is bathed and powdered. Especially if he's your own baby!!

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*William Gerhard Mennen*

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# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *The Immortal Cowards*

By Herbert Kaufman

*WE* are the Cowards Immortal—the men who feared dishonor and who quailed at shame.

Because we respected self more than life and dreaded degradation more than death, our names are flaming torches.

We saw the whip the Persian brought for Greece, and therefore did not cringe to see his million spears. And every Alpine pass has heard our trembling prayers beseech kind God for strength to perish if we might not hold our mountains clean for freedom.

Had we not paled beside our women as the Turk set forth to sweep the West, we would have failed to beat him back. No wound that weapon brings could make a torture comparable to their debasement.

And at Waterloo, because retreat demanded all our pride, we chose the path to glory and blessed the bayonets in our breaking hearts.

From Concord and from the Alamo we call to you, from Valley Forge and from Balaklava, from the wastes and the wilds and the frontier blockhouse, and from every grave that marks a martyrdom, we cry you to your duty—carry on!

The price of liberty is dear, but liberty is more precious than its dearest price.

Fear God and conscience and humiliation and injustice and defeat; serve your fears with valor, and defend the high faiths of Humanity.





## THE HOUR

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

*Decoration by W. T. Benda*

**T**HIS is the world's stupendous hour—  
The supreme moment for the race  
To see the emptiness of power,  
The worthlessness of wealth and place,  
To see the purpose and the plan  
Conceived by God for growing man.

And they who see and comprehend  
That ultimate and lofty aim  
Will wait in patience for the end,  
Knowing injustice cannot claim  
One lasting victory, or control  
Laws that bar progress for the whole.

This is an epoch-making time;  
God thunders through the universe  
A message glorious and sublime,  
At once a blessing and a curse—  
Blessings for those who seek his light,  
Curses for those whose law is might.

Ephemeral as the sunset glow  
Is human grandeur. Mortal life  
Was given that souls might seek and know  
Immortal truths; and through the strife  
That shakes the earth from land to land,  
The wise shall hear and understand.

Out of the awful holocaust,  
Out of the whirlwind and the flood,  
Out of old creeds to bedlam tossed  
Shall rise a new earth washed in blood—  
A new race filled with spirit-power.  
*This is the world's stupendous hour.*



# Blue Aloes

PART I

## *The Strange Story of a Karoo Farm*

By Cynthia Stockley

Author of "Rozanne Ozanne" and "The Leopard"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

NIGHT, with the sinister, brooding peace of the desert enwrapped the land, and the inmates of the old Karoo farm had long been at rest; but it was an hour when strange tree-creatures cry with the voices of human beings, and stealthy velvet-footed things prowl through places forbidden by day, and not all who rested at Blue Aloes were sleeping.

Christine Chaine, wakeful and nervous, listening to the night sounds, found them far more distracting than any the day could produce. Above the breathing of the three children sleeping near her in the big room, the buzz of a moth-beetle against the ceiling, and the far-off howling of jackals, she could hear something out in the garden sighing with faint, whistling sighs. More disquieting still was a gentle, intermittent tapping on the closed and heavily barred shutters, inside which the windows stood open, inviting coolness. She had heard that tapping every one of the three nights since she came to the farm.

The window stood to the right of her bed, and, by stretching an arm, she could have unbolted the shutters and looked out, but she would have died rather than do it. Not that she was a coward. But there was some sinister quality in the night noises of this old Karoo farm that weighed on her courage and paralyzed her senses. So, instead of stirring, she lay very still in the darkness, the loud, uncertain beats of her heart adding themselves to all the other disconcerting sounds.

Mrs. van Cannan had laughed her lazy, liquid laugh when Christine spoke, the first morning after her arrival, of the tapping.

"It was probably a stray ostrich pecking on your shutters," said the mistress of Blue Aloes. "You are strange to the Karoo, my dear. When you have been here a month, you'll take no notice of night noises."

There was possibly truth in the prophecy, but Christine doubted it. There were also moments when she doubted being able to last a week out at the farm, to say nothing of a month. That was only in the night watches, however; by day, she found it hard to imagine any circumstances so unpleasant as to induce her to leave the three little van Cannan children, who, even in so short a time, had managed to twine their fingers and their mops

of bronze hair round her affections.

The tapping began again, soft and insistent. Christine knew it was not a branch, for she had taken the trouble to ascertain; and that a stray ostrich should choose her window to peck at for three nights running seemed fantastic.

Irrelatively, one of the children murmured drowsily in sleep, and the little human sound braced the girl's nerves. The sense of loneliness left her, giving place to courageous resolution. She forgot everything save that she was responsible for the protection of the children, and determined that the tapping must be investigated, once and for all. Just as she was stirring, the soft sighing recommenced close to the shutters, followed by three clear taps. Christine changed her mind about getting out of bed, but she leaned toward the window on her elbow, and said, in a low voice that trembled a little,

"Is anyone there?"

A whistling whisper answered her,

"Take care of the children."

With the words, a strangely revolting odor came stealing through the shutters. The girl shrank back, all her fears returning. Yet she forced herself to speak again.

"Who is it? What do you want?"

"Mind the boy—take care of the boy," sobbed the whistling voice, and again the foul odor stole into the room. It seemed to Christine the smell of something dead and rotten and old. She could not bear it. Hatred of it was greater than fear, and, springing from her bed, she wrestled with the bolts of the shutters. But when she threw them open there was—nothing! Darkness stood without like a presence, and seemed to push against the shutters, trying to enter as she hastily rebarred them.

Something was stirring in the room, too. With hands that shook, she lit the candle and, by its gleam, discovered Roderick, the eldest child, sitting up in bed, his red-gold mop all tumbled, his eyes, full of dreams, fixed on her with a wide stare. She crossed the room and knelt beside him.

"What is it, darling?"

"I thought my nannie was there," he murmured.

"Your nannie?" she echoed, in surprise, knowing that "nannie" was the common name for any black nurse who tended and waited on them. "But she is in bed and asleep long ago."



There was no fear in his wide gray eyes, but it was uncanny to see them searching the shadows of the room and returning always, with a fixed, somnambulist stare, to the window

"I don't mean *that* one. I mean my nannie what's dead—Sophy."

The girl's back-bone grew chill. She remembered hearing that the children had been always minded by an educated old Basuto woman called Sophy, who had been a devoted slave to each from birth up, and because of whose death, a few months back, a series of English governesses had come and gone at the farm. She remembered, too, those fluty whispers that resembled no human voice.

"Lie down darling and sleep," she said gently. "I will stay by you."

The boy did not instantly obey. He had a whim to sit up, watching. There was no fear in his wide gray eyes, but it was uncanny to see them searching the shadows of the room and returning always, with a fixed, somnambulist stare, to the window. Christine had a fancy that children, with the memories of another world clinging to them, have a vision of unseen things denied to older people; and she wondered painfully what was going on in the mind behind this handsome little face. At last, she prevailed upon him to lie down, but it was long before he slept. Even then, she sat on, holding his hand, keeping vigil over him and the two other small sleepers.

They were lovely children. Each head glowed red-gold upon its pillow, and each little profile was of a regularity almost classical, with the pure coloring peculiar to red-haired people. The boy's face was well sprinkled with freckles, but five-year-old Marguerite and little Coral, of four, who were perfect little imps of mischief, had the

dainty snow-pink look of daisies growing in a meadow with their faces turned up to God.

It was difficult to connect such fragrant, well-tended flowers with the whistling horror out in the darkness. More, it was absurd, impossible. The girl decided that the whole thing was a bad nightmare which she must shake off. The explanation of it could only be that, half asleep, she had dreamed she heard the tapping and the whispers, and smelled the evil odor. Why should a *Thing* come and tell her to mind the children? "*Mind the boy.*" He was already minded—they were all happy and well cared for in their own home. The boy Roderick must have been dreaming, too, and talking in his sleep. Thus, Christine's clear English mind rejected the whole thing as an illusion, resulting from weariness and the new, strange conditions of her life. Yet there was an Irish side to her that could not so easily dispose of the matter. She remembered with what uneasiness her nights had been haunted from the first. How always, when the dark fell, she had sensed something uncanny, something unseen and menacing, that

she could never track to its source. But to-night the sense of hovering evil had taken definite form and direction. It was at the children that harm was directed; the whistling, sighing words had concerned the children only. The girl shivered again at the horrid recollection.

"Yet anything that cares about children cannot be altogether evil," she thought. That comforted her a little, but the spell of horror the night had laid upon her was not lifted until dawn came. Then she slipped on some clothes and let herself out into the morning air.

The garden that straggled about the farm was composed of a dozen century-old oaks, a sprinkling of feathery pepper-trees, and many clumps of brilliant-blossomed cacti. The veranda and outbuildings were heavily hung with creepers, and great barrels of begonias and geraniums stood about. Within a few hundred yards of the house, the green and glowing cultivation stopped as abruptly as the edges of an oasis in the desert, and the Karoo began—that sweeping, high table-land, empty of all but brown stones, long white thorns, fantastically shaped clumps of prickly-pear, bare brown hills and dried-up rivulets, and that yet is one of the healthiest and, from the farmer's point of view, wealthiest plateaux in the world.

Between the farm and the far hills arose a curious line of shroudy blue, seeming to hover round the estate, mystically encircling it and cutting it off from the rest of the desert. This was the century-old hedge of blue aloes which gave the farm its name. Planted in a huge ring of many miles circumference, the great spiked cacti, with leaves thick and flat as hide shields and pointed as steel spears, made a barrier against cattle, ostriches, and human beings that was impassable except by the appointed gaps. No doubt it had a beauty all its own, but beneath its fantastic, isolated blooms and leaves of Madonna blue, the gnarled roots sheltered a hundred varieties of poisonous reptiles and insects. That is why, in Africa, no one likes blue aloes—they always harbor death.

Dawn on the Karoo more than compensates for its fearsome nights and torrid noontides. The dew, jewel-like, the thousand spider-webs, the sparkling brightness of the air, the exquisite purity of the atmosphere, and grandeur of space and loneliness rimmed about by rose-tipped skies and far forget-me-not hills make a magic to catch the heart in a net from which it never quite escapes.

Christine felt this enchantment as she wandered across the veld, her eyes fixed on the hills from behind which the sun would presently emerge to fill the land with a clear, pitiless heat that turned everything curiously gray. A dam of water reflecting pink cloud-tips lay bright and still as a sheet of steel. The fields of lucerne, under the morning light, were softly turning from black to emerald, and beyond the aloe hedge a native kraal that was scattered on the side of a hill slowly woke to life. A dog barked; a wisp of smoke curled between the thatched huts, and one or two blanketed figures crept from the low doors. The simple yet secret lives of these people intrigued Christine deeply. She knew little of Kafirs, for she had only been in Africa a few months; but the impassive silence of them behind their watching, alert eyes always fascinated her. They said so little before their masters, the whites. Here, for instance, was a little colony of fifty or more people living in a kraal close to their employers. Some of them were gray-haired and had worked for a quarter of a century on the farm—the men on the land, the women at the house—yet, once their daily tasks were over, none knew what their lives were when they returned to the straggling village of palisades and low-doored huts.

Musing on these things, Christine turned at last and sauntered slowly homeward. Everything was still very quiet, but smoke was rising from the solid farm chimneys, and, rounding the corners of some large outbuildings, she came suddenly upon more life—feathery, fantastic life of spindlelegs and fluttering wings. Scores of baby ostriches, just released from their night shelter, were racing

into the morning light, pirouetting round each other like crazy, gleesome sprites. Christine stood laughing at their fandangos and the antics of the Kafirs engaged in herding them. A man standing near, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, observing the same scene, was astonished that her sad yet passionate face could so change under the spell of laughter. He had wondered, when he first saw her, why a girl with such ardent eyes should wear such weariness upon her lips and look so disdainfully at life. Now he saw that it was a mask she wore and forgot when she was alone, and he wondered still more what had brought such a girl to be a governess on a Karoo farm.

But in a moment Christine's face changed, resuming, like a veil over its youth and bloom, the look of world-weariness. She bowed slightly to him, with a somewhat cool response to his pleasant morning greeting, and made haste to resume her walk homeward.

She knew him to be Richard Saltire, the government forest and land expert, who was engaged in certain experiments on the farm. He shared a bungalow somewhere on the land with two young Hollanders who were learning ostrich-farming, and came with them to lunch every day at the house. Already, his bold, careless face, with its sunbitten beauty, had separated itself in her memory from the faces of the other men, for it was a face and personality that could not leave a woman undisturbed. Incidentally, it had disturbed her in connection with an impression not altogether agreeable.

One of the first hints Mrs. van Cannan had given the new governess was that the master of Blue Aloes did not care for any kind of intimacy to exist between the women folk of the farm and the men occupied about it. Christine had been long enough in South Africa to recognize that this was an odd departure from the general rule of friendliness and equality; but a hint to the proud has the same efficacy as a word to the wise. Besides, she had no longing for the society of men, but rather a wish to forget that she had ever known any. Life had made a hole in her heart which she meant to fill if she could, but only with inanimate things and the love of children. So that Mr. van Cannan's unsociable restriction, far from being irksome, suited her perfectly.

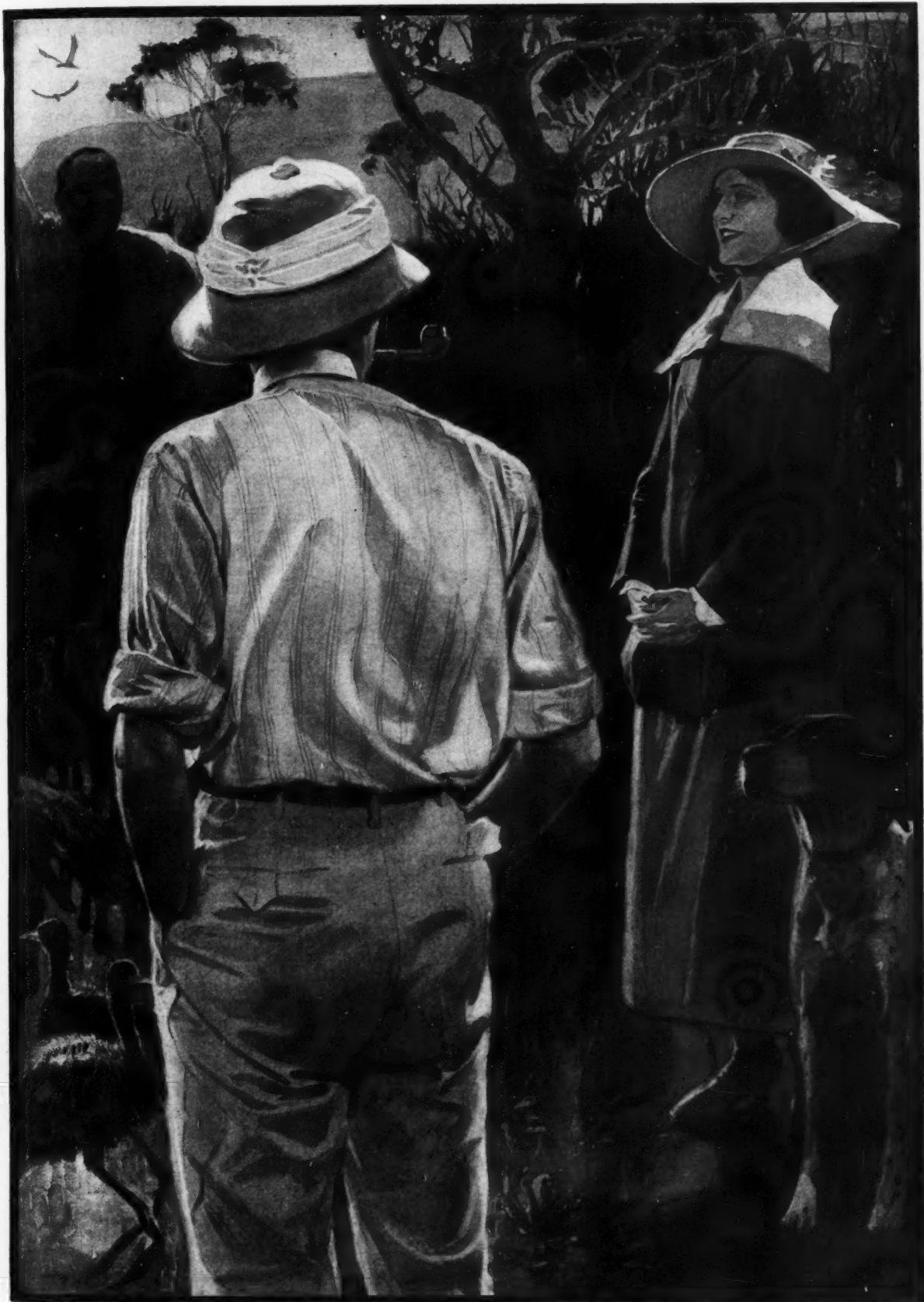
Mrs. van Cannan apparently did not apply to herself her husband's injunction, for she was charming to everybody, and especially to Mr. Saltire. It was impossible not to notice this, and also that the fact was not lost upon the gloomy, fanatic glance of the master of the house.

If Mr. Saltire showed bad taste in so openly returning Mrs. van Cannan's interest, it had to be admitted that it was the form of bad taste that is a law unto itself and takes no thought of the opinion of others. Although Africa had spoiled Saltire's complexion, it was evident that she had never bowed his neck or put humility into his eye or made him desist from looking over his boldly cut nose as though he had bought the world and did not want it.

But to Christine Chaine it seemed that to cause pain to a man racked with neuritis and jealousy for the sake of a mild flirtation with a pretty woman was a cruel as well as a dangerous game. That was one of the reasons why the friendliness of his morning greeting had been met with such coldness. She had known heartlessness before in her life, and wished no further acquaintance with it. That was the resolution with which she hurried back through the straggling garden, the whitewashed porch, and massive front door to the nursery.

The children, full of high spirits and wilfulness, were engaged in their morning romp of trying to evade Meekie, the colored "nannie," whose business it was to bathe them.

They were extraordinarily lovable children, in spite of a certain elf-like disobedience which possessed them like a disease. It was quite enough to tell them *not* to do a thing for them to be eaten up with a desire to do it forthwith. Christine had discovered this, and had learned to manage them in other ways than by direct command.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

A man standing near, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, observing the same scene, was astonished that her sad yet passionate face could so change under the spell of laughter

"Take Roddy—no; take Coral, she is the dirtiest—no, no—Rita! Rita is the pig!" they shrieked, as they pranced from bed to bed. "Bath yourself, old Meekie—you are the blackest of all."

Christine had her work cut out with them for the next half-hour, but at last they were marshaled, sweet and shining, to breakfast, where she presided, for their father always took an early breakfast, and Mrs. van Cannan never rose until eleven. Afterward, according to custom, they paid a visit to the latter's room, to wish her good-morning.

Isabel van Cannan was a big, lazy, laughing woman, with sleepy, golden eyes. She spent hours in bed, lying, as she did now, amid quantities of pillows, doing absolutely nothing. She had told Christine that she was of Spanish extraction, yet



she was blond as a Swede. Her hair, which had a sort of lamb's-wool fluffiness, lay upon her pillows in two great ropes, yellow as the pollen of a lily. She took the children one by one into a sleepy embrace, kissed and patted their cheeks, admonishing them to be good and obey Miss Chaine in everything.

"Be sure not to go in the sun without your hats," she adjured the two small girls. "Roddy doesn't matter so much, but little girls' complexions are very important."

Rita and Coral stuck out their rose-pink chins and exchanged a sparkling glance. Christine knew that she would have trouble with them and their hats all day.

"Good-by," said Mrs. van Cannan, and sank back among her pillows. As the children scampered out of the room, she called sharply, "Don't go near the dam, Roddy!"

Christine had heard her say that before, and always with that sharp inflection.

"I never let them go near the dam without me," she said reassuringly. Mrs. van Cannan did not answer, but a quiver, as if of pain, passed over her closed eyelids.

Outside in the passage, Roderick pressed close to Christine and murmured, with a sort of elfin sadness,

"Carol was drowned in the dam."

The girl was startled.

"Carol?" she echoed. "Who was Carol?"

"My big brother—a year older than me," he whispered.

"He is buried out in the graveyard. I'll take you to see the place if you like. Let us go now."

Christine collected herself.

"We must go to lessons now, dear. Later on, you shall show me anything you like."

But from time to time during the morning sitting in the creeper-trimmed summer-house they used for a school-room, with her charges busy round her, Christine's thoughts returned to the strange little revelation. Roddy, with his red-gold brush of hair, bent over his slate, was not the first-born, then! He had been drowned in the dam—that peaceful sheet of walled-in water that reflected the pink tips of dawn and wherein, at eventide, the cattle waded happily to drink. This old Karoo farmhouse had known tragedy, even as she had sensed. Small wonder Bernard van Cannan's eyes wore a haunted look! Yet his wife, with her full, happy laugh and golden locks, lying among her pillows, seemed curiously untouched by sorrow. Except for that quiver of the eyelids, Christine had never seen her show anything but a contented face to life.

Well—the history of Blue Aloes was a sealed book when the girl came to it, knowing nothing of its inmates beyond their excellent references as an old Huguenot family. Now the book, slowly opening page by page, was revealing strange things.

The luncheon-hour always provided fresh material for a reflective mind. The dining-room was large and lofty, and the table must have dated back to the early days at the Cape, when every great family had its scores of retainers and slaves. It was composed of time-stained teak, and could have seated dozens, being curiously shaped like a capital E with the middle branch of the letter missing. Only one of the branches was now in use; and at this Christine presided over her small charges, fortunately somewhat

aloof from the rest, for they had many odd habits which it was her business to correct without drawing attention. Coral did not like pumpkin, and would keep dropping it on the floor. Rita loved to kill flies with a spoon. Roddy's specialty was sliding bits of meat into the open jaws of a pointer—there were always several under the table—then briskly passing his plate for more. Once or twice, looking up from correcting these idiosyncrasies, the girl found the blue eyes of Richard Saltire fixed upon her as if in ironic inquiry, and though she felt the slow color creep into her face, she returned the glance coldly. How dare he be curious about her, she thought rather angrily. Let him confine himself to making the lids of his hostess droop and her cheeks dimple. Not that Christine believed there to be any harm in their open flirtation—Mrs. van Cannan was plainly devoted to her husband; perhaps it was natural that she should enjoy admiration. She possessed the kind of beauty only to be achieved by the woman who makes the care of her appearance an art, and spends hours in absolute repose of mind and body. Her face had not a line in it of strain or sorrow. Faint pink tinted her cheeks. Her pink-linen gown, open in a low V, showed the perfect contour and creaminess of her breast. The restless, adoring eyes of her husband came back to her always with that glance, vigilant and somber, that was peculiar to them.

With some assumption of state, he always sat in the center of the body of the table, with his wife beside him. Saltire sat at her right, and Saxby, the overseer, was placed beside his host. Opposite them, on the other side of the table, were the two young Hollanders and a cheerful

Scotch colonial called McNeil. These six men were expected to take both luncheon and dinner at the farm, but only the Hollanders turned up in the evening, perhaps because the excellence of the fare was outbalanced by the long prayers and hymns with which the meal was prefaced and ended. Even at lunch-time, there was a Bible at the host's elbow, from which he read a number of texts before pronouncing a long grace, while the visitors listened with expressions that varied from embarrassment to impatience. Richard Saltire always looked frankly bored, but sometimes he and Mrs. van Cannan exchanged a smile of sympathy at having to listen to the maledictions of Job while the roast was getting cold. Hymns for lunch were mercifully omitted. Bernard van Cannan, though plainly a religious fanatic, was also the owner of one of the wealthiest farms in the colony, and no doubt he realized that the working-hours of his employees might be more profitably engaged than by chanting hymns.

Saxby, the overseer, a dark, burly man of unusual height, was marked by the thick lips and general fullness of countenance that suggests to those who have lived long enough in Africa "a touch of color." He had the soft voice too, and full, deep laugh of those who have a dash of native blood in their veins. His manner was melancholy though charming, and he imposed his society upon no man, but attended strictly to his business. He was the best manager the farm had ever known. After being there for less than a year, he had so improved the stock and the land that Bernard van Cannan looked upon him as a little god, and his word was law on the farm. His private history, a rather sad one, Christine had already heard from Mrs. van Cannan. It appeared that his wife had been terribly disfigured in a fire and was not only a semi-invalid

but a victim of melancholia. She lived with him in an isolated bungalow some way off, and he did everything for her with his own hands, as she shrank from being seen by anyone and particularly detested natives. While her husband was away at

Laughter was never far from her lips. But, at the moment, there really seemed some trace of the morning's pain on her as she looked at her husband.

"Bernard's shoulder is giving him so much trouble," she said appealingly to Saltire. "He wants to go to East London to see his old specialist, but I don't believe in that man. I think rest in bed is the cure for all ills. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Saltire?"

"Bed has its uses no doubt," laughed Saltire, with the cheerful carelessness of the thoroughly healthy man, "but a change of scene is better sometimes, for some people."

Van Cannan, his shoulder and left eye twitching perpetually, turned a searching gaze upon the deeply tanned face of the forestry expert, as though suspecting some double meaning in the words. Saltire bore the scrutiny undisturbed. Immaculate in white linens, his handsome fairish head wearing a perpetually well-groomed look, perhaps by reason of a bullet which, during the Boer War, had skimmed straight through his hair, leaving a perfect parting in the center, he was a striking contrast to the haggard master of the house, who muttered morosely,

"There is some Latin saying—isn't there?—about people 'changing their skies but not their dispositions.'"

"Indisposition is a different matter," remarked Saxby sagely, "and with neuritis it is a mistake to let the pain get too near the heart. I think you ought to see a doctor, Mr. van Cannan, but East London is a long way off. Why not call in the district man?"

"He would prescribe a bottle of



Once or twice, looking up from correcting these idiosyncrasies, the girl found the blue eyes of Richard Saltire fixed upon her as if in ironic inquiry

his duties, she remained locked in the bungalow, inaccessible to anyone save Mrs. van Cannan, who sometimes went to sit with her.

"But I can't bear to go often," Isabel van Cannan told Miss Chaine. "She depresses me so terribly, and what good can I do her, poor soul?"

Unnecessary for her to add that she hated being depressed. It was bad for the complexion, she laughed.

pink water, and charge me a couple of pounds for it. I need better treatment than that. I could not even ride this morning—had to leave my horse and walk home. The pain was vile."

Saxby looked at him sympathetically.

"Well, try a couple of weeks' rest in bed, as



He had reached its brink

Mrs. van Cannan suggests. You know that I can keep things going all right."

"And Mr. Saltire will continue to turn the prickly-pears into ogres and hags," said his wife, with her childlike smile. "When you get up again, he will have a whole army of shriveled monsters ready for you."

It is true that this was Richard Saltire's business on the farm—to rid the land of that bane and pest of the Karoo, the prickly-pear cactus. The new governmental experiment was the only one, so far, that had shown any good results in getting rid of the pest. It consisted in inoculating each bush with certain poisons, which, when they entered the sap of the plant, shriveled and withered it to the core, making its large, pale, flapping hands drop off as though smitten by leprosy, and causing the whole bush to assume a staggering, menacing attitude that was immensely startling and grotesque. Many of the natives were now afraid to go about on the farm after dusk. They said the prickly-pears threatened them, even ran after them, intent on revenge.

Christine had heard Mr. van Cannan say that his father knew the man whose grandfather was the first Dutchman to introduce the prickly-pear into the Karoo. It was a great treasure then, being looked upon as good fodder for beast and ostrich in time of drought, and the boy used to be beaten if he did not properly water the leaves which were being laboriously preserved on the great trek into the desert. Unfortunately, the preservation had been so complete that it was now the ruin of many a fine Karoo estate, springing up everywhere, smothering other growths and destroying, with its tiny multitudinous thorns, the stomachs of the cattle, who love too much its watery leaves. Mr. van Cannan was one of the farmers rich enough to take drastic steps to save his farm. Saltire was doing it for him very thoroughly and efficiently.

"How much longer do you expect to be?" asked van Cannan.

"Oh, another three weeks ought to finish the job," said Saltire. "But, as you know, they are most persistent things. When you think they are done for, you find them sprouting green again below the wound, and have to give them another dose."

"Three weeks!" muttered van Cannan, with moody eyes. He looked to Christine like a man suffering with sickness of the soul. Everyone supposed the rest-cure definitely settled on, but, with the contrariness of an ailing child, he suddenly announced determinedly, "I shall leave for East London this afternoon."

The children were called to kiss him good-by, and they clustered round him. "Take care of them for me," he said, with a piercing wistfulness, to Christine. "Take care of my boy."

Then he turned brusquely to Saxby, making arrangements for a mule-cart to be ready at two o'clock to drive him into Cradock, the nearest large town, where he would have to spend the night before proceeding further by rail.

Christine could not but be struck by the words he had used, and mused over them wonderingly while she tucked Rita and Coral under their mosquito-curtains. It was her habit to spend this hour with Roddy and a story-book. But to-day he hovered restlessly, showing no inclination to settle down, and seeming full of some suppressed excitement. At last, he whispered in her ear:

"Don't forget where you said you would come with me—to see Carol and the others." Christine wondered if old Sophy was one of the others, and, even in the noontide heat, she felt a chill.

"All right, Roddy," she agreed slowly. "Wait till I get a sunshade, though. It is dreadfully hot."

She shaded him as much as herself while they threaded their way through the shrubs that seemed to simmer in the gray-brown heat.

Almost every South African farm has its private cemetery. It is the custom to bury the dead where they have lived, and often the graveyard is in the shadiest corner of the garden, where the women sit to sew, the men bring their pipes, and children spread their playthings upon the flat, roughly hewn tombstones.

At Blue Aloes, the place of the dead was hidden far from the haunts of the living, but the narrow, uncertain path led to it at last—a bare, sun-bleached spot, secluded but unshaded by a gaudy-blossomed hedge of cactus. A straight, single line of graves, less than a dozen in number, lay blistering in the sunshine. Some were marked with slabs of time-worn stone, upon whose faded lettering, little green rock-lizards were disporting themselves. The last two in the line had white-marble crosses at their heads, each bearing a name in black letters and a date. The preceding one, too, was fairly new, with the earth heaped in still unbroken lumps upon it, but it bore no distinguishing mark of any kind. Death appeared to have been fairly busy in recent times at Blue Aloes. The date on the end grave was no older than six months.

Little Bernard Quentin van Cannan lay there, sleeping too soon at the age of three

and a half. Roddy pronounced his brief but sufficiently eloquent epitaph.

"He was Coral's twin. A tarantula bit him—one of the awful big poisonous ones out of the aloe hedge."

The next cross registered the resting place of Carol Quentin van Cannan—drowned a year back, at the age of nine. Christine's sad gaze traveled to the third and unmarked mound.

"Is that Sophy's grave?" she asked softly, for shriveling on the lumps of earth lay a bunch of poppies that she had seen Roddy gathering the day before, and now remembered wondering where he had disappeared to afterward. Roddy did not answer. He was staring before him with manful eyes that winked rapidly but shed no tears. His lips were pursed up as if to whistle, yet made no sound. At the sight of him and the withered poppies in the place where never a flower of memory blossomed, hot tears surged to the girl's eyes. It was wistful to think of a child remembering when all others forgot.

"No one ever comes here but me," he said, at last.

Christine got rid of her tears by turning her back on him and pressing them away with her fingers, for she knew that emotion embarrasses and pains children, and she wanted to help this small, brave man, not hurt him.

"You and I will come here often, Roddy. We will turn it into a garden, and make it blossom like the rose—shall we?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried eagerly. "'Blossom like the rose'—that comes out of the Bible! I have heard daddy read it. But we must not talk about it to mamma. It makes her too sad to come here, or even talk about it. Mamma doesn't like sad things."

Suddenly, the strange quietude of the place was invaded by the sound of voices. They were far-off voices, but both the girl and the child started as though caught in some forbidden act and instinctively took hands. A moment later, they were hurrying away from the lonely spot, back by the way they had come. Half-way home they came upon Richard Saltire and the squad of Kafirs who carried his implements and liquids. Theirs were the voices that had been heard. Work had begun on the territory so thickly sewn with prickly-pears that lay between farm and cemetery.

Saltire, with sleeves rolled up, was operating with a syringe upon the trunk of a giant bush, but he turned round to throw a smile to Roddy.

"Hello, Rod!"

"Hello, Dick!" was the blithe response. "Gr-r-r! You giving it to that old bush?"

"Rather! He's getting it where the chicken got the ax. Like to have a go at him?"

"Oh—oh—yes!"

Roddy delightedly grasped the syringe, and was instructed how to fill and plunge it into the green, dropical flesh of the plant. The Kafirs stood looking on with grave, imperturbable faces. Christine sat down on a rock and, from the rosy shadow of her parasol, observed the pair. She was astonished at this revelation of intimacy. Saltire's satirical blue eyes were full of warm affection as he looked at the boy, and Roddy's manner toward him contained a loving familiarity and trust she had never seen him exhibit to anyone. It was interesting, too, to watch the man's fine, capable hands manipulating his instruments and his quick eye searching each bush to select a vulnerable spot for the virus of death. His movements had the grace and energy of one whose every muscle is trained in service and in perfect condition. Only men who hail from cold climates retain this characteristic in Africa. Those born in its disintegrating heats are usually overtaken in the early thirties by physical weariness or, as some choose to call it, "slackness" that only fine moral training can overcome.

He was good to look at, too, this man in spotless white clothes, the blueness of his eyes throwing up the clear tan of his face, his burnished hair lying close to his head. Christine thought rather sadly that the presence on the farm of

anyone so sane and fearless-looking would have been a great comfort to her, if only he had not been one of the people whose ways troubled her most.

It was with difficulty that she at last got Roddy away, he was so evidently under the forestry man's spell. Almost she felt that spell herself when he began talking to her, looking deep into her eyes while he explained his work; but suddenly it seemed to her that those blue eyes were explaining something quite different, and, flushing furiously, she made haste to take Roddy's hand and end the interview by walking away.

There was considerable trouble during the afternoon with Rita and Coral. If Christine turned her back for a moment, they flew out into the sunshine, (Continued on page 126)



She opened her dressing-case and took out a little box of cachets

**JOHN CLELAND**, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son at boarding-school, in his loneliness takes into his home eleven-year-old Stephanie Quest, to whose case his attention is called by a published appeal for aid. Stephanie has a winning personality, but is often wilful and unruly. Although she has been brought up in comparative squalor by some kind-hearted Germans who took her in after the sudden death of her worthless parents, who treated her most cruelly, the child is well connected. Her mother's uncle is Chiltern Grismer, a mean and hypocritical man, who is paid a large salary for directing a charity organization, and is keeping his disinherited sister's share of the family estate, despite his knowledge of Stephanie's existence. Her father's aunt, Miss Rosalinda Quest, had not believed that her dead nephew ever had a daughter, and has devoted her fortune and her life to running a home for defective children. Cleland arranges with these relatives to educate and provide for Stephanie. Miss Quest, however, will not relinquish all claim to the child. She wishes to retain liberty of action in controlling her future. But the details of the matter are finally settled, and Stephanie prepares to leave the Schmidts, the only friends she has hitherto known.



**I**N February, the child departed from the Schmidts in charge of an elderly indigent gentlewoman, recommended to Mr. Cleland at an exorbitant salary.

Mrs. Westlake was her name; she inhabited, with a mild and useless husband, the ancient family mansion in Pelham. And here the preliminary grooming of Stephanie Quest began amid a riot of plain living, lofty thinking, excision of double negatives acquired at hazard, and a hospital régime of physical scrubbing.

During February and March the pitiless process continued, punctuated by blessed daily visits from Cleland senior, laden with offerings, edible and otherwise. And before April he had won the heart of Stephanie Quest.

The first night that she slept under Cleland's roof, he was so excited that he sat up in the library all night, listening, for fear she should awake, become frightened, and cry out.

She slept perfectly. Old Janet had volunteered as nurse and wardrobe mistress, and a new parlor-maid took her place. Janet, aged sixty, had been his dead wife's childhood nurse, his son's nurse in babyhood; then she had been permitted to do in the household whatever she chose, and she chose to dust the drawing-room, potter about the house, and offer herself tea between times.

Janet, entering the library at six in the morning, found Mr. Cleland about ready to retire after an all-night vigil.

"What do you think of what I've done—bringing this child here?" he demanded bluntly, having lacked the courage to ask Janet's opinion before.

Janet could neither read nor write. Her thoughts were slow in crystallizing. For a few moments, master and ancient servant stood confronted.

## *The* Restless *A Chronicle of*

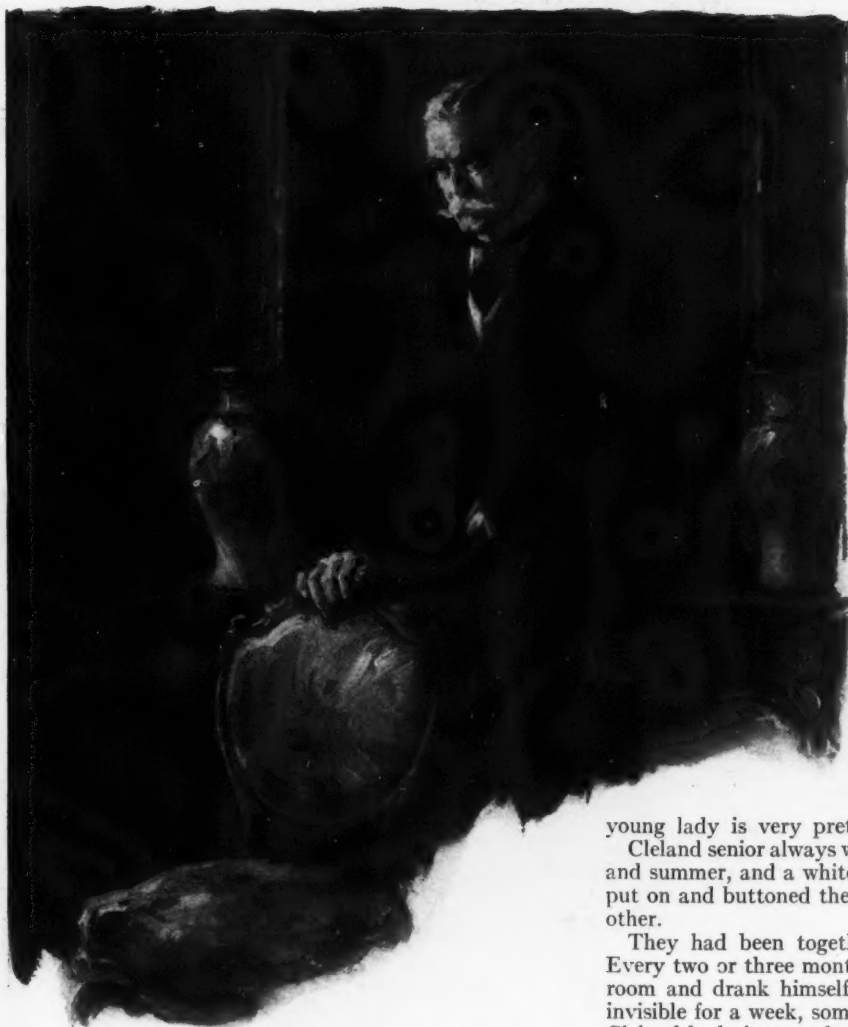
"Maybe it was God's will, sorr," she said at last, in her voice which age had made a little rickety.

"You don't approve?"

"Ah, then, Mr. Cleland, sorr, was there annything you was wishful for but the dear missus approved?"

That answer took him entirely by surprise. He had never even thought of looking at the matter from such an angle. And after Janet went away into the dim depths of the house, he remained standing there, pondering the old Irishwoman's answer. Suddenly his heart grew full, and the tears were salt in his throat—hot and wet in his closed eyes.

"Not that memory and love are lessened, dear," he explained, with tremulous, voiceless lips, "but you have been away so long, and here on earth time moves slowly without you—dearest—dearest—"



Miss Quest took the seat which Cleland offered and sat down, drawing the child to her knee. She looked at her for a long while without speaking

# Sex

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

## Insurgent Youth

"Th' devil's in that young wan!" panted Janet, outside his chamber door. "She won't be dressed! She's turning somersaults on her bed, God help her!"

"Did you bathe her?" demanded Cleland, hurriedly buttoning his collar and taking one of the scarfs offered by old Meacham.

"I did, sorr—and it was like scrubbing an eel. Not that she was naughty, sorr—the darlint!—only playful-like and contrayry—all over th' tub, under wather and atop; and pretindin' the soap and brush was fishes and she another chasin' them."

"Janet!"

"Sorr?"

"Has she had her breakfast?"

"Two, sorr."

"What?"

"Cereal and cream, omelet and toast, three oranges and a pear, and a pint of milk——"

"Good heavens! Do you want to kill the child?"

"Arrah, sorr, she'll never be kilt with feedin'. It's natural to the young, sorr—and she leppin' and skippin' and turnin' over and over like a young kid—and how I'm to dress her in her clothes, God only knows——"

"Janet, stop your incessant chatter! Go up-stairs and tell Miss Stephanie that I want her to dress immediately."

"I will, sorr."

Cleland looked at Meacham, and the little faded old man looked back out of wise, tragic eyes which had seen hell—would see it again more than once before he finished with the world.

"What do you think of my little ward, Meacham?"

"It is better not to think, sir; it is better to just believe."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that, sir. If we really think, we can't believe. It's pleasanter to hope. The

young lady is very pretty, sir."

Cleland senior always wore a fresh white waistcoat, winter and summer, and a white carnation in his buttonhole. He put on and buttoned the one while Meacham adjusted the other.

They had been together many years, these two men. Every two or three months, Meacham locked himself in his room and drank himself stupid. Sometimes he remained invisible for a week, sometimes for two weeks. Years ago, Cleland had given up hope of helping him. Once, assisted by hirelings, he had taken Meacham, by a combination of strategy and force, to a famous institute where the periodical dipsomaniac is cured *if* he chooses to be. And Meacham emerged, cured to that extent; and immediately proceeded to lock himself in his room and lie there drunk for eighteen days.

Always when he emerged, ashy gray, blinking, neat, and his little burnt-out eyes tragic with the hell they had looked upon, John Cleland spoke to him as though nothing had happened to interrupt the routine of service. The master would not abandon the man; the man continued to fight a losing fight until beaten, then locked himself away until the enemy gave his broken body and broken mind a few weeks' respite. Otherwise, the master's faith and trust in this old-time servant were infinite.

"Meacham?"

"Sir."

"I think—Mrs. Cleland—would have approved. Janet thinks so."

"Yes, sir."

"You think so, too?"

"Certainly, sir. Whatever you wished was *madame's* wish also."

"Master James is so much away these days— I suppose I am getting old, and——"

He suffered Meacham to invest him with his coat, lifted the lapel and sniffed at the blossom there, squared his broad shoulders, twisted his white mustache.

There was no more attractive figure on Fifth Avenue than Cleland senior, with the bright color in his cheeks and his vigorous stride and his attire, so suitable to his fresh skin,

sturdy years, and bearing. Meacham's eyes were lifted to his master now. They were of the same age.

"The car, sir?"

"First," said Cleland, "I must find out what Miss Stephanie wishes—or, rather, I must decide what I wish her to do. Telephone the garage, anyway."

There was a silence; Cleland had walked a step or two toward the door. Now he came back.

"Meacham, I hope I have done what was best. On her father's side, there was good blood; on her mother's, physical health. I know what the risk is. But character is born in the cradle and lowered into the grave. The world merely develops, modifies, or cripples it. But it is the same character. I've taken the chance—the tremendous responsibility. It isn't a sudden fancy—an idle caprice—it isn't for the amusement of making a fine lady out of a Cinderella. I want—a—baby, Meacham. I've been in love with an imaginary child for a long, long time. Now she's become real. That's all."

"I understand, sir."

"Yes; you do understand. So I ask you to tell me—have I been fair to Mr. James?"

"I think so, sir."

"Will *he* think so? I have not told him of this affair."

"Yes, sir. He will think what *madame* would have thought of anything that you do." He added, under his breath, "As we all think, sir."

There was a pause, broken abruptly by the quavering appeal of Janet at the door once more:

"Mr. Cleland! Th' young lady is all over the house, sorr! In her pajaymis and naked feet, running wild-like and ondacent—"

Cleland stepped to the door.

"Where's that child?"

"In the butler's pantry, sorr."

"I'm up here!" came a clear voice from the landing above. Cleland, Janet, and Meacham raised their heads.

The child, in her pajamas, elbows on the landing rail, smiled down upon them through her thick shock of burnished hair. Her lips were applied to an orifice in an orange; her slim fingers slowly squeezed the fruit; her eyes were intently fixed on the three people below.

When Cleland arrived at the third-floor landing, he found Stephanie Quest in the nursery, cross-legged on her bed. As he entered, she wriggled off, and, in rose-leaf

pajamas and bare feet, dropped him the courtesy which she had been taught by Mrs. Westlake.

But long since she had taken Cleland's real measure; in her lovely gray eyes a thousand tiny devils danced. He held out his arms and she flung herself into them.

When he seated himself in a big chintz armchair, she curled up on his knees, one arm round his neck, the other still clutching her orange.

"Steve, isn't it rather nice to wake up in bed in your own



Jim, seated on the side of his bed, was being worshiped. floor, adored him with awed, uplifted

room under your own roof? Or, of course if you prefer Mrs. Westlake's—"

"I don't! I *don't!*" She kissed him impulsively on his freshly shaven cheek, tightened her arm round his neck. "You know I love you," she remarked, applying her lips to the orange and squeezing it vigorously.

"I don't believe you really care much about me, Steve."

Her gray eyes regarded him sideways while she sucked the orange; contented laughter interrupted the process; then, suddenly, both arms were round his neck and her bewitching eyes looked into his, deep, very deeply.

"You know I love you, dad."

"No, I don't."

"Don't you *really* know it?"

"Do you really, Steve?"

There was a passionate second of assurance, a slight sigh, the little head warm on his shoulder, vague-eyed, serious. "Tell me about your little boy, dad," she murmured presently.

"You know he isn't very little, Steve. He's fourteen, nearly fifteen."

"I forgot. Goodness!" she said softly and respectfully.

Cleland never tired of telling about Jim; so they were always in accord on that subject.

Often Cleland tried to read in the gravely youthful eyes uplifted to his the dreamy emotions which his narrative evoked—curiosity, awe, shy delight, frank hunger for a playmate, doubt that this wonder-boy would condescend to notice her, wistfulness, loneliness—the delicate tragedy of solitary souls. Always her gaze troubled him a little, because he had not yet told his son of what he had done—had not written to him concerning the advent of this little

stranger. He had thought that the best and easiest way was to tell Jim when he met him at the railroad station, and, without giving the boy time to think, brood perhaps, perhaps worry, let him see little Stephanie face to face.

It seemed the best way to John Cleland. But, at moments, sleepless in the night, he became horribly afraid.

It was about that time that he received a letter from Miss Rosalinda Quest.

DEAR MR. CLELAND:

Will you bring the child out to Bayport, or shall I call to see her when business takes me into town?

I want to see her; so take your choice.

Yours truly,

ROSALINDA QUEST.

This brusque reminder that Stephanie was not entirely his upset Cleland. But there was nothing to do about it except to write the lady a civil invitation to call.

Which she did one morning, a week later. She wore battle-gray tweeds and toque, and a Krupp steel-equipment of reticule and umbrella, and she looked the fighter from top to toe.

When Cleland came down to the drawing-room with Stephanie, Miss Quest greeted him

with perfunctory civility and looked upon Stephanie with unfeigned amazement.

"Is *that* my niece?" she demanded. And Stephanie, who had been warned of the lady and of the relationship, dropped her courtesy and offered her slender hand with the shy but affable smile instinctive in all children.

But the gray, friendly eyes and the smile did instantly a business for the child which she never could have foreseen; for Miss Quest lost her color and stood quite dumb and rigid, with the little girl's hand grasped tightly in her gray-gloved fingers. Finally, she found her voice—not the incisive, combative, precise voice which Cleland knew—but a feminine and uncertain parody on it.

"Do you know who I am, Stephanie?"



permitting it, accepting it. Stephanie, cross-legged on the gaze, her clasped hands lying in her lap

"He seems little to me," continued Cleland, "but he wouldn't like to be thought so. Little girls don't mind being considered youthful, do they?"

"Yes, they *do*! You are teasing me, dad?"

"Am I to undersand that I have a ready-made, grown-up family, and no little child to comfort me?"

With a charming little sound in her throat like a young bird, she snuggled closer, pressing her cheek against his.

"Tell me—" she murmured.

"About what, darling?"

"About your lit—about your boy."

She never tired hearing about this wonderful son, and

"Yes, ma'am. You are my aunt Rosalinda."

Miss Quest took the seat which Cleland offered and sat down, drawing the child to her knee. She looked at her for a long while without speaking.

Later, when Stephanie had been given her *cong  *, in view of lessons awaiting her, Miss Quest said to Cleland:

"I'm not blind. I can see what you are doing for her—what you have done. The child adores you."

"I love her exactly as though she were my own," he said, flushing.

"That's plain enough, too. Well, I shall be just. She is yours. I don't suppose there ever will be a corner in her heart for me. I could love her, too, if I had the time."

"Is not what you renounce in her only another sacrifice to the noble work in which you are engaged?"

"Rubbish! I like my work. But it does do a lot of good. And it's quite true that I cannot do it and give my life to Stephanie Quest. And so"—she shrugged her trim shoulders—"I can hardly expect the child to care a straw for me, even if I come to see her now and then."

Cleland said nothing. Miss Quest marched to the door, held open by Meacham, turned to Cleland.

"Thank God you got her!" she said. "I failed with Harry; I don't deserve her, and I dare not claim responsibility. But I'll see that she inherits what I possess—"

"Madam, I beg you will not occupy yourself with such matters. I am perfectly able to provide sufficiently—"

"Good Lord! Are you trying to tell me again how to draw my will?" she demanded.

"I am not. I am simply requesting you not to encumber this child with any unnecessary fortune. There is no advantage to her in any unwieldy inheritance; there is, on the contrary, a very real and alarming disadvantage."

"I shall retain my liberty to think as I please, do as I please, and differ from you as often as I please," she retorted hotly.

They glared upon each other for a moment. Suddenly Miss Quest smiled and stretched out her hand to Cleland.

"Thank God," she said again, "that it is you who have the child! Teach her to think kindly of me—if you can. I'll come sometimes to see her—and to disagree with you."

Cleland, bareheaded, took her out to her taxi-cab. She smiled at him when it departed.

## VII

THERE came the time when Easter vacation was to be reckoned with. Cleland wrote to Jim that he had a surprise for him and that, as usual, he would be at the station to meet the school-train.

During the intervening days, at moments fear became an anguish. He began to realize what might happen, what might threaten his hitherto perfect understanding with his only son. He need not have worried.

Driving up-town in the limousine beside his son, their hands still tightly interlocked, he told him very quietly what he had done, and why. The boy, astonished, listened in silence to the end. Then all he said was,

"For heaven's sake, father!" There was not the faintest hint of resentment, no emotion at all except a perfectly neutral amazement. "How old is she?"

"Eleven, Jim."

"Oh—a kid! Does she cry much?"

"They don't cry at eleven," explained his father, laughing in his relief. "You didn't squall when you were eleven."

"No; but this is a girl."

"Don't worry, old chap."

"No. Do you suppose I'll like her?"

"Of course I hope you will."

"Well, I probably shan't notice her very much, being rather busy. But it's funny—a kid in the house! I hope she won't get fresh."

"Be nice to her, Jim."

"Sure! It's funny, though."

"It really isn't very funny, Jim. The little thing has been dreadfully unhappy all her life until I—until we stepped in."

"We?"

"You and I, Jim. It's our job."

After a silence, the boy said,

"What was the matter with her?"

"Starvation, cruelty." The boy's incredulous eyes were fastened on his father's. "Cold, hunger, loneliness, neglect. And drunken parents who beat her so mercilessly that, once, they broke two of her ribs. Don't talk about it to her, Jim. Let the child forget if she can."

"Yes, sir."

The boy's eyes were still dilated with horror, but his features were set and very still.

"We've got to look out for her, old chap."

"Yes," said the boy, flushing.

Cleland senior, of course, expected to assist at the first interview, but Stephanie was not to be found.

High and low Janet searched; John Cleland, troubled, began a tour of the house, calling:

"Steve! Where are you?"

Jim, in his room, unstrapping his suitcase, felt rather than heard somebody behind him, and, looking up over his shoulder, saw a girl. She was a trifle pale, dropped him a courtesy.

"I'm Steve," she said breathlessly.

Boy and girl regarded each other in silence for a moment; then Jim offered his hand.

"How do you do?" he said calmly.

"I—I'm very well. I hope you are, too."

Another pause, during a most intent mutual inspection.

"My tennis bat," explained Jim, with polite condescension, "needs to be restrung. That's why I brought it down from school. Do you play tennis?"

"No."

Cleland senior, on the floor below, heard the young voices mingling above him, listened, then quietly withdrew to the library to await events. Janet looked in later.

"Do they like each other?" he asked, in a low, anxious voice.

"Mr. Cleland, sorr, Miss Steve is on the floor listenin' to that blessed boy read thim pieces he has wrote in the school paper. Like two lambs they do be together, sorr, and the fine little gentleman and little lady they are, God be blessed this April day!"

After a while he went up-stairs cautiously, the soft carpet muffling his tread. Jim, seated on the side of his bed, was being worshiped, permitting it, accepting it. Stephanie, cross-legged on the floor, adored him with awed, uplifted gaze, her clasped hands lying in her lap.

"To be a writer," Jim condescended to explain, "a man has got to work like the dickens, study everything you ever heard of, go out and have adventures, notice everything that people say and do, how they act and walk and talk. It's a very interesting profession, Steve. What are you going to be?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "Nothing, I suppose."

"Don't you want to be something? Don't you want to be celebrated?"

She thought, hesitatingly, that it would be pleasant to be celebrated.

"Then you'd better think up something to do to make the world notice you."

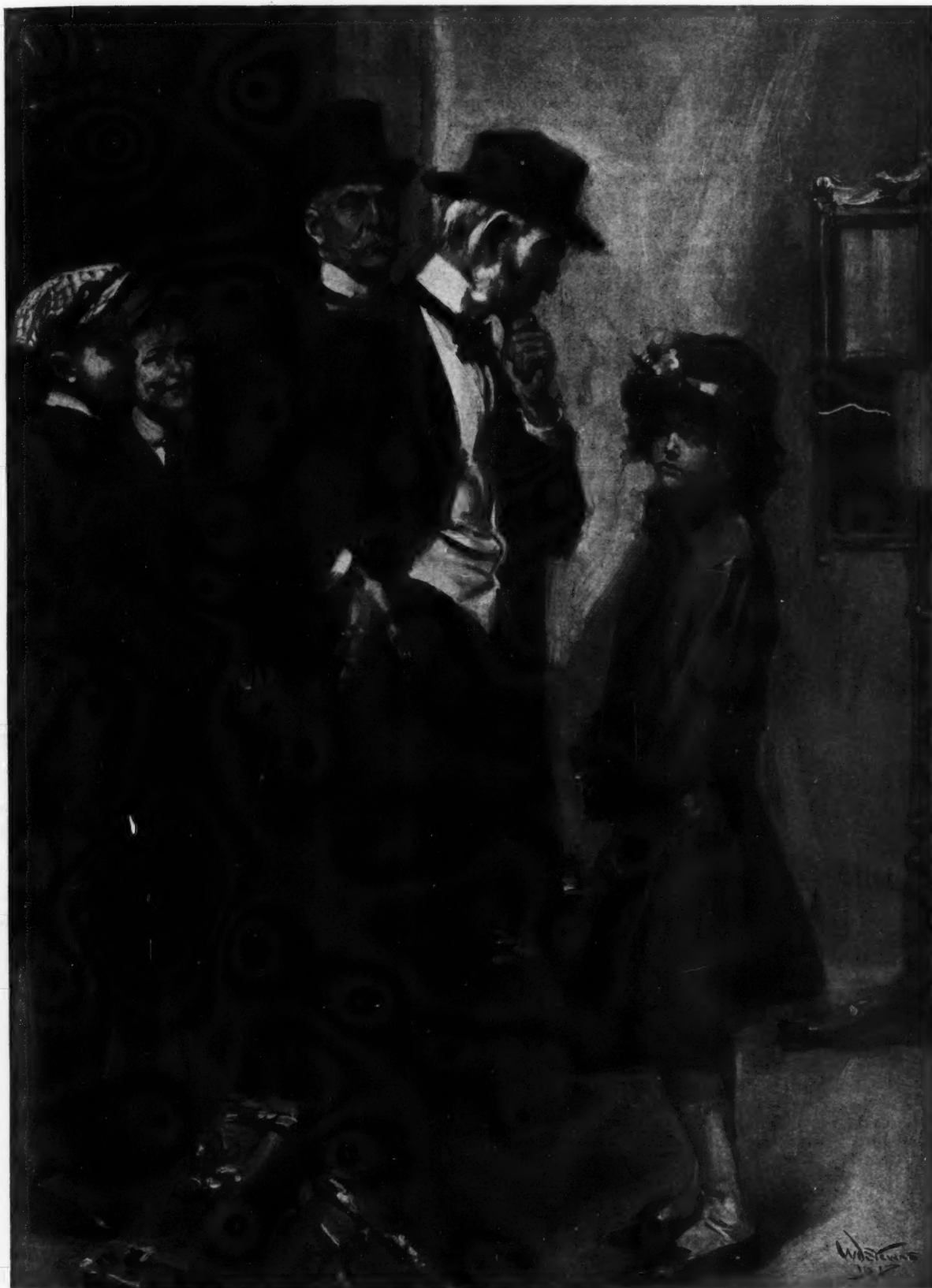
"I shouldn't know what to do."

"Father says that the thing you'd rather do to amuse yourself is the proper profession to take up. What do you like to do?"

"Ought I to try to write, as you do?"

"You mustn't ask me. Just think what you'd rather do than anything else."

The girl thought hard, her eyes fixed on him.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

She calmly looked away, and was presently aware of the elder Grismer's expressionless gaze concentrated upon herself. "Is this the little girl?" he said to Cleland senior, in his hard, dry voice

"I—I'd honestly really rather just be with dad—and you—"

The boy laughed.

"I don't mean that!"

"No; I know. But I can't think of anything. Perhaps I could learn to act in a play—or do beautiful dances, or draw pictures"—her voice continuing in the rising inflection of inquiry.

"Do you like to draw and dance and act?"

"Oh, I never acted in a play or danced folk-dances except in school. And I never had things of my own to make pictures with—except once I had a piece of blue chalk and I made pictures on the wall in the hall."

"What hall?"

"It was a very dirty hall. I was punished for making pictures on the wall."

"Oh," said the boy soberly.

After a moment, he jumped up.

"I'm hungry. I believe luncheon is nearly ready. Come on, Steve!"

The child could scarcely speak from pride and happiness when the boy condescended to take her hand and lead her out of that enchanted place into the magic deeps below.

At nine-thirty that evening, Stephanie made the courtesy which had been taught her to Cleland senior, and was about to repeat the process to Cleland junior when the latter laughed and held out his hand.

"Good-night, Steve," he said reassuringly; "you've got to be a regular girl with me."

She took his hand, held it, drew closer. To his consternation, he realized that she was expecting to kiss him, and he hastily wrung her hand and sat down.

The child's face flushed; she turned to Cleland senior for the kiss to which he had accustomed her. Her lips were quivering, and the older man understood.

"Good-night, darling," he said, drawing her close into his arms, and whispered in her ear gaily: "You've scared him, Steve. He's only a boy, you know." Her head, buried against his shoulder, concealed the starting tears.

"All boys are shy about girls." Suddenly it struck her as funny. She smiled; the tears dried in her eyes. She twisted round, and, placing her lips against the elder man's ear, she whispered,

"I'm afraid of him; but I *do* like him."

"He likes *you*; but he's a little afraid of you yet."

That appealed to her once more as exquisitely funny. She giggled, snuggled closer, observed by Jim with embarrassment and boredom. But he was too polite to betray it.

Stephanie, with one arm round Cleland's neck, squeezed herself tightly against him and recounted, in a breathless whisper, her impressions of his only son.

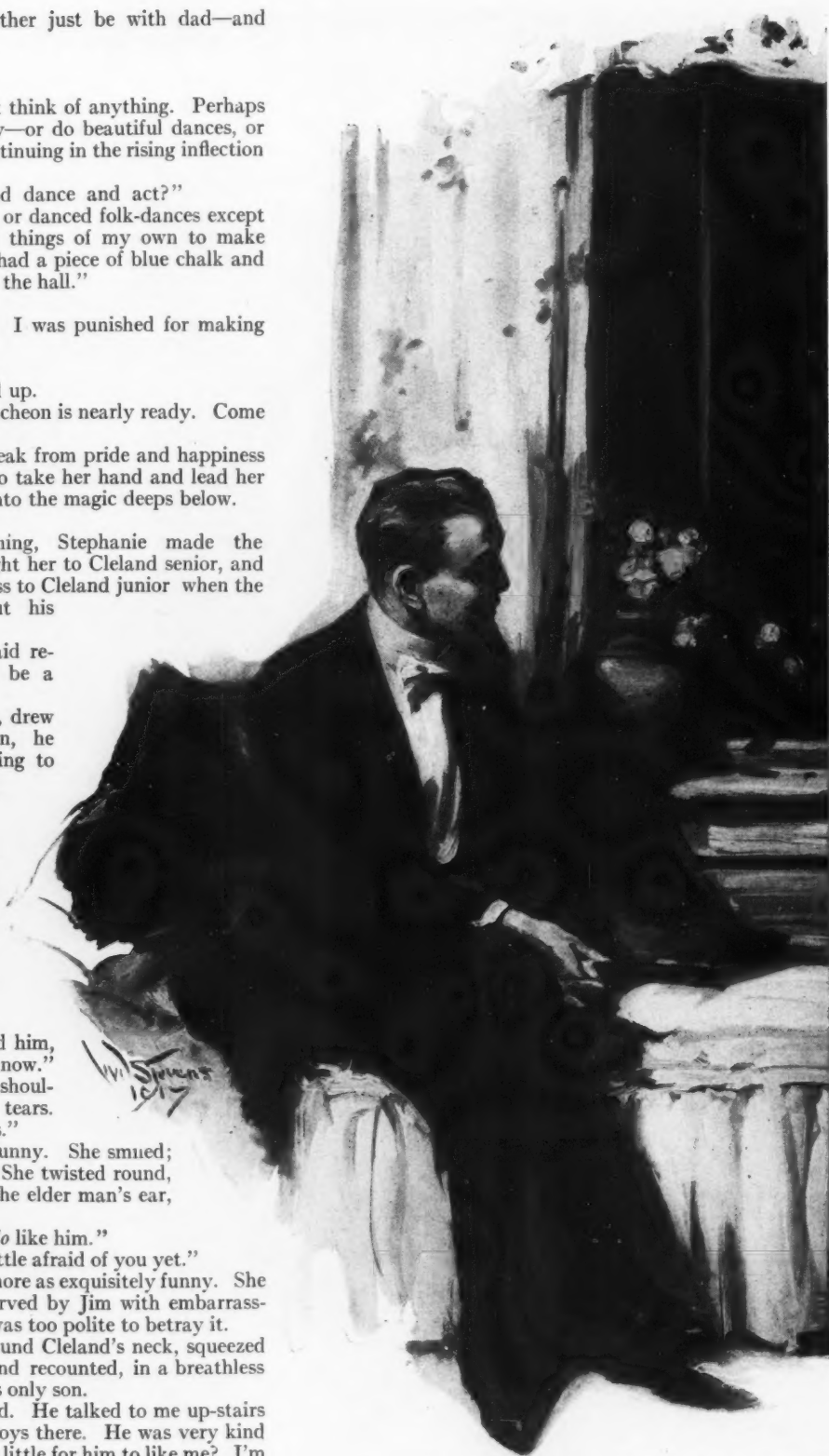
"I do like him so much, dad. He talked to me up-stairs about his school and all the boys there. He was very kind to me. Do you think I'm too little for him to like me? I'm growing rather fast, you know. I'd do anything for him—anything. I wish you'd tell him that. Will you?"

"Yes, I will, dear. Now run up-stairs to Janet."

"Shall I say good-night to Jim again?"

"If you like. But don't kiss him, or you'll scare him."

They both had a confidential and silent fit of laughter over this; then the child slid from his knees, dropped a hasty,



But his next words startled her a little. He said, "I have a queer idea that we're beginning in the each other long enough to waive preliminar-

confused courtesy in Jim's direction, turned, and scampered up-stairs. And a gale of laughter came floating out of the nursery, silenced as Janet shut the door.



still smiling, in his careless and attractive way, middle of everything—that we've already known and begin our acquaintance as old friends"

The subdued glow of a lamp fell over father and son.

"Well, Jim?"  
"Yes, father."

"Do you like her?"

"She's a—funny girl. Yes; she's a rather nice little kid."

"We'll stand by her—won't we, Jim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Make up to her the lost days—the cruelest injustice that can be inflicted—the loss of a happy childhood."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, old chap! Now tell me all about yourself and what has happened since you wrote."

"I had a fight."

"With whom, Jim?"

"With Oswald Grismer, of the first form."

"What did he do to you?" inquired his father.

"He said something—about a girl."

"What girl?"

"I don't know her."

"Go on."

"Nothing. Except I told him what I thought of him."

"For what? For speaking disrespectfully about a girl you never met?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! Go on."

"Nothing more, sir. Except that we mixed it."

"I see. Did you—hold your own?"

"They said—I think I did, sir."

"Grismer is—your age? Younger? Older?"

"Yes, sir; older."

"How do you and he weigh in?"

"He's—I believe—somewhat heavier."

"First-form boy. Naturally. Well, did you shake hands?"

"No, sir."

"That's bad, Jim."

"I know it. I—somehow—couldn't."

"Do it next term. No use to fight unless to settle things."

The boy remained silent, and his father did not press the matter.

"What shall we do to-morrow, Jim?" inquired Cleland senior, after a long pause.

"Do you mean just you and me, father?"

"Oh, yes. Steve will be busy with her lessons. And, in the evening, nine-thirty is her bedtime."

The boy said, with a sigh of unconscious relief:

"I need a lot of things. We'll go to the shops first. Then we'll lunch together; then we can take in a 'movie;' then we'll dine all by ourselves, and then go to the theater. What do you say, father?"

"Fine!" said his father, with the happy thrill which comes to fathers whose growing sons still prefer their company to the company of anybody else.

### VIII

To Cleland senior, it seemed as though Jim's Easter vacation ended before it had fairly begun, so swiftly sped the blessed days together. Already the morning of his son's departure for school had dawned, and he realized it with the same mental sinking, the same secret dismay and painful incredulity which he always experienced when the dreaded moment for parting actually arrived.

As usual, he prepared to accompany his son to the railway station. It happened not to occur to him that Stephanie might desire to go.

At breakfast, his son sat opposite as usual, Stephanie on his right, very quiet, and keeping her gray eyes on her plate so persistently that the father finally noticed her subdued demeanor and kept an eye on her (Continued on page 142)

# A Pack-Train in the Cascades

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Cosmopolitan readers of "Tenting To-night," Mrs. Rinehart's graphic narrative of her adventures among the northwestern Rockies and in Glacier National Park, will here continue with the further account of her last summer's holiday—an exciting and perilous trip on horseback over some passes of the Cascade Mountains.

**H**OW many secrets the mountains hold! They have forgotten things we shall never know. And they are cruel, savagely cruel. What they want, they take. They reach out a thousand clutching hands. They attack with avalanche, starvation, loneliness, precipice. They lure on with green valleys and high flowering meadows, where mountain-sheep move



On the way to Cloudy Pass from Lyman Lake



The outfitting-place—pack- and saddle-horses for the trip through the mountains

sedately, with sunlit peaks and hidden lakes, with silence for tired ears and peace for weary souls. And then—they kill.

Because man is a fighting animal, he obeys their call, his wit against their wisdom of the ages, his strength against their solidity, his courage against their

cunning. And too often he loses.

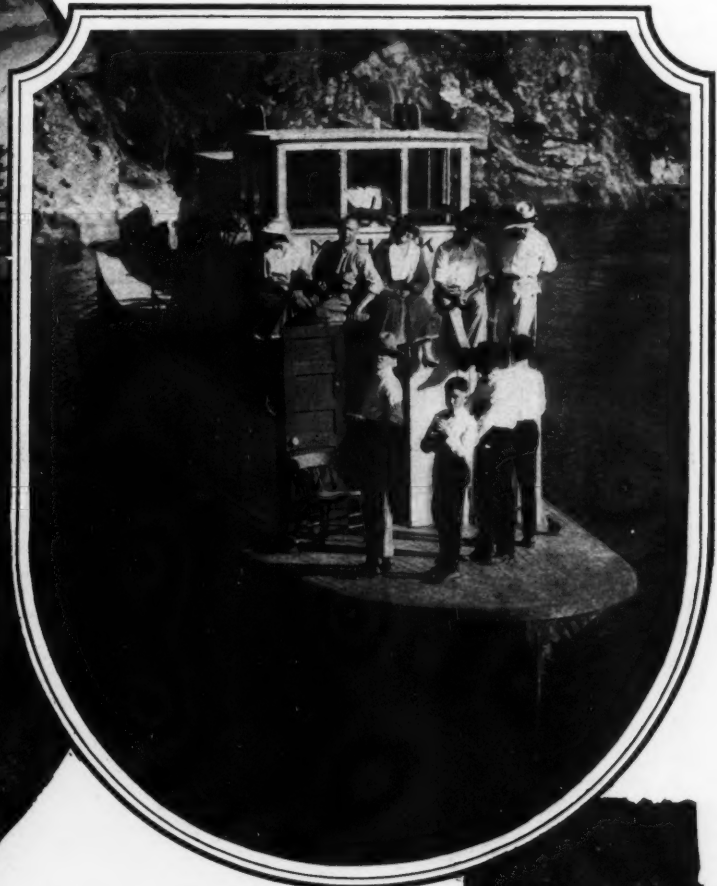
I am afraid of the mountains. I have always the feeling that they are lying in wait. At night, their very silence is ominous. The crack of ice as a bit of slow-moving glacier is dislodged, lightning, and the roar of thunder somewhere below where I lie—these are the artillery of the range, and from

them I am safe. I am too small for their heavy guns. But a shelving trail on the verge of a chasm, a slip on an



and there perform a thrilling feat which Bob, the Optimist, had in mind?

This was nothing more or less than the organization of a second pack-outfit and the crossing of the Cascade Mountains on horseback by a virgin route. The Head, Bob, and Joe had many discussions about it. I do not recall that my advice was ever asked. It is generally taken for granted in these wilderness-trips of ours that I will be there, ready to get a story when the opportunity presents itself.



ice-field, a rolling stone under a horse's foot—these are the weapons I fear above the timber-line.

Even below there is danger—swamps and rushing rivers, but above all the forest. In mountain valleys it grows thick on the bodies of dead forests beneath. It crowds. There is barely room for a tent. And all through the night the trees protest. They creak and groan and sigh, and sometimes they burn. In a cul-de-sac, with only frowning cliffs about, the forest becomes ominous, a thing of dreadful beauty. On nights when, through the crevices of the green roof, there are stars hung in the sky, the weight lifts. But there are other nights when the trees close in like ranks of hostile men and take the spirit prisoner.

The peace of the wilderness is not peace. It is waiting.

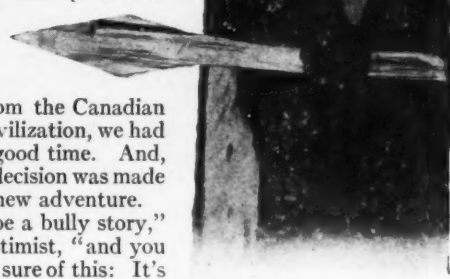
On the Glacier Park trip, there had been one subject which came up for discussion night after night round the camp-fire. It resolved itself, briefly, into this: Would we or would we not get out in time to go over to the state of Washington

The Rinehart party on Lake Chelan, bound for the outfitting-place

Owing to the speed with which the North Fork of the Flat-head River descends from the Canadian border to civilization, we had made very good time. And, at last, the decision was made to try this new adventure.

"It will be a bully story," said the Optimist, "and you can be dead sure of this: It's never been done before."

So, at last, it was determined, and we set out on that wonderful harebrain excursion of which the very memory gives me a thrill. Yet, now that I know it can be done, I may try it again some day. It paid for itself over and over in scenery, in health, and in thrills. But



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDLEY  
This way to camp. Arrow-sign placed by the Man Who Went Ahead

## A Pack-Train in the Cascades

there were several times when it seemed to me impossible that we could all get over the range alive.

We took through thirty-one horses and nineteen people. When we got out, our horses had had nothing to eat, not a blade of grass or a handful of grain, for thirty-six hours, and they had had very little for five days.

On the last morning, the Head gave his horse for breakfast one rain-soaked biscuit, an apple, two lumps of sugar, and a raw egg. The other horses had nothing.



Cinching up for.



Hard going—  
crossing a big  
rock slide

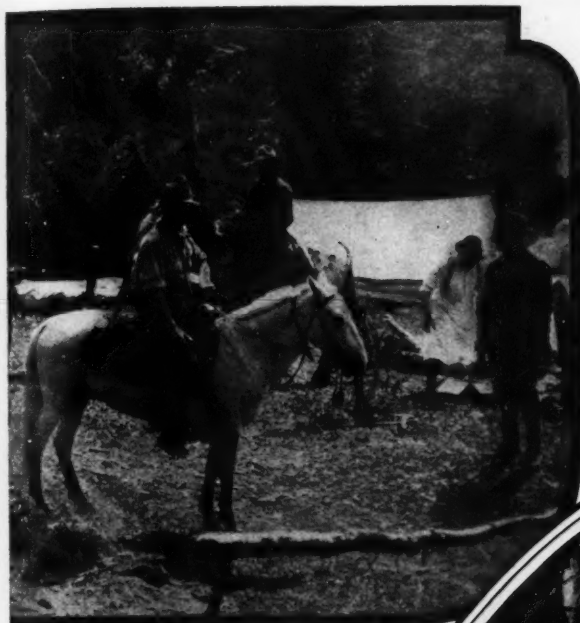
We dropped three pack-horses over cliffs in two days, but got them again, cut and bruised, and we took out our outfit complete, after two weeks of the most arduous going I have ever known anything about. When the news that we had got over the pass penetrated to the settlements, a pack-outfit started over Cascade Pass in our footsteps to take supplies to a miner. They killed three horses on that same trail, and I believe gave it up in the end.

Doubtless, by next year, a passable trail will have been built up to Doubtful Lake and another one up that eight-hundred-foot mountain wall above the lake, where, when one reaches the top, there is but room to look down again



PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. D. LINDLEY

The Rinchart party for the trip through the Cascade Mountains



the day's ride

on the other side. Perhaps, too, there will be a trail down the Agnes Creek valley, so that parties can get through easily. When that is done, and it is promised by the forest supervisor, one of the most magnificent horseback trips in the country will be opened for the first time to the traveler.

Most emphatically, the trip across the Cascades at Doubtful Lake and Cascade Pass is not a trip for a woman in the present condition of things, although any woman who can ride can cross Cloudy Pass and get down Agnes Creek way. But perhaps before this is published, the Chelan National Forest will have been made a national park. It ought to be. It is superb. There is no other word for it. And it ought not to be called a forest, because it seems to have everything but trees. Rocks and rivers and glaciers—more in one county than in all Switzerland, they claim—and granite peaks and hair-raising precipices and lakes filled with ice in midsummer. But not many trees, until, at Cascade Pass, one reaches the boundaries of the Washington National Forest and begins to descend the Pacific slope.

The personnel of our party was slightly changed. Of the original one, there remained the Head, the Big, the Middle, and the Little Boy, Joe, Bob, and myself. To these we added at the beginning six persons besides our guides and packers. Two of them did not cross the pass, however—the forest pathologist from Washington, who travels all over the country watching for tree-diseases

and tree-epidemics, and who left us after a few days, and the supervisor of Chelan Forest, who had but just come from Oregon and was making his first trip over his new territory.

We were fortunate indeed in having four forest-men with us, men whose lives are spent in the big timber, who know the every mood and tense of the wilderness. For besides these two, the pathologist and the forest supervisor, there was "Silent Lawrie" Lindsley, naturalist, photographer, and lover of all that is wild, a young man who has spent years wandering through the mountains around Chelan, camera and gun at hand, the gun never raised against the wild creatures but used to shoot away tree-branches that interfere with pictures, or, more frequently, to trim a tree into such outlines as fit it into the photograph.

And then there was the Man Who Went Ahead. For forty years this man, Mr. Hilligoss, has lived in the forest. Hardly a big timber-deal in the Northwest but was passed

by him. Hardly a tree in that vast wilderness but he knew it. He knew every-

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
L. D. LINDSLEY



Lyman  
Lake, the  
source of  
Railroad  
Creek

thing about the forest but fear—fear and fatigue. And, with an ax and a gun, he went ahead, clearing trail, blazing trees, and marking the detours to camp-sites by an arrow made of bark and thrust through a slash in a tree.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDSEY

The Rinehart party, with its pack-train, nearing Cloudy Pass



© L. D. LINDSEY

An ice-cave in Lyman Glacier

Hour after hour we would struggle on, seeing everywhere evidences of his skill on the trail, to find, just as endurance had reached its limit, the arrow that meant camp and rest.

And—there was Dan Devore and his dog, Whiskers. Dan Devore was our

chief guide and outfitter, a soft-voiced, bearded, big-souled man, neither very large nor very young. All soul and courage was Dan Devore, and one of the proud moments of my life was when it was all over and he told me I had done well. I wanted most awfully to have Dan Devore think I had done well.

He was sitting on a stone at the time, I remember, and Whiskers, his old Airedale, had his head on Dan's knee. All of his thirteen years, Whiskers had wandered through the mountains with Dan Devore, always within call. To see Dan was to see Whiskers; to see Whiskers was to see Dan.

He slept on Dan's tarp bed at night, and in the daytime led our long and winding procession. Indomitable spirit that he was, he traveled three miles to our one, saved us from the furious onslaughts of many a marmot and mountain-squirrel, and, in the absence of fresh meat, ate his salt pork and scraps with the zest of a hungry traveler.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Fred. I call them Mr. and Mrs. Fred, because, like Joe, that was a part of their name. I will be frank about Mrs.

Fred. I was worried about her before I knew her. I was accustomed to roughing it; but how about another woman? Would she be putting up her hair in curls every night, and whimpering when, as sometimes happens, the slow gait of her horse became intolerable? Little did I know Mrs. Fred. She was a natural wanderer, a follower of the trail, a fine and sound and sporting traveling companion. And I like to think that she is typical of the women of that Western country which bred her, feminine to the core, but strong and sweet still.

Both the Freds were great additions. Was it not after Mr. Fred that we trailed on that famous game-hunt of ours, of which a spirited account is coming later? Was it not

Mr. Fred who, night after night, took the junior Rineharts away from an anxious mother into the depths of the forest or the bleakness of mountain slopes, there to lie, armed to the teeth, and wait for the first bears to start out for breakfast?

Now you have us, I think, except the men of the outfit, and they deserve space I cannot give them. They were a splendid lot, and it was by their incessant labor that we got over.

Try to see us, then, filing along through deep valleys, climbing cliffs, stumbling, struggling, not talking much, a long line of horses and riders. First, far ahead, Mr. Hilligoss. Then the riders, led by "Silent Lawrie" and I just behind him, because of photographs! Then, at the head of the pack-horses, Dan Devore. Then the long line of pack-ponies, sturdy and willing, and piled high with our food, our bedding, and our tents. And here, there, and everywhere, Joe, with the moving-picture camera.

We were determined, this time, to have no repetition of the Glacier Park fiasco, where Bill, our cook, had deserted us at a bad time—although it is always a bad time when the cook leaves. So now we had two cooks. Much as I love the mountains and the woods, the purple of evening valleys, the faint pink of sunrise on snow-covered peaks, the most really thrilling sight of a camping-trip is two cooks bending over an iron grating above a fire, one frying trout and the other turning flapjacks.

Our trail led us through one of the few-



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDSEY

The camp-cooks at work



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. LINDSEY

From left to right—The forest supervisor: Mr. Johnson: Stanley Rinehart: Joe Hubbell, the moving-picture-camera operator, and Dan Devore, chief guide of the party

remaining unknown portions of the United States. It cannot long remain unknown. It is too superb, too wonderful. And it has mineral in it, silver and copper and probably coal. The Middle

Boy, who is by way of being a chemist and has systematically blown himself up with home-made explosives for years—the Middle Boy found at least a dozen silver mines of fabulous value, although the men in the party insisted that his specimens were

On a trail in the lake region

iron pyrites and other unromantic minerals.

Now, as to where we were—those long days of fording rivers and beating our way through jungle or of dizzy climbs up to the snow, those short nights, so cold that six (Continued on page 122)



DRAWN BY GEORGE STUBBS

Sometimes, during the sitting, he hardly spoke. On those days, he painted with extraordinary absorption. He was, in truth, painting superbly

# The Tortoise-shell Cat

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "My Little Sister," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

One of the most versatile and talented of living Americans is Elizabeth Robins, who here makes her debut in *Cosmopolitan* with an unusual story of the Inner Life. A career on the stage, notable for her successful efforts in interpreting the plays of Ibsen to the English-speaking public, has been supplemented by the writing of novels and short stories characterized by a deep and sympathetic knowledge of human nature and their fidelity to the realities of life. A brilliant and fascinating novel from her pen is soon to begin in *Cosmopolitan*.

HE had been showing her his pictures. He stood now, as though a little weary, leaning back against a beautiful panel of Jacobean carving. He seemed, in the fading December light, to be himself a part of the ancient design—his brown-coated figure, his long, saturnine face hardly detached themselves from the background.

"If I come," he said, in his grudging way, "you mustn't talk to me about the war."

She smiled. She was rather noted for her smile.

"The reason I'm asking you is that I need to forget how much too close I've been, all these months, to the desolation over yonder."

"Oh, that's the only reason you're asking me!" His tone said he wasn't going to be pleased, however she put it.

"Well, you see," she excused herself, "when Henry was ill, I had to take his place—unofficially, of course. I had to investigate; I had personally to see—things no woman, no human being ought to see. It's left me like this."

"It's left you more beautiful than ever."

They were distant cousins. He had seen her only once—a passing glimpse—since they were both in their teens. As to being beautiful, Aurea Disston had never been that. But always, even as a child, there had been something about her which served the ends of beauty—curious grace, an air of subtle promise.

Yes; it "served" extraordinarily. Her too round, green-gooseberry eyes had a trick of golden translucency, showing, in some lights, like topaz within their fringes of reddish brown. Her hair, several shades lighter, was the nondescript sort that "something might have been made of"—so experts said. Nothing had ever been made of it. It was just hair—parted in the middle and lumped at the sides. It flowed out negligently now from under the close sealskin hat. The hat was ill chosen. It covered the low forehead down to the eyebrows. And this emphasized the shape of the face, broad across the brows and cut too sharply to the pointed chin. As she stood there in the middle of the lofty studio, the tall figure took on breadth and a certain fictitious sumptuousness from the heavy furs she was wearing. Her triangular face looked out, catlike, from a collar up to her



Her downward stare was directed upon one of the canvases, which he had taken off an easel

ears. When Laurence Winter told her she was more beautiful than ever, she didn't lift her eyes. Her downward stare was directed upon one of the canvases, which he had taken off an easel and stood in front of a rack against the wall.

"It isn't as genuine—that 'Adirondack Afternoon'—as it ought to be—to be yours."

"Oh, genuine!" he laughed.

"Yes; you play still with your immense talent."

"Play? They tell me I'm a ruthless realist—the women especially. They fly me like the plague."

"It looks like it." Her slow, sliding glance gathered in from all parts of the studio portraits in various stages of completion. Some of the faces, Mrs. Disston recognized. The majority were New York women, either fashionable or aspiring to be so by dint of striking looks and money enough to have them recorded by the most popular and expensive artist in America.

Whether these pictures were so amazingly fine as the fashion of the moment declared, they were certainly audacious, and they were most incontestably alive.

"You see," Mrs. Disston explained, "as an American, I am proud—"

"As an American? You don't give me the impression of being an American."

"Of what, then?"

"My impression of you? Oh, you wouldn't like it if I were to tell you."

"So unflattering?" She held out her hand. "Good-by, and ring Henry or me up some day, and say you'll come and dine."

"I shall not ring Henry up. I don't know Henry."

"The more reason to come and make his acquaintance."

Laurence Winter was one of those American-born artists who had found his feet, if not his soul, in a foreign land. After ten years of Paris, he came to live "in exile in New York." On account of his wife, he added. Lovers of Winter's art raised their eyebrows with, "The sacrifices men make for women!"

The lady spoke no language but American, and was sure the French were immoral. Her health was much better in New York.

Though Winter himself had been delicate from birth—a long, slight, excessively tenuous person—and his wife was round and apple-cheeked, death might have appeared to vindicate her. But comment on the event took various forms of pointing out that, to the romantic, iridescent spirit harnessed to her side, she had been but a dull companion, part of whose dullness was to die dully of a dull disease.

The only difference her going seemed to make was that, though Winter spoke of "exile" still, and, with the old, smiling melancholy, he no longer gave a reason; and in place of an apple-cheeked wife, a pale, solicitous sister made the great man the object of her adoring care.

So much she had conveyed to Aurea Disston at that first meeting of the cousins in many years—a meeting at the Mayflower Club in aid of the Refugee Relief Fund. Rows on rows of gilded chairs, and seated on them rows on rows of ladies yet more heavily gilded, either in richness of outward seeming or in the general and accurate knowledge of what, in millions, they stood or "sat" for.

When Mrs. Disston arrived, the chairman had already opened the proceedings. The late comer made her way, unobserved, round to the side. She found a place whence, by a little turn of her head, she could watch, with secret anger, the faces in the audience, so largely wary and self-protective, or examples of what some one, over kindly, had called "the *matinée-face*," or those betraying the half-unconscious purpose of gaining from the misery of others a more luxurious appreciation of their own immunity. Happily, there were those, too, who had come with pity and indignation in their souls, with full pockets, too, ready, like full hearts, to overflow in helpfulness. An attempt to stem this flood was made by an overfed dame with a triple crease in her fat neck emphasized by a repetition of the design, lower down, in a triple row of fat pearls. She stood up, after the appeal for funds, to mention the word "leakage," and to question "what proportion of the money we have *already* given has actually reached these people."

"Perhaps the chairman will allow me, as one of the disbursers just returned—"

At recognition of the well-known New Yorker, a flutter went through the throng, a gleam of renewed excitement in the *matinée-faces*, at prospect of a brand-new batch of horrors.

With dry administrative facts and drier figures, Mrs. Disston stopped the loophole of escape from giving. No; she had nothing further to say except that whoever wished might come to her for any needed assurance on the point

raised. As she sat down, she saw a hand extended over the back of the row in front of her—Jeannette Winter, looking quite stirred for once.

"Such years since we met! Of course we've read about you. How calmly you seem to take it—all this awful business!"

"I'm glad you don't take it calmly," Aurea whispered back. "What shall you do?"

"Do? I—oh, I have my hands full—Laurence, you know."



"Such years since we met! Of course we've read about you. How calmly you seem to take it—all this awful business!"

"Sorry I can't wait for tea." Miss Winter leaned over again as the meeting closed. "I never leave Laurence longer than I can help. He sits in a draft, or he lets the fire out—and then one of those murderous colds." She wrapped her black-fox stole about her with a suggestion of a shiver.

"Can't some one look after the fire?" Mrs. Disston's attention was obviously centered on the verbal money-promises being made to the chairman.

"Oh, Laurence can't have people running in and out of the studio. Drives him distracted. He hates radiator-heat and will burn wood in the open fireplace." Jeannette Winter's tone was charged with care.

"Why shouldn't he burn wood?" Mrs. Disston stood waiting for a dissolution in that congestion between the group trying to reach her and the mass moving toward the tea-room.

"You know what wood is—always burning out. And Laurence never notices till he begins to cough."

"Well, I haven't seen him since we were children, but he sounds to me a great baby. You may tell him so."

"Come and tell him yourself. Oh, *do*, Aurea!" The pale sister shone an instant. "We can't have you lavishing all your sympathies on refugees. By the way, they ought to have arranged for a real speech from you."

"I don't make real speeches."

"I dare say you *could*," said Jeannette encouragingly. "I haven't a doubt you could have told us quite as dreadful things as that woman in



the atrocity hat." Seeing Aurea made no attempt to substantiate her claim

to a repertory of dreadful experiences, Miss Jeannette returned hurriedly to her usual preoccupation. "Well, if you won't talk to the club, come and talk to Laurence. He's killing himself, the way he sticks to his work. No exercise. Come and let him show you his pictures."

"You think that exercise—" She was smiling.

"Well, you see, it's so hard to get him to see people. They bore him. Oh, *you* wouldn't! And he'd show you the portraits he was going to send over to the Salon. Can't now, with all these submarines about. Horrid thing, war is!"

Without waiting for the telephone-message, Aurea came to see the pictures a second time, and that time she brought her husband.

At first blush, Henry Disston looked like what he had been—a successful stock-broker. An odd person to be administering relief. War brings about these curiosities of displacement, though, in Disston's case, the oddity was more apparent than real. He had long had business relations with Brussels and Antwerp. In the last year, he had formed other relations as well. He was in Brussels at the outbreak of the war. To be able to continue there, he had to be of use. Very emphatically he *was* of use.

For the rest, Henry Disston was a particularly well-dressed gentleman of medium height, whose overfull lips were emphasized by the sternly disciplined, little gray mustache. His other features were too blunt to lend good looks, and not large enough to give force, to the somewhat congested-looking face. Yet force of a kind was plainly behind the man's easy, slightly indifferent manner. People had said of him, "If Henry Disston makes up his mind you are to do a thing, you'll be uncommon apt to do it." Did that represent the history of Aurea's marriage? Winter wondered.

He quickly decided that this stock-broking philanthropist wasn't worthy to be shown pictures. So all the "exercise" Winter had that afternoon he got out of actively detesting Henry Disston.

"I hear you've been ill," Winter said, noting afresh the suffused white of eye and hints of purple in the dull red of the unmodeled lips.

"Been ill?" I'd have been dead but for my wife. She has pulled me out of the grave. It's she who is ill now."

"She doesn't look it."

"Think not? I'll tell you what, then, Mr. Winter: I should like you to paint my wife."

"You wouldn't like it half so much as I would." Winter let his eyes stray to the lady.

"You mean it? That's fine! Something for you to do, Aurea, when I'm gone."

"You're going back?" inquired Winter, with unseemly alacrity.

"Yes, yes; I have to be at my post. I shall leave her at home this trip. She isn't fit to face—all that." He flourished a compact hand in the general direction of the belligerent countries. "She must try to forget it. Do what you can to help her."

He did.

When Mrs. Disston didn't go for a sitting, Winter would paint for five minutes and moon about for ten, and then declare the light was all wrong or the studio an ice-box. He'd go for a walk. And all his walks ended in Aurea's drawing-room. At the end of an hour or so:

"Come out and dine to-night. No? Then ask me to dine with you."

She did.

Although Laurence Winter was a light and fastidious feeder, food had on him the effect of exhilaration. His talk during dinner would be lighter, more whimsical than that under the great lamp in the next room. Stimulation of the gastric juices stimulated the gift of ironic anecdote. These were often anecdotes that sounded better in French. He told them in the tongue they sounded best in. If she didn't laugh, she smiled. She had seen and heard a great deal—this lady. You did not easily shock her. But if you

were'n't careful, you might bore her. Laurence Winter was careful.

There was, on the other hand, at least the equal danger that she or anyone on earth might bore Laurence Winter.

In the early stages, he used to look gloomily for that hitherto inevitable ending. But it tarried.

"I've seen you six times."

"Is it six?"

He looked at her reflectively.

"And I could tell you every word you've said to me."

"What a chance lost to have said memorable things!"

"I could paint everything you've worn and every look on your face. And you're barely conscious I'm there."

"Oh, I'm conscious enough!"

"No; that's just it. Not enough."

He was sitting after dinner in the low armchair under the shaded light, his interminable legs extended and crossed. One of his well-cared-for hands dropped long and brown over the chair-arm. From the fingers of the other (holding the inevitable cigarette), the third and little finger separated themselves and drooped apart, reproducing exactly, as Aurea noticed, the pose of the Sargent Stevenson. Winter himself must have been unconscious of this particular resemblance. It made him "mad," as his friends knew, to be told, as he had been by persons of the last generation, that he looked like R. L. S. But he did. An R. L. S. very much brushed and clipped and dressed in the mode—an R. L. S. drained of most of his optimism, yet with something of the dreamer surviving, and, as she was later to learn, still more of the child.

They had had the half-dozen meetings aforesaid, two at her own house (*lête-à-lête* dinner and long evenings, uninterrupted), yet she had not told him of a single Belgian atrocity.

She was plainly a rare person. For upon his mention of the above fact, she shook her head faintly with:

"Any *telling* belittles it. I can't do that."

Had she really been through those incredible scenes? Did she *know* the things she refrained from telling? Out of his cynical suspicions peered a query or two, intended to elicit autobiography. If, as he now realized, he had come to a point at which he cared to know how she had queened it, how, as the lady high almoner, she had shone, saintlike, before the upturned eyes of the starving—surely she must long ago have wanted to tell of these things.

In the small hours of the morning, he reflected that, in lieu of autobiography, and, more strangely still, without the aid of any "story," without the use of a single "horror," she had somehow conveyed to him, with a poignancy that held him sleepless, what (behind words and facile instances) invasion really meant. And she had dropped out her bare little admissions, her nerve-shaking implications, with an air so quiet that he had looked at her twice and thrice to see that he had got her meaning.

A comment of his, intended to evoke some of these particulars as yet withheld, she met a little sharply.

"We won't say any more." Then, into

the sudden silence, she let fall a half-embarrassed, "I have a feeling that it's sacrilege." She caught his widened stare. "It makes a special claim—don't you think?—to have been with people in great agony. They are sacred. You must not speak of what you know. Unless it's to those who—" She turned her head suddenly away. "Here's a book you must read, if you're interested in the war." She handed him René Benjamin's "Gaspard." "It's amusing."

He looked at her over the paper-covered volumes she held out. "Why do you encourage meetings for the sole purpose of talking about these people?"

"Oh, because so many who have money haven't any imagination. We—somebody *must* tell such people, so they can help. But it's a risk."

"Risk of not doing any good?"

"Risk of doing harm. Oh"—she met his unspoken perplexity—"you'd understand if you'd watched some of their faces as I have, and seen that look!"



She found him alone, reading, by a dying fire. A sharp contraction held her heart an instant. His face was ghastly

"What look?" he said, curious.

"Morbid hunger for excitement-dope!" She flung it out with loathing. And then, more quietly, "Shall I tell you what I've found out?"

He nodded.

"There's just nothing so bad for people as to hear about misery and *do nothing*. The only salvation for people who aren't going to do something is not to know." She went to the far side of the room and came back with a piece of sewing—queer sewing for those sophisticated hands. A flannel hospital-shirt. She had hidden it out of sight in a painted Italian chest.

"I've got into the habit," she seemed to apologize, "of doing this kind of thing in the evening—unless we have company."

"I'm glad I'm not company any more." He was looking at her hands. They were beautiful, if you like. Their sculptresque contours, their warm pearliness shone with new luster against the coarse flannel.

"*You* wouldn't like to wear such stuff," she said.

"I would, if you'd made it." He bent his fine head and kissed her fingers. She made no protest. But directly he lifted his face, she began to sew with measured quickness.

"I am an expert now. If I keep at it, I make one of these things in two evenings."

Winter sat back, with a look of dismay.

"You aren't going to sew at that rate the whole blessed time?"

"It'll help me to forget I've broken my vow."

"What vow?"

"Not to *talk* about them."

"You forget," he said gravely. "You agreed to exceptions." Her hand kept up its rapid rhythm, but she lifted her eyes a second. They were golden in the shaded light. "They have to be told—those who can help," he reminded her.

"Oh, there are people for that! I'm not one."

"You mean *I'm* not one?" He took out a pocketbook.

The fervor of sewing slackened; the round golden eyes followed greedily the counting of bills. They came to a hundred and ten dollars.

"That much a month for your people till six months after the war."

"You mean that? *Oh!*" And then she came to life. Not so much, you'd think, because of Winter's liberality as because he had brought back and made salient the liberality of others.

Yes: she had come to life over the American record. She celebrated American generosity, American tact, American organizing ability. With a fine romantic glow, she spoke of that fleet of sixty ships going to and fro upon the deep, bearing succor from America. No country not directly implicated had ever before made such a gift to a stricken nation. She did not forget Henry's part in all this. Henry's name did not appear in the papers. Others got the credit. Henry did the work. "Henry—"

"No," he said pettishly; "I don't want to hear about Henry."

"Why not?"

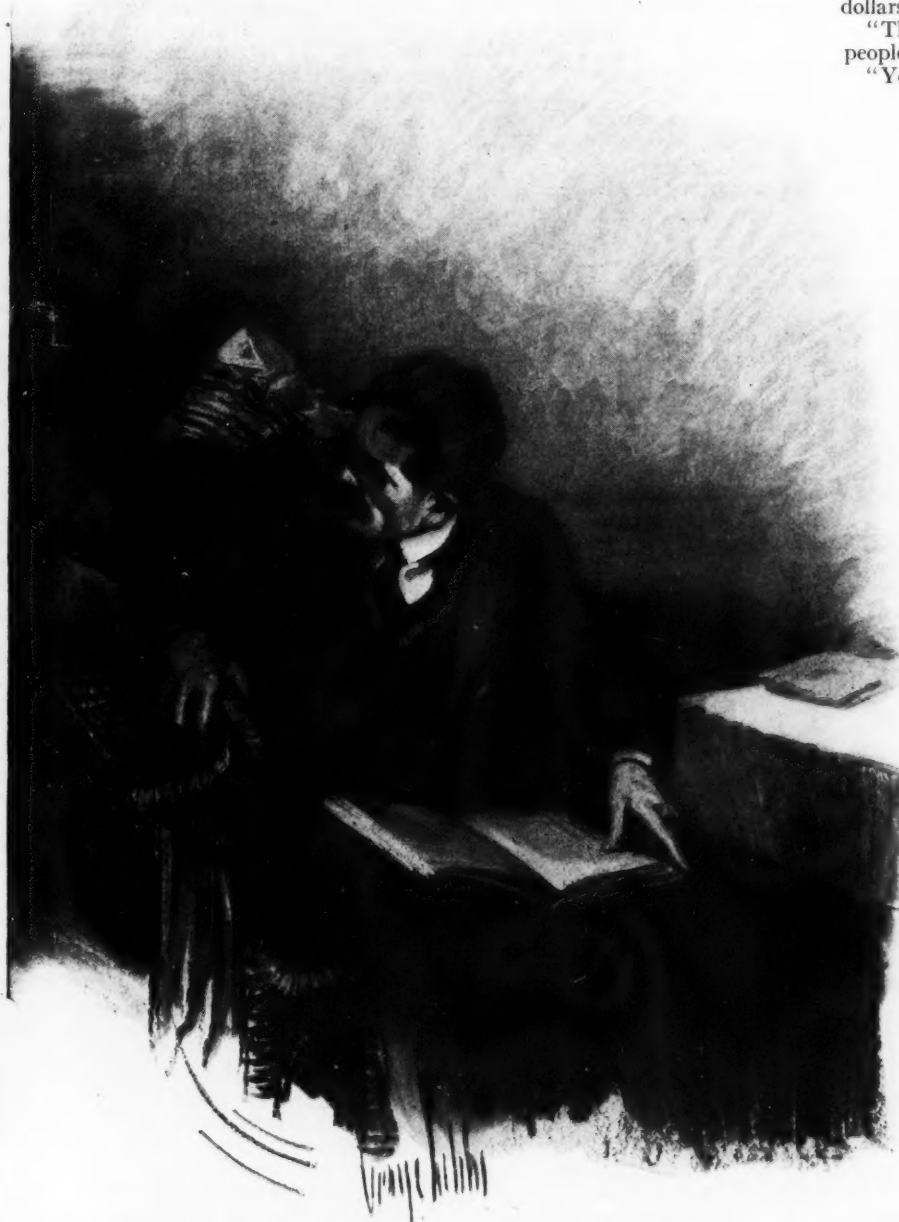
"I hate Henry!"

"You hate—" Her eyes danced. "Why?"

"You know why." He said it like a sulky schoolboy. "There must be a lot of fellows who hate Henry."

At that, she smiled her famous smile and went on sewing the hospital-shirt.

As for the autobiography, he had to supply that mentally, from odds and ends he remembered reading in the papers and hearing from his sister. No



duties, no children, no contact with real life. The typical luxurious American, coming suddenly upon something that had sobered her, turned, by that quick alchemy of disaster, into a nurse before she was a probationer. One thing she had kept saying: "I wasn't a real nurse—only, things had to be done, and I was often the only one who—dared to do them." Then, upon her husband's acceptance of a post, a change of field or, rather, an ever-changing field. Later, when Henry Disston lay ill of fever, the same calm serviceableness in his deputy, his nurse, his wife.

It was Winter's way to see all life in pictures. He saw them now in endless succession. Aurea as deputy commissioner. Aurea as a nurse. Aurea as high almoner. Aurea as wife had to be painted out. One way to do this was to tell her about himself—things he'd never told anyone else. When Winter saw how composedly she took certain passages, he laid on the color till she said, "Don't!" and held up her hand.

"Why?" he demanded.

"It's ugly."

That stayed him as no conceivable torrent of moral oburgation could have done.

His sister had been right. Laurence Winter was essentially a non-social person. His restless, critical mind left him no great faith in his kind and no great pleasure in them.

His experience of women in particular had not been happy. For him, the "virtuous" ones had been irredeemably dull, and the unvirtuous had ended by boring him, too. If they had bored him less in the end, it was because the end came quick. He presented the spectacle of a man of genius capable of creating beauty and joy for anybody rather than for himself.

And so it came about that this idealizing Aurea Disston did not work the transformation in him popularly supposed to follow. The easiest attitude for him to fall into was that of affecting to hate Henry and to be in love with Henry's wife.

He flattered her outrageously.

"I suppose he says this sort of thing to all his sitters," she remarked, one day, when Miss Jeannette slipped into the studio to look at the fire.

"And why do you suppose anything so egregious?" he demanded.

"Puts them in a good humor," the sitter suggested. "Look how I'm grinning, Jeannette—like a Cheshire cat!"

"Well, like a cat of some sort," he agreed. "Look here: I'll do you as a cat! You just wait!"

He found a piece of drawing-paper and stuck it on a board. Out of a box he snatched a stick, now a black one, now brown, now orange, vermillion. He seemed to be not so much drawing on paper as drawing out of paper by alluring little strokes and caressings, to be luring to the surface a cat which had been in hiding. And the tabby-head was also the head of a woman. As the likeness to the particular woman looked impudently out, Miss Jeannette, a piece of fire-wood in her hands, stood protesting.

"Dear Larry!"

Aurea stared, amazed, amused.

"Yes; that's what you're like!" He flattened the low forehead, pointed the triangle of the face, and over the round eyes emphasized the lumps of hair till they stood up like impressionist cat's ears. "It's the creature"—he punctuated comment with accents of fresh color—"that keeps her own counsel. Self-contained. No doggish enthusiasm. No passionate friendships. The Immemorial Cat!"

"You ought to beat him, Aurea dear!" The pale sister kissed her for amends.

Laurence came closer, too, but came looking back at the sketch and shining subtly with the creator's joy.

"Yes; beat me, Aurea dear." As she still laughed, eying the cat, "No beat?" he inquired, with his small-child air. "Very well, then." He kissed her, as though offering the necessary alternative. He seemed to forget the cat; he had gone back to the great portrait.

In her astonishment, Aurea had looked round at Jeannette. That lady had taken her brother's sudden ebullition with a calm that both astonished and reassured the object of it. The combination of spontaneity and of openness in his act strengthened a growing conviction in Aurea's mind. The usual fantastic, half-mocking devotion was his pose—an airy superstructure founded on something very different from what he avowed—nothing less than a shamefaced honesty of affection, romantic, innocent. Something far too simple, Aurea felt, for him to own to. Something, nevertheless, that only the finer spirit, whether simple or complex, could bring to birth.

Having settled this in her mind, Aurea most inconsist-

ently twice telephoned to put off her sittings. Three nights in succession she dined out. On the fourth, he found her at home between nine and ten in the evening.

"Glorious you look in this brown and gold and orange! Do you know, every one of those colors is in your hair. Fact. More tortoise-shell cat than ever in this light." He made only indirect reference to her absences.

"I haven't been idle. More cats for you. A rapturous collection of cats. I'll show them to you—to-morrow?"

You must have a sitting to-morrow."

Yes; she'd come. She must see the cats, anyway.

He stayed till eleven. And she sewed.

"Well, good-night, Saint Aurea." He kissed her hand. His lips lingered there.

"Why 'saint?'"

"Ask the Beljums."

Ask"—he looked up—"the men you've driven distracted by just smiling at them. There ought to be a law against people smiling like that."

"You, my dear," she

said pleasantly, "are a goose."

"Oh, I dare say!" He was smiling himself till he burst out with: "Gods! I should like to see you stirred. Nothing stirs you except war victims. I'm a war victim. Do be a little stirred for my sake."

And then that maddening smile!

What was a man to (Continued on page 116)



"You're not going till"—he barred the door—"not till you tell me what it was you came back to say"



Henry settled back in his chair,  
lifted his feet again  
to the railing

A HIGH red cart, drawn by two polo-ponies, tandem, swung round the corner into Douglass Street. A smart-appearing young man sat high on the box; beside him, a girl in a white broad-cloth suit and a straw sailor-hat.

Henry Calverly, tipped back in a weather-worn rocking-chair on the porch before Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house, hat pulled down over his eyes, suddenly lowered his feet from the railing to the floor.

"Elbow and Clem!" he breathed aloud. "Of all combinations!" He leaned forward and stared through his spectacles.

The girl saw him, and greeted him with a quick, bright smile and a pert bob of her prettily poised head. Yes; it was Clemency Snow. But the fellow— It was unmistakably the cart that Elberforce Jenkins had been driving round Sunbury all summer. And he looked like Elbow, but sat even higher and handled the reins with a manner.

There was a brother, Jefferson Jenkins, whom Henry barely knew. He was older, had gone to Harvard, and, more recently, had been abroad.

Henry's gloomy eyes followed them down the street. Clem's smile had bordered on the triumphant.

The cart passed from view. Henry settled back in his chair, lifted his feet again to the railing, resumed the gloomy reverie that had been interrupted by the red cart.

It was early October. School had opened; children were passing on their homeward way, carrying bags or books in a strap. The town was filling with college students. The soft maples up and down the street were turning; there was the hint of yellow in the elm leaves and of gold on the oaks. The first crispness of autumn had been in the morning air. Henry saw it, felt it in the atmosphere, but not within himself.

# Salvage

An Episode of

*The Loves of Henry the Ninth*

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

He sighed, lowered his feet again, and gazed at the foliage. Tears rose in his eyes. He winked them back.

Dispiritedly, he wandered up the two flights of stairs to his room under the eaves. He paused a moment, hand on the door-knob, then suddenly rushed in, closed the door, threw himself on the bed, and sobbed.

It was an outburst that passed. After a time, he sat up and looked about the

room. An old sewing-machine stood in the corner, a trunk beside the golden-oak bureau, a litter of odds and ends all about—things of his mother's.

His guitar stood in its green-woolen bag by the bureau. He stripped off the bag and carried the instrument to the window. "Gotta get a new E string," he muttered. He tuned it and strummed idly; even sang softly, mournfully, a verse of "Oh, Promise Me."

After this small effort, he stood, the guitar across his knee, his foot on a round of the wooden chair that was in the dormer-window, gazing out at the tinted foliage. Considerable time passed. His thoughts were vague; his spirit floated on a misty steam of emotion.

Half an hour later, he moved slowly back across the room; stood for a time examining the frayed E string, leaned the guitar against the bureau. He next stood before the glass, gazing at the youthfully sad face that confronted him there. It was not vanity that claimed him now, rather a gloomy egoism. Indeed, he did not altogether like the face. After a little, his eyes filled again, and he lowered them.

He opened the top bureau drawer. Within, scattered among his neckties and handkerchiefs and collars and extra shoe-laces, was a considerable number of envelopes. He got them out now. All were addressed to himself; all were postmarked, "Sunbury, Ill.," all but one were sealed.

He opened the one that was not sealed. It was a type-written note on business stationery. He found it disturbing, and thrust it, crumpled, into a pocket. He stacked the others in a neat pile on the bureau. For a long time he merely looked at them. Then he opened the top one, drew out the bill that was within, and spread it open.

He stared blankly at it.

"Thunder!" he mused. "It can't be that much. They made a mistake. They—they're sticking me."

He slipped it back into the envelop, replaced it on the pile of its fellows; with an expression akin to fright on his face, put them all back in the drawer and closed it, muttered, "Oh, well," picked up his cap, stood a moment, irresolute, then wandered down the stairs. He stood, whistling softly, behind the screen door, gazing out at the street.

A man turned the corner and swung with a firm stride toward the house—a man of unescapably businesslike mien. He wore a band of crape round his left arm. Henry's whistling died out.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "He said he was coming on the five-twenty-nine. It can't be as late as that." Henry tugged at the fob that hung from his watch-pocket, drew out a bright-gold watch in a chamois bag. It was twenty minutes to six. He replaced watch and bag in his pocket, then moved swiftly back through the hall and let himself into the boarding-house kitchen. Mamie Wilcox, looking sulky, was on her knees, scrubbing the floor.

"If anybody asks for me, Mamie, say I've gone out, will you?" said Henry carelessly, as he moved past her.

Mamie sat on her heels, looked after him with friendly interest, and remarked, without strong conviction,

"I'll say what I like."

Henry closed the back door softly behind him, hurried down the steps and round the woodshed to the alley and through to the side street. From this point, he wandered off toward the part of town inhabited principally, it had once seemed, before the eras of Clemency Snow and Janet Bulger and Ernestine Lambert, by Martha Caldwell. Of late, through some trick of his errant emotional gift, Martha's house had again begun to assume in Henry's eyes the importance of a geographical center.

His feet lagged as he drew near. He didn't know what he wanted to do, was not even sure that he wanted to see Martha. But Henry craved sympathy at all times. On this, perhaps the blackest day of his life thus far, the craving amounted to a downright need. And it would have to be a girl's sympathy. Of late, in one way and another, caught in the drifts and eddies of circumstance, all the important girls of the past six months had passed out of his life. Before she drove by, with Jeff Jenkins and that smile of conquest, he had tentatively, diplomatically grappled with the notion of wandering down to Clemency Snow's. Clem was not the sympathetic sort, but she always, when they were together, stirred his masculine self-esteem, brought him to life. It finally came down to Martha; at least, without any conscious direction from his brain-centers, his feet appeared to know that she was all he had left. It was

odd, too. Back in the winter and spring, she had been publicly his girl. It had been taken for granted that he alone would take her to parties and that he was privileged to sit out other callers. Then Ban Widdicombe had cut him out.

He came to a stop on the corner. There was some one on the Caldwell's porch. From the shelter of an intervening group of maples, he studied the field. At length, first with misgivings, then with relief and a little stir of pleasurable sensation, he went on. For the some one was Martha herself. She was sewing, apparently on a dress. She was pleasantly, refreshingly pretty with her freckles, and her abundant hair gathered behind and tied with a wide ribbon, and (when he reached the steps and she rose with a slight matter-of-fact smile and a touch of heightened color) her large and honest blue eyes.

That she looked on him with real sympathy was plain. Just to drop into the hammock and loll there in silence was soothing. He knew that her eyes were on him from moment to moment. At length, she said,

"Listen, Henry: Do you know yet what you're going to do?"

Gloomily he moved his head in the negative.



"What's that you're making?" "Oh, I'm not country-club dance, and it's all

"It must be pretty hard. I—all your friends, I think, have wished they could do something to help you."

His eyes filled suddenly, as they had filled in his room. He had to turn away, or she would have seen. At that, he was not sure that she hadn't seen. She fell silent.

He swung the hammock to and fro, to and fro. Finally, arriving at a partial self-control, he looked in her direction and remarked,

"What's that you're making?"

"Oh, I'm not making anything. This dress got torn at the country-club dance, and it's all I've got to wear Saturday."

"What's coming Saturday?" he asked blankly.

She lowered her hands, lifted her head.

"Henry, don't you know?" she said.

"Know what?"

"You don't mean to say you didn't get an invitation!"

"What for?" He was petulant. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Mary Ames' party." Henry stared at her; then his eyes slowly roved back toward the maple-bordered street. "Of course"—Martha was floundering mentally—"of course I can understand that she thinks it was sorta delicate—I mean the way you might feel—everybody'd understand it if you felt that you didn't want to go; but I s'posed of course she'd invite you—and I thought maybe you'd go, anyway—though, of course, so soon after your mother's funeral—"

She stopped, as if she had run down.

"I don't know anything about it," he said stonily.

Martha explained then, with an effort.

"Mary's giving the party specially for Clem Snow and— and Jefferson Jenkins."

"Clem and—Jeff Jenkins?" Henry swallowed. "Why—"

"They're engaged."

"Engaged!"

He only half heard what she said after that—that it had all happened very suddenly, that Henry had been awfully busy with the open-air performances of "Iolanthe" for the Sunbury Hospital, and then he had gone East for a time, and then his mother had died and—everything. Without any reason, in the teeth of the plain fact that he was not going with Clem any more and that (as it had happened) it was himself who had broken off with her, the news was a blow. It hurt. It roused jealousy, self-pity, an acute sort of loneliness. The mere thought that a party could be given among the Lake Shore crowd to which he would not be invited bordered on the unthinkable. From moment to moment, the hurt grew worse. It had paralyzed his faculties; he couldn't even think. He knew his pain showed on his face, and he knew of no way to cover it over. He had been popular. The whole town had applauded his work in "Iolanthe." The girls had

seemed fairly to run after him—too many of them for his good. Clemency, the best dressed, the most effective young personality in town at that time, had sought him. Her father, the second-richest man in Sunbury!

But Ernestine Lambert had come to visit Mary Ames, and for Ernestine he had felt what he thought, at the time, to be his first and his last great love. Ernestine had gone back East and out of his life. Troubles had come. The great wave of his precocious success had passed with her, had rolled on. He was now a forlorn boy, the fire of emotion that had kept him up through one brilliant summer all burnt out. The tears came. He was ashamed. He bowed his head.

"What time is it?" He pulled out his watch, removed the chamois bag, and held up the watch without lifting his own eyes. "Oh, it's pretty late—I'm sorry!"

"I'm—going," he managed to say, with a sort of dignity.

"Henry! I didn't mean that!"

"What else could you 'a' meant?"



making anything. This dress got torn at the  
I've got to wear Saturday"

She got up, laid her sewing-things carefully on the chair, and came over to him, actually sat beside him in the hammock.

"Please, Henry!" she said.

He turned his head resolutely away.

"I only meant—" she faltered.

"I heard what you said."

"But, Henry, you aren't fair! I meant that if it wasn't too late, we'd go out to the kitchen and make fudge. But the girl will be there now, getting supper."

"Oh, well," was all he could say.

"I think it was mean of Mary not to invite you."

"Oh, well." He was near to choking.

There was a long silence, during which self-consciousness seemed to come upon her; at any rate, she suddenly got up and went back to her sewing. Henry broke the silence.

"Who you going with?" She didn't answer. He raised his voice. "Who—who you going with?"

"Well—Ban Widdicombe asked me."

"Oh, of course! Naturally."

"I don't know that I want to go with him. He's been mad lately—disagreeable. I don't think I like him very well."

"Oh, yes, you do! Girls like a fellow that's got the money."

Her eyes filled now. She bent low over her sewing.

He hadn't meant to talk in this sneering way. It jarred on him as on her. The worst of it was, he knew that he would say meaner things if he stayed. He propped his elbows on his knees, dropped his face on two clenched fists, studied a caterpillar that was creeping slowly along the porch railing. During the summer, at intervals, hints of a faint but promising strain of character had appeared among the confused and confusing jumble of moods, impulses, and ear- and eye-gathered ideas that Henry thought of as his mind. Though Martha failed to recognize his next action as a small exhibit of sheer character, it was hardly less than that. Certainly, among all the pressures of life that were bearing on him at the moment was the notion of sparing her in this black hour.

He sprang up, paced the porch for a moment, muttering excitedly, then rushed down the steps and off up the street.

He walked rapidly through back streets to Smith's drug store (the present distressing condition of his charge-account at Donovan's made it quite impossible to venture near that most popular dispensary of ice-cream sodas), where he rapidly consumed a frosted chocolate with extra ice-cream.

On his way out, he paused to hover over the candy counter. A tempting array of chocolate-coated creams and nuts greeted eye and nostril. Nearly two months back, during the reign of Ernestine Lambert in his heart, he had forsworn chocolate creams. At the cost of many a desperate struggle, he had kept his oath. Now his hand twitched toward the brown heaps; he turned his head; the pharmacist came across the store; then Henry fled—from the candy, from the pharmacist, from his disconcerting self.

He went to the shore of the lake and watched the big steamers and the occasional schooners and the long tows of barges go slowly by along the far horizon. Between them and the shore lay streaks of colored flat water under a glowing sky. The sun was down, even then. Soon the sky lost its color. The distant boats grew faint and fainter. Lights twinkled out there.

He felt hungry. But that man might still be waiting at the boarding-house, very likely was eating supper there. And he couldn't eat at the little restaurant on Simpson Street because he had no money. Henry tightened his belt, as he had read of hungry, desperate men doing, and paced the beach, along the hard sand down by the water.

Clem engaged! And to the tall, hideously superior, rich Jeff Jenkins! And Mary Ames giving a party for them to which he, Henry Calverly, was not asked! He ground his teeth. He walked at a feverish clip, driving his nails into

his ball-hardened palms. He blindly craved physical pain instead of this torment of the spirit. They would be gay at that party, all of them. Nobody would think of him, excepting, perhaps, to laugh. He, the popular one, who had snubbed Clem to run off after strange goddesses from Binghamton, New York, now in poverty and sorrow, ignored, forgotten! He stopped under a street-light (he was up on the boulevard now that ran along the bluff) and consulted a torn suburban time-table.

"He won't wait after the seven-thirty-six," muttered Henry. "If I go back now, maybe I can get something to eat from Mamie."

He returned, with this thought, to Mrs. Wilcox's.

As he cautiously mounted the steps, a tall man rose out of the shadows on the porch and came forward.

"How do you do, Henry?" The voice was strong, cold, firm. "I've been waiting here since shortly after five. You received my note?"

"Oh, uncle Arthur," murmured Henry, in a thin voice, "was it to-day?"

"Yes," replied uncle Arthur dryly; "it was to-day. From what they tell me here, you don't spend much time at home. What do you do with your time, Henry?"

"Oh, I do enough."

"I don't doubt that. The question is: What is it that you do?"

"I guess I ain't hurting anybody."

"And I'm willing to guess that you aren't helping anybody. You wrote that you needed money. I answered that I would be here to-day, to go over all your accounts and work out a plan for you to follow. My time has some value. You should have been here. I should have had a distinctly better impression of you if you had. You wrote that you owed a little money. Suppose you take me up to your room now and show me just what you owe, to whom, and what for."

Henry cleared a table in his room. They sat facing each other. Uncle Arthur opened the sealed envelopes one by one, and studied and listed their contents. His questions were too keen for any parrying by Henry's immature brain. Within half an hour, the story of Henry's financial life lay unveiled. Uncle Arthur sat back, considered the problem.

"You owe this tailor a hundred and six dollars," he said reflectively. Henry's head bowed. "And the florist, the livery-stable, the men's furnishing shop, Donovan's drug store—see here, Henry; what on earth is the meaning of this item of sixty-three dollars, eighty-five cents, 'account rendered,' at Donovan's? I don't wonder he asks for immediate payment."

"Oh, well—shucks—there's lots o' things a fellow needs!"

"Yes; I understand, but what were they? Hair-brushes? Tooth-powder? Medicines—you haven't been sick, have you? Your mother paid cash to her last conscious moment. Just what did you buy?"

"Oh, well, thunder—"

"Sodas, perhaps?"

"Well—"

"And candy?"

"Some of it was for candy, but I swore off—honest I did—in August!"

"I see this is your September and August bill—and July, too, perhaps?"

"Well—"

"Hm-m! Since then you've had some money?"

"Sure I have! It's not hard for me to pick up money."

"Oh, it isn't! You were engaged to direct the rehearsals of 'Iolanthe' here—what did they pay you for that?"

"Oh—fifteen a week."

"For a few weeks. That all?"

"They gave me a purse. But that was my private business. They gave it to me."

"How much was it?"

"I don't see why I have to tell you that."

"You don't have to."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Mamie Wilcox, looking sulky, was on her knees, scrubbing the floor. "If anybody asks for me, Mamie, say I've gone out, will you?" said Henry carelessly, as he moved past her

"Well—well—it was two hundred dollars—in gold."

"Where did that go?"

"Oh, say! Well, I took a little trip East."

"To New York. Now we are getting to it. From New York you telegraphed for fifty dollars. Your mother was then too ill to be consulted. I had been called here. I sent twenty-five dollars to get you home. Now tell me what you've done in the way of getting work since the funeral."

"Oh, well—look here, uncle Arthur—it ain't hardly a week, and—"

The boy's eyes were glistening; his color was high. The older man studied him, then leaned forward over the table.

"Henry," he said, "I'm not going to be too hard on you, but this is serious business. I understand that you are a reasonably gifted boy, but you seem to be thoroughly impractical. I suppose you think you can pick up jobs right along directing amateur operas."

"Well—"

"Let me make it clear to you that you can't. You've got to find steady work. Right here in this town are hundreds of boys of your age who are earning their livings in any number of different ways. There are dozens of students here who tend furnaces early and late, wait on table in such places as this, care for horses and cows, sleep in attics and stables, because they are fighting for an education. But you have let a whole week go by without even an effort to find work. Who did you think was to take care of you?"

"Oh, I can pick up money." But even Henry felt the inadequacy of this. He flushed and cried out, "Well, I guess we have a little money!"

Uncle Arthur's grave, keen eyes seemed like burning brands to Henry as he said slowly, distinctly:

"Your mother has had to eat into her little capital ever since you entered high school. What is left won't bring in four dollars a week."

"But that's interest, ain't it? I guess I can use some of it to keep me going until I work things out."

Uncle Arthur was shaking his head inexorably.

"No," he said; "no. You are nineteen, I believe."

"Nineteen in November," said Henry.

"Very well. I am executor of your mother's estate. I am also your guardian—until you are twenty-one. Two years from November, you will be free to do as you like with the principal. Until then, you don't get a cent but the interest, which will fall something more than two dollars short of paying for your room and meals here. That two

dollars you'll have to earn if you propose to live here. And if you want clothes and railroad tickets and soda-water, you'll have to earn them." Henry muttered. "If you mean that for me," said his uncle, "I can't make out what you're trying to say."

"I said, 'You're hard on me.'"

"Perhaps I am. I'm certainly disturbed about you. I can't make out that you have anything excepting a knack at



"Were you coming to my house?" she asked. The polite say it. He did, however, manage to get this out:

doing conspicuous little things and getting applause. If you really wanted to become a singer, I might try to help you—but I'd have to have some assurance of serious purpose. It would take years and years of the hardest kind of work. A pleasant, natural voice is the merest beginning. And sometimes I've wondered if you wouldn't make a writer; but that calls for an education—the best kind—and last spring your mother told me that you had dropped out of high school and were doing literally nothing at all. I'd make some sacrifices to help the right sort of boy to get an



of great delicacy and difficulty, with a boy who was blessed and cursed with temperament, and he found the situation puzzling. The solution of the problem, after the most conscientious efforts of which he was capable, was eluding his mental grasp. This was his sister's boy, obviously, painfully in need of discipline. But how apply the discipline? The net result of his own accomplishment, thus far, was an athletic-appearing youth crying like a baby. Which seemed to indicate weakness. The man's frown deepened. Presently he came back from the window, laid a hand on the boy's shoulder, and said:

"Henry, I'm going to leave you five dollars for pocket-money until you find a job. Don't waste it. Come to me if you get seriously up against it, and I'll give you the best advice I can. I see three things in your favor—you don't appear to be a drinking boy, you're not a cigarette-fiend, and your health is good. Don't forget that you've got to earn your way. I shall have to go for my train now." And, laying a five-dollar bank-note on the table, he went out.

Henry, after a time, got up and locked the door. He opened his mother's trunk and searched with gentle, even timid hands among the trays until his fingers closed on an old photograph—his mother, years younger than his memories of her, seated by a table; himself a lad of six or seven, standing proudly at her side, his hand on her shoulder, his hair slicked down, his eyes, unobscured by spectacles, looking widely, gravely out of the picture.

He put a book on the table, propped the picture against it, dropped again into the chair, rested his cheeks on his hands, and gazed until the tears blinded his eyes.

The next day he did nothing—wandered up the lake shore, sat, in a queer daze of the spirit, on breakwaters and watched the changing colors on the surface of the water, even skipped stones. He appeared regularly for meals at Mrs. Wilcox's, and studied the student-waiters as they moved about the dining-room. He kept away from Donovan's, kept away, too, from Martha Caldwell's. All earlier need of sympathy had been as nothing beside his present need, but, none the less, he didn't go. For reasons that he made no attempt to understand, he couldn't. He saw members of the old crowd on the street, ignored them when possible, spoke when he had to. It was said that Hen Calverly had changed since his mother's death, had got queer.

From less kindly tongues slipped the hint that, despite his own erratic conduct of the spring and summer, Clem Snow's engagement had been too much for him. None of these remarks reached his ears. It would have made no difference if all had. Henry was, for the first time and in his inadequate way, facing certain rough realities. And characteristically he was in a state of complete surrender to his emotions, living through it, feeling it out.

Early on Friday evening, after supper, he wandered across Simpson Street without so much as a glance toward the brightly lighted plate-glass front of Donovan's and headed south. He knew that he would be passing Martha's house, but had no conscious plan to see her. In fact, he kept on the opposite side of the street. There was a crowd of young people on the porch at B. F. Jones'. He saw white frocks and the darker shadows where the boys were. They were humming, "Love's Old, Sweet Song." A boy's voice said:

"Oh, there's Hen Calverly! He can sing it."

Another voice sounded a low, "Sh!"

Then voices said, "Hello!"

reply, he knew, would be, "Yes." But he couldn't quite "Well, I was sorta walking down this way"

education, but he'd have to be a worker to start with. Can't you see yourself what a problem you are?" Henry muttered again. "I can't hear you."

"I said, 'I guess I'm—no good.'" And then Henry burst into tears.

His uncle frowned, stacked the bills, folded them together, and put them in an inner pocket, saying, "These, too, will have to be paid out of the principal," pushed back his chair, tapped a moment on the table, got up, and walked slowly to the window. He was dealing, under circumstances

He raised his hat and walked on.

A boy called, "Come on up, Hen!" And a girl added, "Yes, do!"

He slowed, uncertain, aimless, tired and spent after the intensity of these days just gone, but kept moving ahead, past the entrance-walk.

He became aware then that a white figure was detaching itself from the group and moving down the steps.

In a moment, he knew that the figure was Martha's. He waited now. She was bareheaded. As she drew near and her features became visible in the twilight, he was impressed by the fact that there was something warmly, cheerily pretty about her. He had forgotten that she had the power to hearten him like this. He felt an unexpected impulse to cling to her. She was like something forgotten, something saved out of the "dear dead days beyond recall." But this impulse appeared as one more testimony to his weakness, and he compressed his lips over it.

"Were you coming to my house?" she asked.

The polite reply, he knew, would be, "Yes." But he couldn't quite say it. He did, however, manage to get this out:

"Well, I was sorta walking down this way."

"Do you want to come up with the crowd, or"—she hesitated, and her eyes searched his face—"no; you don't, I know. Shall we go over to my house or—or just walk?"

"Why—just walk," said Henry huskily.

As they walked, he was silent. And she knit her brows over him and over herself. His first speech came out when they had reached the boulevard by the lake. It was:

"I don't deserve to have you nice to me."

To which, after nearly a block of silence, she responded,

"But, Henry, you wouldn't expect me to be rude to you."

"No," he said fiercely; "I wouldn't expect *you* to be."

A little later, still in that fierce mood, reckless even, and stirred by a sudden, quite wild feeling of attraction toward

her that frightened him, he reached for her hand. It nestled hesitantly in his.

They walked on in this manner, without a word, for a long way.

Suddenly, he thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a five-dollar bank-note.

"See that?" he said.

She bent over it.

"Well, there's a story connected with that. I'll tell you some day. I've carried it for days. Been busted, too. But you notice it ain't broken—the bill."

He replaced it in his pocket. Then, as if his spirit had been stirred even more deeply, but still with a groping sort of hesitation, he transferred her hand, behind his back, from his left to his right hand, and reached behind and partly round her waist for her left hand, which found its way quite naturally into his.

Martha's lips moved as if she were about to say something, but whatever it was, she didn't say it. They walked on and on for an hour or more, arms crossed behind them, hand clasping hand. Not a word was spoken. They had walked in this way once or twice on very special occasions in the old days, when she was his girl. It was almost unbearably stirring.

It was he who turned back, jerkily swinging her round. They were half-way to town when he broke out with:

"It ain't square, the way a fellow does—a fellow like me! With a girl, I mean."

She gave him a sidelong glance. His hand pushed hers a little farther forward about her waist, drawing her closer to him.

"Don't you understand, Martha? A fellow knocks around, does things he oughtn't to do, plays around with different girls—yes, makes love to 'em—and then, when they go back on him, and he's in hard luck and down and out, he goes to a nice, steady girl like you—yes, like you—and hangs on to her just because (Continued on page 128)



"I said, 'I guess I'm—no good.'" And then Henry burst into tears. His uncle frowned

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(28)

# *A Petite Frolic*



**S**YBIL CARMEN, petite and fascinating, has become a decided favorite with audiences at New York's "Mid-night Frolic," where she has been singing and dancing with all the joy and whole-heartedness of youth ever since that popular after-theater entertainment was started at the aerial Danse de Folies more than two years ago.



**J**ULIET DAY likes to play the "baby vampire," which she created in "Upstairs and Down," better than any part she ever had; yet she has found time during a busy winter to take a thorough course in Red Cross nursing, and would like nothing better than a war-time opportunity to be of service to her country in this merciful rôle.



## Princess Willow Branch

**FAY** Bainter, who is winning a high place for herself among American comédiennes, displayed her ability in two successful rôles last season—the heroine of the war-time comedy, “Arms and the Girl,” and, later, the Princess Willow Branch, in “The Willow Tree,” a fantasy of Japan, in which she also played the part of an English girl.



*A  
New Star  
of the  
Dance*

**D**OROTHY DIXON, a new divinity of the dance, has obtained the emphatic approval of a critical public at New York's merry roof-garden, The Cocoanut Grove. She was teaching dance-steps to the children of a Chicago social settlement when her talent and grace were discovered, and she was quickly launched on a professional career.

# Michael

## Brother of Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

schooner Mary Turner, Captain Doane, on a treasure-hunting expedition. The expedition has been financed by Doane; Nishikanta, a San Francisco pawnbroker, and Grimshaw, a wheat-farmer. But there is no treasure, and no island where it is buried. They exist only in the imagination of

Charles Stough Greenleaf (the Ancient Mariner), a half-demented individual, who has four times before duped avaricious men with his tale, and gotten them to send out similar expeditions.

Daughtry ceases to believe in the treasure-island, and, finding the supply of beer getting low, sets about to bore holes in the water-casks. He finds Greenleaf at the same task, and the latter confesses the fraud. The schooner is now headed for the Marquesas, to obtain water. On the way, Nishikanta shoots and kills a calf whale. The infuriated mother charges again and again at the vessel until it sinks. Daughtry, Kwaque, Greenleaf, Michael, and the cockatoo are among those in one of the small boats.

They are rescued by a steamer and taken to San Francisco.

The steward arranges to support Greenleaf at a good hotel until he can interest other men in his tale of the treasure (which he never has failed to do). But Daughtry's resources come to an end, and he can find no work. He spends much time in saloons with Michael, until, finally, the terrier's ability to "count," and his "singing,"—which consists in accompanying the steward with a sort of rhythmic howling in a few tunes, begin to attract attention. Soon, master and dog are in great demand among the resorts of the "Barbary Coast," and Daughtry finds himself in comparative affluence. Two men—one, Walter Merritt Emory, a doctor and politician; the other, Harry Del Mar, who does trained-animal turns in vaudeville houses—are anxious to buy Michael, "the dog Caruso," but no offer is large enough to induce Daughtry to part with him. One day, the steward consults Emory about Kwaque, and the doctor discovers that both of them have leprosy. So they are sent summarily to the pest-house. Daughtry's last request on going into exile is that Michael and Cocky (the cockatoo) be sent to join him; but Emory has seen his chance to get possession of the terrier.

Drawing a harmonica from his vest pocket, he put it to his lips and began to play "Marching Through Georgia"

**MICHAEL**, a full-blooded Irish terrier, born on Tom Haggin's plantation, Ysabel Island, British Solomons, is stolen from his owner, Captain Kellar, of the trading schooner Eugénie, at Tulagi, Florida Island, by Dag Daughtry, a steward on the ocean liner Makambo. Daughtry is content with his lot in life so long as he can have six quarts of beer a day, and this is always stipulated for when signing for service. Another condition is that he be allowed to retain his helper, Kwaque, a young Papuan, whom he once rescued from death, and who, unknown to his benefactor, is a leper.

Daughtry's object in stealing Michael, whom he names Killeny Boy, is to sell him, and at first he will not permit himself to become attached to the animal, which becomes very devoted to him. He teaches the dog many remarkable tricks, including one of "singing," with the idea of enhancing his value. Also, Michael learns to count, in that he can distinguish the values of a few numerals. When the Makambo reaches Sydney, the news of the theft has preceded the steamer's arrival, and the captain tells Daughtry that Michael must be restored to his rightful owner on the next trip. Whereupon, the steward seeks a new berth, and departs with Kwaque, Michael, and a cockatoo in the

**T**HE dog, like the horse, abases the base. Being base, Walter Merritt Emory was abased by his desire for the possession of Michael. Had there been no Michael, his conduct would have been quite different. He would have dealt with Daughtry as Daughtry had described—as between white men. He would have warned Daughtry of his disease and enabled him to take

ship to the South Seas or to Japan or to other countries where lepers are not segregated. This would have worked no hardship on those countries, since such was their law and procedure, while it would have enabled Daughtry and Kwaque to escape the terrors of the San Francisco pest-house, to which, because of his baseness, he condemned them for the rest of their lives. But had Walter Merritt

Emory been thus considerate, not only would Daughtry and Kwaque have sailed out and away over the sea but with them would have sailed Michael.

Before he went to his late lunch, Doctor Emory was away in his machine and down into the Barbary Coast to the door of the Bowhead Lodging House. On the way, by virtue of his political affiliations, he had been able to pick up a captain of detectives. The addition of the captain proved necessary, for the landlady put up a stout argument against the taking of the dog of her lodger. But Milliken, captain of detectives, was too well known to her, and she yielded to the law of which he was the symbol and of which she was credulously ignorant.

As Michael started out of the room, on the end of a rope, a plaintive call of reminder came from the window-sill, where perched a tiny snow-white cockatoo.

"Cocky!" he called. "Cocky!"

Walter Merritt Emory glanced back and for no more than a moment hesitated.

"We'll send for the bird later," he told the landlady, who, still mildly expostulating as she followed them downstairs, failed to notice that the captain of the detectives had carelessly left the door to Daughtry's rooms ajar.

But Walter Merritt Emory was not the only base one abased by desire of possession of Michael. In a deep leather chair, his feet resting in another deep leather chair, at the Indoor Yacht Club, Harry Del Mar yielded to the somniferous digestion of lunch, which was for him breakfast as well, and glanced through the first of the early editions of the afternoon papers. His eyes lighted on a big head-line, with a brief five lines under it. His feet were instantly drawn down off the chair and under him as he stood erect upon them. On swift second thought, he sat down again, pressed the electric button, and, while waiting for the club steward, re-read the head-line and the brief five lines.

In a taxi and away, heading for the Barbary Coast, Harry Del Mar saw visions that were golden—and all shot through with flashings of the form of a rough-coated Irish terrier on a galaxy of brilliantly lighted stages, mouth open,

nose upward to the drops, singing, ever singing, as no dog had ever been known to sing in the world before.

Cocky himself was the first to discover that the door was ajar, and was at just the stage of determining whether or not he should more closely inspect that crack of exit to the wider world, which inspection, in turn, would determine whether or not he should venture out through the crack, when his eyes beheld the eyes of the second discoverer staring in.

The eyes were bestial, yellow-green, the pupils dilating and narrowing with sharp swiftness as they sought about among the lights and glooms of the room. Cocky knew danger at the first glimpse—danger to the uttermost of violent death. Yet Cocky did nothing. No panic stirred his heart. Motionless, one eye only turned upon the crack, he focused that one eye upon the head and eyes of the gaunt gutter-cat whose head had erupted into the crack like an apparition.

Alert, dilating and contracting, as swift as cautious, and infinitely apprehensive, the pupils vertically slitted in jet into the midmost of amazing opals of greenish yellow, the eyes roved the room. They lighted on Cocky. Instantly the head portrayed that the cat had stiffened, crouched, and frozen. Almost imperceptibly the eyes settled into a watching that was like to the stony stare of a sphinx across aching and eternal desert sands. The eyes were as if they had so stared for centuries and millenniums.

No less frozen was Cocky. He drew no film across his one eye that showed his head cocked sideways, nor did the passion of apprehension that whelmed him manifest itself in the quiver of a single feather. Both creatures were petrified into the mutual stare that is of the hunter and the hunted, the preyer and the prey, the meat-eater and the meat.

It was a matter of long minutes—that stare—until the head in the doorway, with a slight turn, disappeared. Could a bird sigh, Cocky would have sighed. But he made no movement as he listened to the slow, dragging steps of a man go by and fade away down the hall.

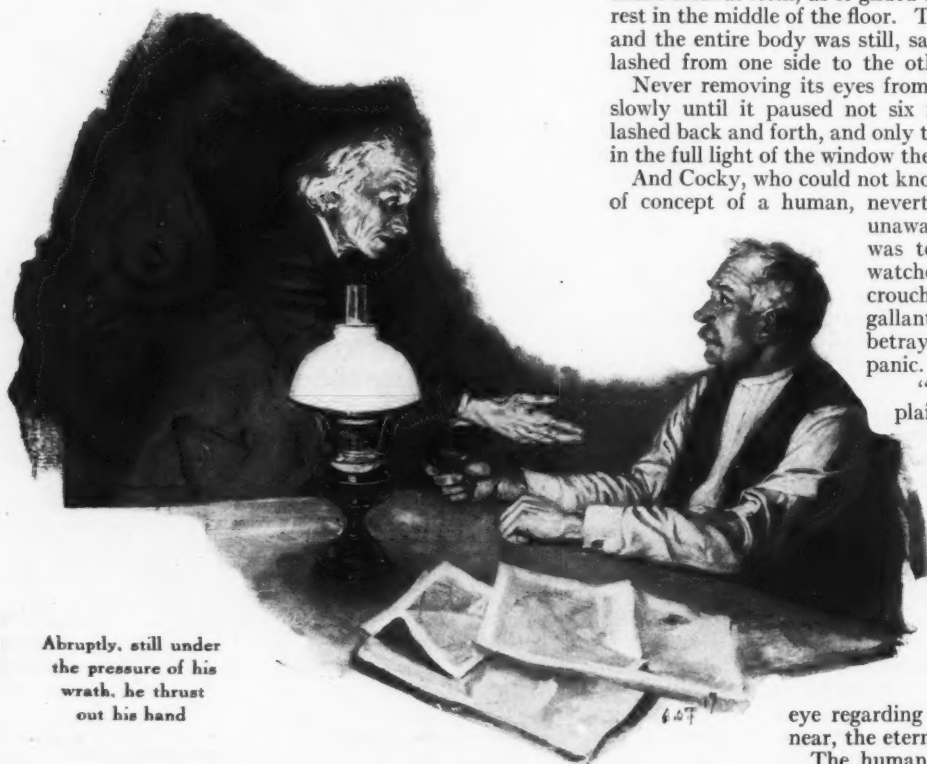
Several minutes passed, and, just as abruptly, the apparition reappeared—not alone the head this time but the entire sinuous form, as it glided into the room and came to rest in the middle of the floor. The eyes brooded on Cocky, and the entire body was still, save for the long tail, which lashed from one side to the other and back again.

Never removing its eyes from Cocky, the cat advanced slowly until it paused not six feet away. Only the tail lashed back and forth, and only the eyes gleamed like jewels in the full light of the window they faced.

And Cocky, who could not know death with the clearness of concept of a human, nevertheless was not altogether unaware that the end of all things was terribly impending. As he watched the cat deliberately crouch for the spring, Cocky, gallant mote of life that he was, betrayed his one and forgivable panic.

"Cocky! Cocky!" he called plaintively to the blind, insensate walls. But there was no answer from those walls, from the hall outside, or from all the world, and, his moment of panic over, Cocky was his brave little self again. He sat motionless on the window-sill, his head cocked to the side, with one unwavering

eye regarding on the floor, so perilously near, the eternal enemy of all his kind. The human quality of his voice had



Abruptly, still under the pressure of his wrath, he thrust out his hand

startled the gutter-cat, causing her to forego her spring as she flattened down her ears and bellied closer to the floor. Then she prepared and sprang with sudden decision, landing where Cocky had perched the fraction of a second before. Cocky had darted to the side, but, even as he darted, and as the cat landed on the sill, the cat's paw flashed out sidewise, and Cocky leaped straight up, beating the air with his wings so little used to flying. The gutter-cat reared on her hind legs, smote upward with one paw, as a child might strike with its hat at a butterfly. But there was weight in the cat's paw, and the claws of it were outspread like so many hooks.

Struck in mid-air, a trifle of a flying machine, all its delicate gears tangled and disrupted, Cocky fell to the floor in a shower of white feathers, which, like snowflakes, eddied slowly down after, and after the plummet-like descent of the cat, so that some of them came to rest on her back, startling her tense nerves with their gentle impact and making her crouch closer while she shot a swift glance around and overhead for any danger that might threaten.

XXI

HARRY DEL MAR found only a few white feathers on the floor of Dag Daughtry's room in the Bowhead Lodging House, and from the landlady learned what had happened to Michael. The first thing Harry Del Mar did, still retaining his taxi, was to locate the residence of Doctor Emory and make sure that Michael was confined in an outhouse in the back yard. Next, he engaged passage on the steamship Umatilla, sailing for Seattle and Puget Sound ports at daylight. And, next, he packed his luggage and paid his bills.

In the mean time, a wordy war was occurring in Walter Merritt Emory's office.

"The man's yelling his head off," Doctor Masters was contending. "The police had to rap him with their clubs in the ambulance. He was violent. He wanted his dog. It can't be done. It's too raw. You can't steal his dog this way. He'll make a howl in the papers."

"Huh!" quoth Walter Merritt Emory. "I'd like to see a reporter with back-bone enough to go within talking-distance of a leper in the pest-house. And I'd like to see the editor who wouldn't send a pest-house letter (granting it'd been smuggled past the guards) out to be burned the very second he became aware of its source. Don't you worry, Doc. There won't be any noise in the papers."

"But leprosy! Public health! The dog itself is a peripatetic source of infection."

"Poppycock!" said Walter Merritt Emory. "What you don't know about leprosy, and what the rest of the Board of Health doesn't know about leprosy, would fill more books than have been compiled by the men who have expertly studied the disease. The one thing they have eternally tried, and are eternally trying, is to inoculate one animal outside man with the leprosy that is peculiar to man. Horses, rabbits, rats, donkeys, monkeys, mice, and dogs—heavens!—they have tried it on them all, tens of thousands of times and a hundred thousand times ten thousand times, and never a successful inoculation. They have never suc-

ceeded in inoculating it on one man from another. Here—let me show you."

And from his shelves Walter Merritt Emory began pulling

down his authorities.

"Amazing—most interesting!"

Doctor Masters continued to emit from time to time as he followed the expert guidance of the other through the books. "I never dreamed—the amount of work they have done is astounding. But," he said, in conclusion, "there is no convincing a layman of the matter contained on your shelves. Nor can I so convince my public. Nor will I try.

Besides, the man is consigned to the living death of lifelong imprisonment in the pest-house.

You know the beastly hole it is. He loves the dog. He's mad over it. Let him have it. I tell you it's rotten, unfair, and cruel, and I won't stand for it."

"Yes, you will," Walter Merritt Emory assured him coolly. "And I'll tell you why."

He told him. He said things that no doctor should say to another, but which a politician may well say, and has often said, to another politician—things which cannot bear repeating, if for no other reason because they are too humiliating and too little conducive to pride for the average

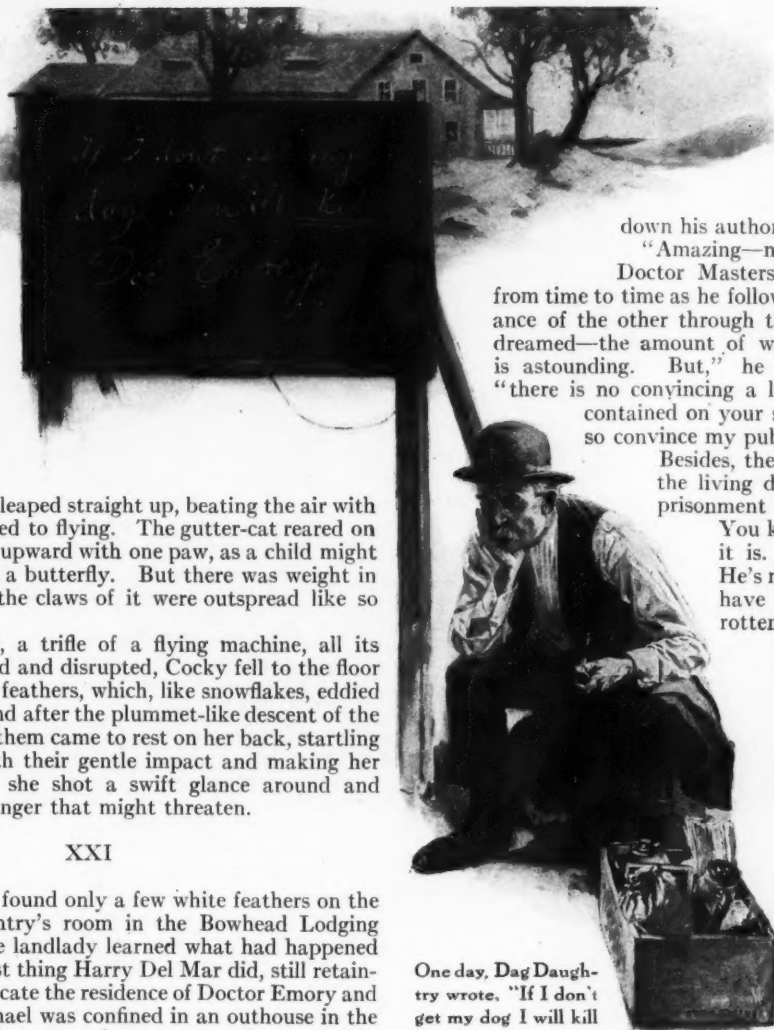
One day, Dag Daughtry wrote, "If I don't get my dog I will kill Doc Emory"

American citizen to know; things of the inside, secret governments of imperial municipalities which the average American citizen, voting free as a king at the polls, fondly thinks he manages; things which are, on rare occasion, partly unburied and promptly reburied in the tomes of reports of Lexow Committees and Federal Commissions.

And Walter Merritt Emory won his desire of Michael against Doctor Masters, had his wife dine with him at Jules' that evening and took her to the theater in celebration of the victory, returned home at one in the morning, in his pajamas went out to take a last look at Michael—and found no Michael.

The pest-house of San Francisco, as is naturally the case with pest-houses in all American cities, was situated on the bleakest, remotest, forlornest, cheapest, space of land owned by the city. The outlook from the windows was not inspiring. A quarter of a mile in either direction, looking out along the shallow cañon of the sand-hills, Dag Daughtry could see the sentry-boxes of the guards, themselves armed and more prone to kill than to lay hands on any escaping pest-man.

Not even so far as the sentry-boxes were Daughtry and Kwake permitted to stroll. A hundred yards inside was the dead-line. Here, the guards came hastily to deposit



food-supplies, medicines, and written doctors' instructions, retreating as hastily as they came. Here, also, was a black-board upon which Daughtry was instructed to chalk up his needs and requests in letters of such size that they could be read from a distance. And on this board, for many days, he wrote, not demands for beer, although the six-quart daily custom had been broken sharply off, but demands like:

WHERE IS MY DOG?

HE IS AN IRISH TERRIER.

HIS NAME IS KILLENY BOY.

I WANT MY DOG.

I WANT TO TALK TO DOC EMORY.

TELL DOC EMORY TO WRITE TO ME ABOUT MY DOG.

One day, Dag Daughtry wrote,

"IF I DON'T GET MY DOG I WILL KILL DOC EMORY."

Whereupon the newspapers informed the public that the sad case of the two lepers at the pest-house had become tragic, because the white one had gone insane. Public-spirited citizens wrote to the papers, declaiming against the maintenance of such a danger to the community, and demanding that the United States government build a national leprosarium on some remote island or isolated mountain peak. But this tiny ripple of interest quickly faded out.

And, outside of imprisonment, nothing happened of interest to Dag Daughtry and Kwaque at the pest-house until one night in the late fall. A gale was not merely brewing; it was coming on to blow. Because, in a basket of fruit, stated to have been sent by the young ladies of Miss Foote's Seminary, Daughtry had read a note artfully concealed in the heart of an apple, telling him, on the forthcoming Friday night, to keep a light burning in his window. Daughtry received a visitor at five in the morning.

It was Charles Stough Greenleaf, the Ancient Mariner himself. Having wallowed for two hours through the deep sand of the eucalyptus forest, he fell exhausted against the pest-house door. When Daughtry opened it, the ancient one blew in upon him along with a gusty wet splatter of the freshening gale. Daughtry caught him and supported him toward a chair. But, remembering his own affliction, he released the old man abruptly.

"My word, sir," said Daughtry, "you must 'a' ben havin' a time of it! Here, you fella Kwaque, this fella wringin' wet. You fella take 'm off shoe stop along him."

But before Kwaque, immediately kneeling, could touch hand to the shoe-laces, Daughtry, remembering that Kwaque was likewise unclean, had thrust him away.

"I'm glad to see you, most exceeding glad," the Ancient Mariner panted, extending his hand in greeting.

Dag Daughtry avoided it.

"How goes the treasure-hunting?" he queried lightly. "Any prospects in sight?"

The Ancient Mariner nodded, and, with returning breath, at first whispering, gasped out:

"We're all cleared to sail on the first of the ebb at seven this morning. She's out in the stream now, a tidy bit of a schooner, the Bethlehem, with good lines and hull and large cabin accommodations. She used to be in the Tahiti trade, before the steamers ran her out. Provisions are good. Everything is most excellent. I saw to that. I cannot say I like the captain. I've seen his type before. A splendid seaman, I am certain, but a Bully Hayes grown old. A natural-born pirate, a very wicked old man indeed. Nor is the backer any better. He is middle-aged, has a bad record, and is not in any sense of the word a gentleman, but he has plenty of money—made it first in California oil, then grub-staked a prospector in British Columbia, cheated him out of his share of the big lode he discovered, and doubled his own wealth

half a dozen times over. A very undesirable, unlikable sort of a man. But he believes in luck, and is confident that he'll make at least fifty millions out of our adventure and cheat me out of my share. He's as much a pirate as is the captain he's engaged."

"Mr. Greenleaf, I congratulate you, sir," Daughtry said. "And you have touched me, sir, touched me to the heart, comin' all the way out here on such a night and running such risks, just to say good-by to poor Dag Daughtry, who always meant somewhat well but had bad luck."

The Ancient Mariner sat stiffly upright.

"Sir, you have hurt me. You have hurt me to the heart."

"No offense, sir—no offense," Daughtry stammered, in apology, although he wondered in what way he could have hurt the old gentleman's feelings.

"You are my friend, sir," the other went on, gravely censorious. "I am your friend, sir. And you give me to understand that you think I have come out here to say good-by. I came out here to get you, sir, and your boy, sir. The schooner is waiting for you. All is arranged. You are signed on the articles before the shipping commissioner. Both of you. Signed on yesterday, by proxies I arranged for myself. One was a Barbados black. I got him and the white man out of a sailors' boarding-house on Commercial Street, and paid them five dollars each to appear before the commissioner and sign on."

"But, my God, Mr. Greenleaf, you don't seem to grasp it that he and I are lepers!"

Almost with a galvanic spring, the Ancient Mariner was out of the chair and on his feet.

"My God, sir, what you don't seem to grasp is that you are my friend, and that I am your friend!" Abruptly, still under the pressure of his wrath, he thrust out his hand. "Steward Daughtry, Mr. Daughtry, friend, sir, or whatever I may name you, this is no fairy-story of the open boat, the cross-bearings unnamable, and the treasure a fathom under the sand. This is real. I have a heart. That, sir"—here he waved his extended hand under Daughtry's nose—"is my hand. There is only one thing you may do, must do, right now. You must take that hand in your hand, and shake it, with your heart in your hand as mine is in my hand."

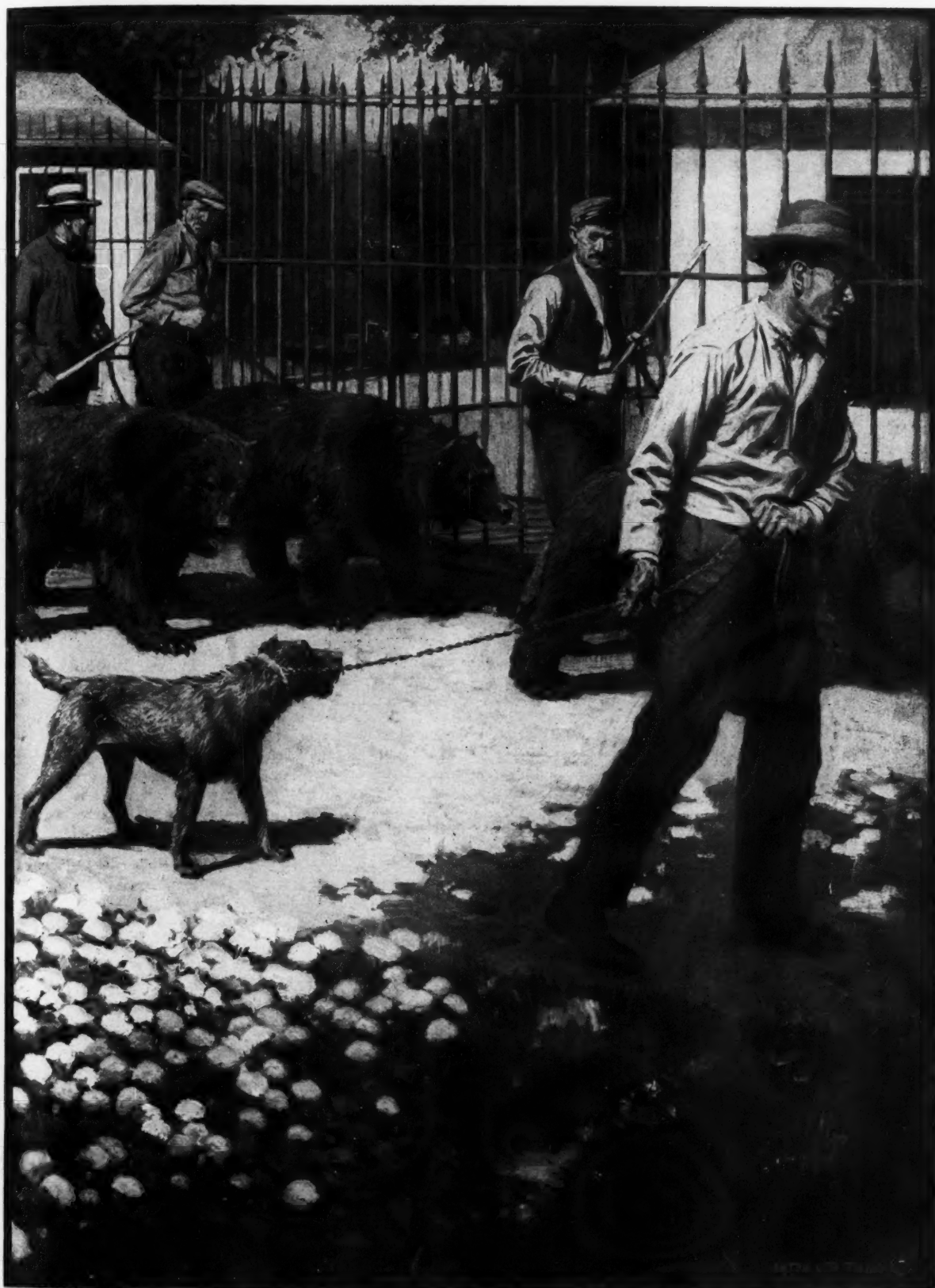
"But—but—" Daughtry faltered.

"If you don't, then I shall not depart from this place. I shall remain here, die here. I know you are a leper. You can't tell me anything about that. There's my hand. Are you going to take it? My heart is there in the palm of it, in the pulse in every finger-end of it. If you don't take it, I warn you I'll sit right down here in this chair and die. I want you to understand I am a man, sir, a gentleman. I am a friend, a comrade. I am no poltroon of the flesh. I live in my heart and in my head, sir—not in this feeble carcass. Take that hand! I want to talk with you afterward."

Dag Daughtry extended his hand hesitantly, but the Ancient Mariner seized it and pressed it fiercely.

"Now we can talk," he said. "I have thought the whole matter over. We sail on the Bethlehem. When the wicked man discovers that he can never get a penny of my fabulous treasure, we will leave him. He will be glad to be quit of us. We, you and I and your black, will go ashore in the Marquesas. Lepers roam about free there. There are no regulations. I have seen them. We will be free. The land is a paradise. And you and I will set up housekeeping. A thatched hut—no more is needed. The work is trifling. The freedom of beach and sea and mountain will be ours. For you there will be sailing, swimming, fishing, hunting. There are mountain-goats, wild chickens, and wild cattle. Bananas and plantains will ripen over our heads—avocados and custard-apples, also. The red peppers grow by the door, and there will be fowls and the eggs of fowls. Kwaque shall do the cooking. And there will be beer—six quarts of it a day, and more, more."

"Quick! We must start now. I am sorry to tell you that I have vainly sought your dog. I have even paid detectives,



DRAWN BY ARTHUR OWEN FLEMING

A captive at the end of a chain, on the way Michael quickly encountered other captives going in his direction. There were three of them, and never had he seen the like. Three slouching, ambling monsters of bears they were, and, at sight of them, Michael bristled and uttered the lowest of growls

who are robbers. Doctor Emory stole Killeny Boy from you, but within a dozen hours he was stolen from Doctor Emory. I have left no stone unturned. Killeny Boy is gone.

"I have a machine waiting. The driver is paid well. Also, I have promised to kill him if he defaults on me. It bears just a bit north of east over the sand-hill on the road that runs along the other side of the funny forest— That is right. We will start now. We can discuss afterward. Look! Daylight is beginning to break. The guards must not see us."

Out into the storm they passed, Kwaque, with a heart wild with gladness, bringing up the rear. At the beginning, Daughtry strove to walk aloof, but in a trice, in the first heavy gust that threatened to whisk the frail old man away, Dag Daughtry's hand was grasping the other's arm, his own weight behind and under, supporting and impelling forward and up the hill through the heavy sand.

"Thank you, Steward; thank you, my friend," the Ancient Mariner murmured, in the first lull between the gusts.

## XXII

Nor altogether unwillingly, in the darkness of night, despite that he disliked the man, did Michael go with Harry Del Mar. Like a burglar the man came, with infinite caution of silence, to the outhouse in Doctor Emory's back yard where Michael was a prisoner. Del Mar knew the theater too well to venture any hackneyed melodramatic effect such as an electric torch. He felt his way in the darkness to the door of the outhouse, unlatched it, and entered softly, feeling with his hands for the wire-haired coat.

And Michael, a man dog and a lion dog in all the stuff of him, bristled at the instant of intrusion, but made no outcry. Instead, he smelled out the intruder and recognized him. Disliking the man, nevertheless he permitted the tying of the rope round his neck, and silently followed him out to the sidewalk, down to the corner, and into the waiting taxi.

His reasoning—unless reason be denied him—was simple. This man he had met, more than once, in the company of Steward. Amity had existed between him and Steward, for they had sat at table and drunk together. Steward was lost. Michael knew not where to find him, and was himself a prisoner in the back yard of a strange place. What had once happened could again happen. It had happened that Steward, Del Mar, and Michael had sat at table together on divers occasions. It was probable that such a combination would happen again, was going to happen now, and, once more, in the bright-lighted cabaret, he would sit on a chair. Del Mar on one side,

and on the other side beloved Steward, with a glass of beer before him—all of which might be called "leaping to a conclusion," for conclusion there was, and upon the conclusion Michael acted.

Now Michael could not reason to this conclusion or think to this conclusion in words. "Amity," as an instance, was no word in his consciousness. Whether or not he thought to the conclusion in swift-related images and pictures and swift-welded composites of images and pictures is a problem that still waits human solution. The point is: *he did think*. If this he denied him, then must he have acted wholly by instinct—which would seem more marvelous on the face of it than if, in dim ways, he had performed a vague thought-process.

However, into the taxi and away through the maze of San Francisco's streets, Michael lay alertly on the floor near Del Mar's feet, making no overtures of friendliness, by the same token making no demonstration of the repulsion the man's personality engendered in him. For Harry Del Mar, who was base, and who had been further abased by his money-making desire for the possession of Michael, had had his baseness sensed by Michael from the beginning.

Electric lights, a shed-covered wharf, mountains of luggage and freight, the noisy toil of longshoremen and sailors, the staccato snorts of donkey-engines and the whining sheaves as running-lines ran through the blocks, a crowd of white-coated stewards carrying hand-baggage, the quartermaster at the gangway foot, the gangway sloping steeply up to the Umatilla's promenade-deck, more quartermasters and gold-laced ship's officers at the head of the gangway, and more crowd and confusion blocking the narrow deck—thus Michael knew, beyond all peradventure, that he had come back to the sea and its ships, where he had first met Steward, where he had been always with Steward, save for the recent nightmare period in the great city. Nor was there absent from the flashing visions of his consciousness the images and memories of Kwaque and Cocky. Whining eagerly, he strained at the leash, as he quested and scented for Cocky and Kwaque, and, most of all, for Steward.

Michael accepted his disappointment in not immediately meeting them, for, from the dawn of consciousness, the limitations and restrictions of dogs in relation to humans had been hammered into him in the form of concepts of patience. The patience of waiting, when he wanted to go home and when Steward continued to sit at table and talk and



Because Del Mar brought it into the baggage-room, Michael was suspicious of it

drink beer, was his, as was the patience of the rope round the neck, the fence too high to scale, the narrow-walled room with the closed door. So that he permitted himself to be led away by the ship's butcher, who, on the Umatilla, had the charge of all dog passengers. Immured in a tiny between-decks cubby, which was filled mostly with boxes and bales, tied as well by the rope round his neck, he waited from moment to moment for the door to open and admit, realized in the flesh, the resplendent vision of Steward.

Instead, although Michael did not guess it then, and only later divined it as a vague manifestation of power on the part of Del Mar, the well-tipped ship's butcher opened the door, untied him, and turned him over to the well-tipped stateroom-steward, who led him to Del Mar's stateroom. Up to the last, Michael was convinced that he was being led to Steward. Instead, in the stateroom, he found only Del Mar. "No Steward," might be described as Michael's thought; but by "patience," as his mood and key, might be described his acceptance of further delay in meeting up with his god, his best beloved, his Steward.

Michael wagged his tail, flattened his ears, even his crinkled ear, a trifle, and smiled, all in a casual way of recognition, smelled out the room to make doubly sure that there was no scent of Steward, and lay down on the floor. When Del Mar spoke to him, he looked up and gazed at him.

"Now, my boy, times have changed," Del Mar addressed him, in cold, brittle tones. "I'm going to make an actor out of you, and teach you what's what. First of all, come here—COME HERE!" Michael obeyed, without haste, without lagging, and patiently without eagerness.

"You'll get over that, my lad, and put pep into your motions when I talk to you," Del Mar assured him; and the very manner of his utterance was a threat that Michael could not fail to recognize. "Now we'll just see if I can pull off the trick. You listen to me, and sing like you did for that leper guy."

Drawing a harmonica from his vest pocket, he put it to his lips and began to play "Marching Through Georgia."

"Sit down!" he commanded.

Again Michael obeyed, although all that was Michael was in protest. He quivered as the shrill-sweet strains from the silver reeds ran through him. All his throat and chest were in the impulse to sing; but he mastered it, for he did not care to sing for this man. All he wanted of him was Steward.

"Oh, you're stubborn, eh?" Del Mar sneered at him. "The matter with you is you're thoroughbred. Well, my boy, it just happens I know your kind, and I reckon I can make you get busy and work for me just as much as you did for that other guy. Now get busy."

He shifted the tune on into "Georgia Camp-meeting." But Michael was obdurate. Not until the melting strains



Collins' eyes brightened, and he looked Michael over more carefully.

"Do you know what he can do?" he queried

of "Old Kentucky Home" poured through him did he lose his self-control and lift his mellow-throated howl that was the call for the lost pack of the ancient millenniums. Under the prodding hypnosis of the music, he could not but yearn and burn for the vague, forgotten life of the pack when the world was young and the pack was the pack, ere it was lost forever through the endless centuries of domestication.

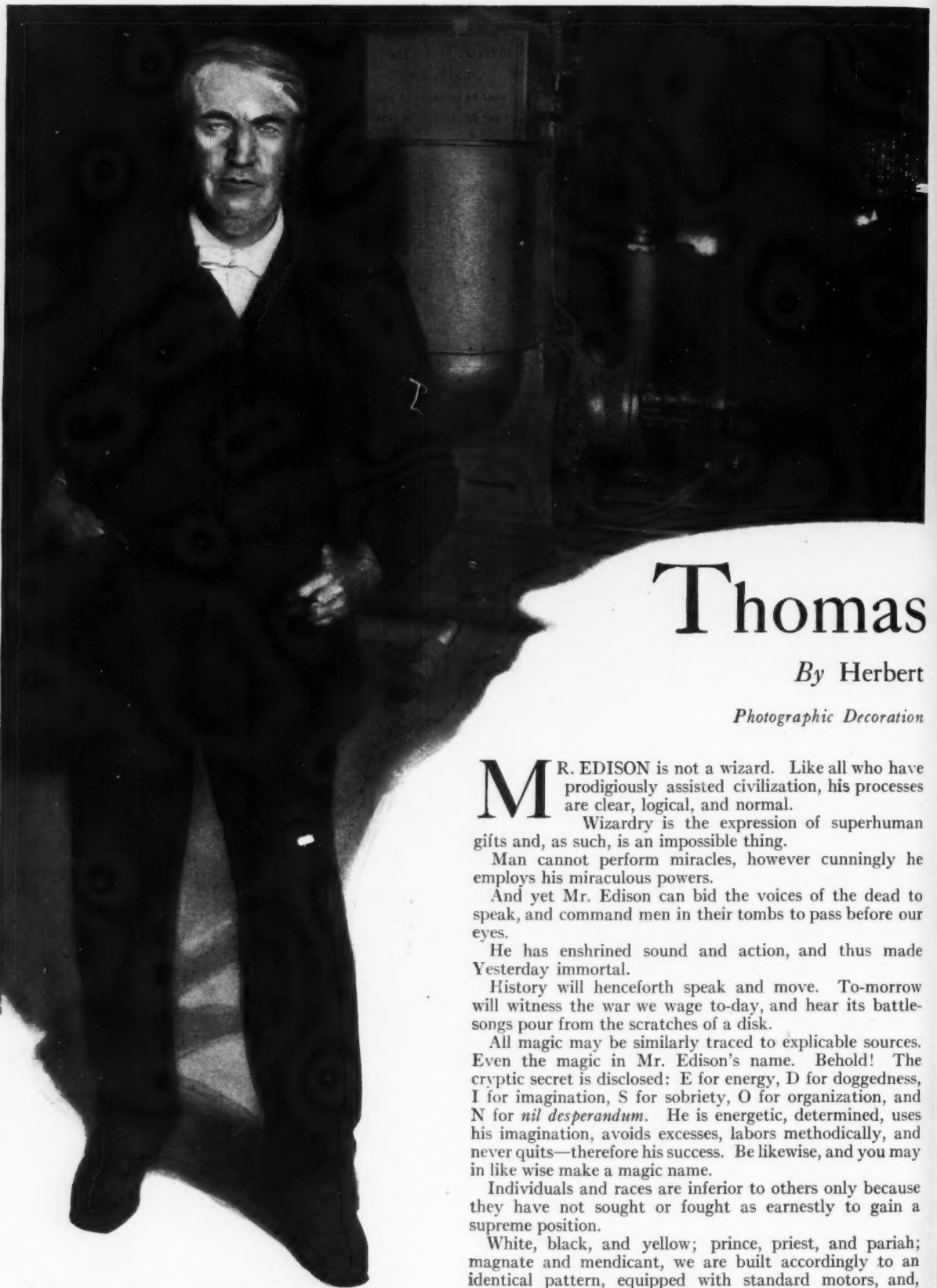
"Ah, ha!" Del Mar chuckled coldly, unaware of the profound history and vast past he evoked by his playing.

A loud knock on the partition wall warned him that some sleepy passenger was objecting.

"That will do!" he said sharply, taking the harmonica from his lips. And Michael ceased, and hated him. "I guess I've got your number all right, all right. And you needn't think you're going to sleep here, scratching fleas and disturbing my sleep."

He pressed the call-button, and, when his room-steward answered, turned Michael over to him to be taken down below and tied up in the crowded cubby-hole.

During the several days and nights on the Umatilla, Michael learned much of what manner of man Harry Del Mar was. Almost, might it be said, he learned Del Mar's pedigree without knowing anything of his history. For instance, he did not know that Del Mar's real name was Percival Grunsky, and that at grammar-school he had been called "Brownie" by the girls, and "Blackie" by the boys. No more did he know that he had (Continued on page 133)



# Thomas

By Herbert

*Photographic Decoration*

**M**R. EDISON is not a wizard. Like all who have prodigiously assisted civilization, his processes are clear, logical, and normal.

Wizardry is the expression of superhuman gifts and, as such, is an impossible thing.

Man cannot perform miracles, however cunningly he employs his miraculous powers.

And yet Mr. Edison can bid the voices of the dead to speak, and command men in their tombs to pass before our eyes.

He has enshrined sound and action, and thus made Yesterday immortal.

History will henceforth speak and move. To-morrow will witness the war we wage to-day, and hear its battle-songs pour from the scratches of a disk.

All magic may be similarly traced to explicable sources. Even the magic in Mr. Edison's name. Behold! The cryptic secret is disclosed: E for energy, D for doggedness, I for imagination, S for sobriety, O for organization, and N for *nil desperandum*. He is energetic, determined, uses his imagination, avoids excesses, labors methodically, and never quits—therefore his success. Be likewise, and you may in like wise make a magic name.

Individuals and races are inferior to others only because they have not sought or fought as earnestly to gain a supreme position.

White, black, and yellow; prince, priest, and pariah; magnate and mendicant, we are built accordingly to an identical pattern, equipped with standard motors, and, under the same auspices, are generally capable of similar achievements.

But neither soils nor minds yield their utmost without cultivation. The earth and the brain must both be coaxed to full fertility. Rich lands do not profit neglectful farmers, and all the splendid forces of intelligence are squandered

He has shown us that science is nothing but purposeful curiosity—a trade for steady, plodding men. He has demonstrated how much an individual can add to the world's wealth and comfort.

He has taught his generation the lengths that self-reliance can go



# A. Edison

Kaufman

by Lejaren A. Hiller

upon folk who do not apply their pōtences to probability.

We inherit from a purblind, groping past the tradition that certain exalted orders in society are superior by birth, and even contrary truth, revealed in the experiences of every democracy since Lacedæmon, has not quite erased a widely prevalent conviction that leaders are born and not self-made.

This fallacy has long discouraged honest timidity and has also dishonestly served embittered conceit.

Some very earnest and sincere men are really convinced that lack of influence, training, and capital are insurmountable handicaps, and deliberately sentence themselves to obscure ambitions without first testing their fitness for considerable careers.

But an even greater number—of slackers and pretenders—rather than confess to conscience and community the surrender of purpose before a few negations, profess belief that intrinsic merit is regularly underrated in a world dominated by special privilege, and deliberately promote suspicion against deserved eminence to extenuate their own failures.

But time never was, since brave souls went pathfinding, when persistent competence remained unrecognized.

David, the giant-killer, and A. T. Stewart; Hideyoshi, the wood-chopper, and John Jacob Astor; Tintoretto, the dyer's boy, and Andrew Jackson; Franklin, the candle's son, and Michelangelo; Joffre, the peasant cadet, and Mayer Rothschild; Mohammed, the camel-driver, and Charles Dickens; Lloyd George, the cobbler's ward, and Abraham Lincoln; Nurhachu, the nomad, and Lord Roberts; Demosthenes, the stutterer, and Booker Washington; Vanderbilt, the ferryman, and William Shakespeare; Touissant, the bondsman, and John Milton; Arkwright, the barber, and Marshall Field testify that no age or circumstance can restrain or detain a resolved man.

And if further evidence be demanded to clinch history's case, there is always Thomas Alva Edison.

Who among us has been poorer than he?

Of schooling, it is apparent that he had but the rudest beginnings, since at twelve he was toting a train-butcher's basket on a Michigan railroad.

Which fact neither argues for nor against the university. But it does demonstrate that distinction can be got without ladders. Climbing is simplified by stairs, but wherever they can reach, so may Will.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that all are equally qualified, but most of us would stand higher if we did not fix a time and place to stand still.

Should you, by chance, subscribe to any of many theories of a definite age-limit for efficiency, it may affect your opinion to know that Edison is in his seventieth year and is still going and growing. He shows no signs whatever of diminishing vigor or fecundity—and, at that, he has driven himself harder, has grueled more hours (Continued on page 112)



Josephine (Jose) Gates, of Gatesville, Kentucky, receives a check from the Engagement Club—composed of women in her town who are pledged to advance the interests, matrimonial and otherwise, of the members—in order that she may go on a series of motor-trips at the invitation of Charles Cassius (Cash) Woods, a wealthy lumberman. Jose has opened a gift shop in Gatesville, and, having come to New York to buy stock, spends a week-end with Mrs. Jimmy Teesdale (Jenny), also from Gatesville, at Southold, Long Island. There she meets Woods, who is attracted to her, and the invitation for the tour follows. Mrs. Teesdale lays the case before the Engagement Club, and the check is promptly sent. The party includes Mrs. Teesdale, as chaperon; Adele Trent, a widow, and her brother, Freddy Fanning. Mrs. Trent is trying hard to ensnare the Woodsman (as Jose calls him), and on the first trip, which is through Long Island, she tries constant'y to throw Jose and her brother together, realizing that she has a rival in Jose. Returning to Southold, preparations for a second trip, this time into New York and New Jersey, are made. Jose, as per agreement, sends a full account of her adventures to the club

#### *Jose to the Engagement Club*

Delaware Water Gap,  
August Something, I forget what.

**D**EAR BENEFACTRESSES: I wonder if the wily Vivien had a secret syndicate of backers to whom she used to report progress in the enmeshment of Merlin. I somehow feel as if she had, and as if I were her reincarnation. But if Mr. Charles Cassius, alias "Cash", Woods is a "come-back" of Merlin, all I can say is, he's used his time well. He hasn't wasted a minute of the centuries since Vivien treed him, so to speak; has improved tremendously—better taste in clothes. Perhaps, by the way, spending those thousands of years inside of a hollow tree set him thinking of lumber and gave him a successful inspiration for his present term on earth. Still, in one way he seems not to

She and two cadets came sprinting along upon our track before

## *The Adventure*

*The Faithful Record of*

By C. N. and A.

*Authors of "The*

*Illustrated by James*

have profited by experience. Hedoesn't suspect Vivien, up to date.

Since I "turned in my last report" (isn't that the proper expression?), things have been happening just as fast and a good deal in the same way as they do in "movies", a little mixed, too, as plays are on the screen when the direction isn't good. For instance, you're never quite sure from minute to minute who is the heroine and who the villainess of the piece. But I must go back to the beginning—or rather to the place where I left off.

When we had "done" Long Island, the next thing on the program was the Hudson River country, and bits of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; but, meanwhile, we stopped three days in New York.

"Fancy New York in the dead middle of summer!" said Mrs. Trent, with (what she thinks is) her English accent, while Freddy giggled obligingly, like a Greek chorus. Not that Greek choruses were hired to giggle! Freddy apparently is. But, you see, that was just it. I *did* "fancy" New York in the dead middle of summer. I'd tried to amuse the Woodsman with an account of the only New York I know—the New York that vibrates in July heat and in trolleys, between Miss Mission's boarding-house and weary stores where I buy things at remnant sales for the gift shop. Of course, outside this radius, I've been to the Metropolitan Museum, and in the park I have sat on seats and squirrels have sat on me. In old days, my palmy days, I



C. C. W. had had time to skip from scenery to sentiment

## of Jose

*an Ambulatory Romance*

M. Williamson

*Lightning Conductor," etc.*

Montgomery Flagg

sion's, and seemed to regard my experiences as a rich treat, though Mrs. Trent was delicately disgusted at their commonness. She listened with the air of one forced to smell yesterday's boiled cabbage when expecting American Beauty roses.

"You've just got to see the other side of the picture," said C. C. W., without paying any attention to her—an absent-minded way that's growing on him when she talks of her "connections" or her fastidious tastes. "I've been finding out that New York doesn't fall down and die at the end of June. We must show Miss Gates what's doing."

So "we" did show Miss Gates what was doing. It was fun! We stopped at a gorgeous hotel, and though Mrs. Trent and Freddy took pains to explain that there was "absolutely nobody there," "nobody" looked wondrous smart to my countrified eyes. In the park, we hardly took time to bow to the squirrels (though the Woodsman was amused to find I knew them socially), but motored through and lunched at fascinating out-of-doors restaurants. At night, we dined on the roof-garden of our own hotel, and went to other roof-gardens to see shows such as little old Gatesville had never seen or nightmared of; we went to theaters and then to cafés, where, even in July or August, you can hardly hope for a table unless you've 'phoned be-

never came to New York, as the club knows. I was just a schoolgirl, being fitted for a career never to be mine. Well, the Woodsman roared over my account of Miss Mis-

forehand. We "did" Chinatown, too, for "seeing New York" wouldn't be complete without that experience, in season or out; and, feeling, for the first time, that Gotham can give Gatesville points, I was ready at the end of three thrilling days to start, full-gasoline ahead, for the open country once more.

The Woodsman had saved up Riverside Drive for me till then. Mrs. Trent was amazed that I could have "lived so long" (emphasis on "long;" I wonder how old she wants people to think I am) without having seen it.

"Why, Riverside Drive itself is nothing," the fair Adèle informed me, over her shoulder (she was sitting in front with our Bone of Contention). Everyone knows there's no architecture, and as for Grant's Tomb—

"Oh, it was the view and the general effect and the history I was thinking of," said I, with my good-child manner. "I don't see what history there can be about Riverside Drive," patronized the lady.

"No; one doesn't see it, except with the mind's eye; the pictures were painted so long ago," I admitted sweetly. "But, of course, you who can be here so often wouldn't be interested. It's only a country mouse like me—"

"And like me," the Woodsman backed me up.

"Oh, if you and Miss Gates want to talk history, I'd better sit behind," said Mrs. Trent. "At least, I shall be cooler, more out of the sun."

I'm sure she thought he'd beg her to stay, for she was looking handsome in a new hat, and had just offered to introduce her ancestorless host to a perfectly good cousin of hers married to an Italian prince. The benighted man took her at her word, however, saying that she knew best, and he'd be sorry to give her a headache. She couldn't very well plead to stay in spite of all, so she and I changed like two figures on a barometer. The only difference between the car and the barometer was that the figures didn't pop back and forth much after that. The lady with the sensitive head had done for herself, and the Freddy plot appeared to break under the touch like pie-crust. As for dear Jen, she took the tip like the intelligent duck she is, and made a "headache claim" also. She told Mrs. Trent, in a loud aside, that she, too, liked best to sit behind in a motor—there was more wind in front and she tanned so easily.

"Do you get sun-headaches and do you tan easily?" asked the Woodsman. "If you do, I must—"

"No; you *mustn't* resort to Freddy!" In a laughing whisper I caught the words out of his mouth. "I never get headaches except from making too many lamp-shades, and if I could afford it, I'd give ten dollars to be tanned."

That settled the situation for the time being. No more turn and turn about on the front seat. It became Jose Gates, her place. We talked history, but—we talked other things, too, things more personal. I drew the Woodsman out (he had to be drawn out) to tell me about himself, which I've heard is the correct thing if you want to win a man. Girls, he was absolutely entralling, just like a book, only better, as a real human document always is.

I could tell him the history of Riverside Drive before anybody dreamed of naming it or taking joy rides on it. How General Washington had to give up Manhattan Island to the British at the place named after him—Fort Washington, where the pretty park is now—and how the Americans sank a lot of the sloops and schooners they badly needed, so the invading British ships would stumble over them and be stopped. I repeated some beautiful old leg-

ends of the Palisades. I made quite an effect with my story of the god (a distant cousin or younger son, by a morgantic wife, of the Great Spirit) who fell in love with a beautiful Indian maiden and hid her in a secret castle, of which the gray-purple Palisades make the front wall, a wall whose doors and windows, overlooking the clear river, the god hermetically sealed upon himself and his stolen bride. Further stories to follow I had also in my repertoire; the tale of the Indian white-faced goats over which their masters fought until the Great Spirit took them away and turned them into clouds—since when, the sunrises and sunsets have been more beautiful over the Hudson River than anywhere else—like golden fleece; the tale of Spuyten Duyvil and the brave fellows who would cross the fierce stream in a storm to warn the farmers that the British were near (I stole this last from Washington Irving); but I couldn't tell him anything about myself. There's nothing interesting to tell. Everything I had ever done sounded so insipid after his adventures that I was ashamed, and was almost tempted to make up a few exciting anecdotes to order.

However, I didn't, for the run was exciting enough in its beauty, so exciting that my lack of background could pass unnoticed—roads like velvet, charming country houses, and blue peeps of sky and river behind the green lace-work of lovely trees.

Mrs. Trent was sure that "even the singularly well-informed Miss Gates" couldn't offer anything entertaining about Yonkers; but, my goodness, she'd forgotten Yonkheer Vredryck Flypse, the great man of his day, who gave the place its name and had an almost-castle there! Besides, Yonkers has lots of pretty houses; and, as you go on, Hastings-on-Hudson and Irvington are exquisite, the most charming possible preface to dear Sleepy Hollow and quaint Tarrytown.

I made a great killing at Washington Irving's old home, Sunnyside (the dearest house, color of wall-flowers, set in a grove of adorable trees that murmur to the river while the river sings to them), for, you know, I had a great-aunt who married into the Irving family. On the strength of that relationship (and my sweetest smile), I induced a servant to let us see the master's study. Otherwise, we should not have got in, as ordinary tourists aren't admitted. Mrs. Trent's ancestors may be good, but they never married an Irving!

That little study, left precisely as it was the day when Washington Irving laid down his pen there for the last time, was one of the best things of that wonderful day—his pictures on the wall, his books on the shelves, and through the small-paned windows (green with reflections from close-crowding trees), one seemed to catch elusive glimpses of the man himself, coming home from a stroll by the river he loved.

I didn't think people in real life were like Mrs. Trent, anyway, nowadays. You know, in dear Jane Austen's novels, when a woman hated another because she was jealous, how openly she showed it—how she just shot out a claw and scratched. Well, Mrs. Trent, with all her pride of modernness, is much like that. She simply can't resist. And after my little success at Sunnyside, and C. C. W's pleasure in it, she was so embittered that she looked ill. Poor wretch, I'm almost sorry for her! Jen says she's up to her eyebrows in debt. We spun along, over a perfect road, to Ossining, which is Sing Sing in disguise, you know; and I'm sure, if she could, Mrs. T. would have shut me up behind the gray prison walls till she was safely married. She even glared at poor Freddy as if it were his fault, not hers, that I'd been promoted permanently from the back seat. We lunched at nice, old-fashioned little Nyack, and I caught such a gleam in the woman's eyes, now and then, that I'd have felt frightened if I hadn't been amused. I believe she and Freddy, or she alone, will try to think of some dreadful trick to play me. But I'm not afraid, really. And my ground begins to seem solid now. Jen is sure of it. She watches the symptoms. Rather shocking, this sort of thing!

But can a hungry church mouse be expected not to nibble a millionaire heart if she finds it accidentally lying about? Oh, don't be afraid that, if she gets the chance you've given her, the church mouse will let you down, dear syndicate of mouse-supporters. She'll do nothing so silly. That's settled, if—

I don't know whether the Woodsman saw the said gleam or understood its meaning, but, anyhow, after that somewhat electric luncheon, he was nicer than ever to me during the marvelous run we had to West Point. What lovely, secret-looking scenery America has! Yet lots of people go abroad before they have seen it, and are not ashamed. We drove through dark, perfumed woods, worthy to be called forests, all the way to Rockland Lake, and now and then we had thrilling river-glimpses—a silver sheet of water, with a floating background of mountains, rose and purple and dark green, their feet veiled in spangled mists. At Stony Point, "Mad Anthony Wayne" made one of his most theatrical coups. He stormed and conquered the fort which the British called "Little Gibraltar" and believed that nobody



could take. That was at Haverstraw, but we went on to Highland Falls and West Point that night, our way growing lovelier every moment.

I thought that the Hudson, winding between its mountains, was like a fairy hall, paved with a mosaic of emeralds, crystal, and silver, its shadowy walls hung with tapestry of dim purple and fading green. And then—the surprise of West Point! Nobody ever told me that the buildings erected for the purpose of teaching boys how to be soldiers were like robber-castles starting out of the cliffsides and dominating the river. Nobody ever told me, either, of the marvelous groupings of the mountains there.

At West Point, Mrs. Trent had her innings. She knew a couple of young officers, who came to speak to her while we were watching snow-white cadets in summer uniforms go through fascinating maneuvers at dress-parade. They offered us invitations for a dance, or "hop," that evening, and Mrs. Trent made it pretty clear that it was to her we owed this privilege. She scored heavily in her costume, too (unpaid for, says Jen). Not that it was heavy—quite the contrary; but it was prettier than anyone else's in the flag-draped room, and made my dress and even Jen's look like "thirty cents." But, then, it turned out that dancing isn't one of the Woodsman's accomplishments. He sat by me, and didn't worry to watch her with mixed jealousy and admiration as she sailed by, looking splendid, in the arms of the military. To save the situation created by herself, she had to get me partners—indeed, almost to force them upon me, for I was having the time of my life just looking on, and you know I've never had a chance to learn properly any of the new dances. However, I hopped about with some perfect pets of cadets, and trotted as foxily as I could with several smart officers, so, of course, I couldn't refuse to dance with Freddy.

Now, I'm going to tell you the thing that happened next, and you can form your own conclusions.

Freddy, though I've made fun of him to you, isn't a bad-looking or -acting young man if you don't mind the tame drawing-room variety. His hair is so sleek it looks like a tight-fitting, shiny brown helmet. He isn't tall, but he has a neat, well-dressed little figure, and this gives the impression of an ideal dancing man. I expected to find that he could dance like an angel, and so he did for a few minutes, as one could hardly help doing to that lovely music. But suddenly he seemed to go wrong. He got awkward and balky. I didn't know what to do, or how to keep in step, and the next thing I knew we were falling. Down we came with a crash on the waxed floor, and I had the feeling that Freddy was saving himself and sacrificing me. My leg bent under me, somehow. I don't know how I escaped spraining my knee or even breaking it; but, as I fell, it flashed over me that I was in real danger of being badly hurt, and I put my whole mind on escaping. I gave a sort of spring, and before I came down with my whole weight, almost by

to kiss Merlin, I wonder? Well, this is where her reincarnation did—not kiss, but want to!

I was polite to Freddy, even more, if possible, than he was to me. I was also angelic to Mrs. Trent, who paused, glittering and gorgeous, to say commiseratingly:

"You poor little person!" ("Girl" would have admitted my youth.) "But one *oughtn't* to dance these dances without knowing them well. It's a good thing you hadn't put on a smart dress."

Wasn't that a bit of supercathood? Yet that isn't all. This may sound melodramatic when it gets to Gatesville, but I do believe the lovely lady bullied or bribed Freddy with a promised share of her future millions to risk his bones in the hope of breaking mine. When a general plans out an attack, he thinks not only of the "hammer-blow" he hopes to strike but of the next-best result in case of partial failure. At best, General Trent's triumph would have stopped my motoring career and laid me up for weeks until she'd made the Woodsman forget me. At worst, I should look an awkward lout (ought I to say "loutess"?), and whichever thing happened, no suspicion could rest upon those who planned and carried out the coup. Of course, we shall never know whether I'm right or wrong, but luckily no harm has been done except to my third-best evening dress, which was my best until I'd cashed your check. Anyhow, I *can't* bear Freddy a grudge. Such devotion to a sister is pathetic. And it was sporting of him from one point of view—the point of his own funny-bone.

Well, from the paradise of cadets we went on next



Down we came with a crash on the waxed floor



JAMES HORTON (CASC)

a miracle I rebounded enough to release the leg. I didn't quite release it, of course, but I took off some of the weight. And then people were helping me up—not Freddy, who was occupied with himself, but the Woodsman, one of Mrs. Trent's officers, and a hovering cadet.

"So sorry! I forgot you were new to it. I ought to have looked after you better," Freddy murmured, cleverly hinting that it was *my* fault, as the blooming amateur. But the Woodsman wasn't "taking any."

"She dances like a feather," he rapped out, and glared, which made him look more like a tall, brown, fierce Indian cigar-sign than ever. Did Vivien ever feel sincerely moved

morning to Newburg, and saw Washington's headquarters; but before we started, the Woodsman and I had an early stroll together on Flirtation Walk, which you must have read of in stories of West Point. It's the most lovely path I ever saw, winding up and down hills, on the edge of cliffs looking over the river, always in a bower of shade. I suppose thousands of cadets must have proposed to thousands of girls there and have been accepted, even if the girls changed their minds afterward, because no moderately normal female could say "No" to anyone but a monster in such a scene of radiant romance. I felt a bit bruised after my fall at the dance, but wouldn't admit it, for I wanted to keep this engagement, made overnight. To tell the truth, I hoped the Woodsman would propose, and even though I am a designing minx, and meant to say, "Yes, yes, yes!" I had a few tremors. I needn't have "fashed myself" however, for, on

this trip, before man proposes, Mrs. Trent disposes. She and two cadets came sprinting along upon our track before C. C. W. had had time to skip from scenery to sentiment. The one she liked less than the other she sent ahead to escort us and point out objects of interest. Afterward, she said:

"You both care so much for history. I thought you would like it."

Good hit that—I must admit!

But as I began to tell you, my dears, we went to Newburg, a perfectly charming old place on the river, crammed with history of the Revolution, and—as Freddy reminded us—"celebrated for lobster à la Newburg, don't you know." There's quite "another story" about the lobster, really; but I won't bother you with that, as I've already boasted of my skill in cooking it.

We'd started early from West Point, so, after Newburg and a superlative road, we doubled back on our way, like hares, to spin gaily to Tuxedo. I'd got a dim idea in my head that Europe was the one happy hunting-ground of fine motor-roads, but after Long Island, about which I raved so much in my first letter, and this experience, I realize that the idea was wrong as well as dim. I shall now extinguish it entirely.

That run to Tuxedo I shan't forget, whether I become Mrs. Woods, or Mrs. Smith-Jones, or dwindle into poor old

Miss Gates of the gift shop. It was all through mountains, distant relations of the Catskills, not so big but just as blue, and of the most lovely shapes and graceful groupings. They alone would have glorified the way, but there were lakes as well. I wish I'd counted them in the Ramapo valley. Again Mrs. Trent scored at Tuxedo, for she has cousins who own a summer place there. She'd telegraphed, and they'd invited us to tea. You should have seen her quiet air of triumph as *We'quarran*, the Eagle, bore us on his wings through the big queer gates of the park into the inner circle of wealth and aristocracy. She didn't look at me. She could, at the moment, afford to ignore my unnecessary existence; for how much greater was it to enter Tuxedo Park than the study of a dead-and-gone writer of books—to say nothing of last night's invitation to a dance!

The Woodsman, you know, is supposed to be a climber up the golden stair of his own self-made fortune; and so it would be natural to think that an afternoon spent in making acquaintance with smart people, in their own rather wonderful lacy and flowery environment, must surely mean a lot more to our host than a peep within the doors of Sunnyside. Yet—would you believe it?—the man didn't seem at all ecstatic, drinking tea with Mrs. Trent's almost painfully aristocratic cousins under a classic, rose-covered pergola overlooking the prettiest water-garden he could ever have seen? They were so blue-blooded, these cousins, that they seemed anemic and lackadaisical, quite different from our dear warm-hearted kind in the South. I was glad to get away, for it wasn't only the iced tea which had chilled my spine; but I was surprised when the Woodsman muttered, "Yesterday was the day!" Perhaps, after all, he isn't a snob. He has less the air of one than any man I ever met.

We stopped at a rather amusing little wayside hotel near Suffern that night, to see the sights and the scenery, because the neighborhood is simply stuffed with plums of beauty, like a sort of landscape pudding. I have my mind full of pictures which will never fade; and one of the best is moonlight on a pouring torrent of silver—cataracts of the Ramapo River, a river as memorable for its history (Revolution, of course) as for its varied loveliness. Freddy tried the flirtation game again for what it was worth, and begged me to get up at an unearthly hour in the morning to take an excursion with him. I pleaded laziness. But if I'd accepted, what would have happened, I wonder? Would he

have pushed me into the rapids, or upset me out of a boat, or lost me in a cave? He'd have done *something* useful, I know—or tried—for the more I see of this pair, the more I realize that their family doesn't approve of wasting time.

Next day, the road was just as charming in its way, though of a quieter beauty—Pompton Lake, the gentle Wanaque River, and Pequannock Park; orchards basking in sunshine; streams emerald green or deep topaz yellow under arching trees; cedars tall and dark against a sky of burning blue; quaint churches, quaint vehicles, quaint people, and droves of grand automobiles with smart owners, to emphasize the contrasts of this life.

At Oakland, we flashed into northern New Jersey, and were you aware, my dears, that New Jersey—anyhow, the northern part—is one of the grandest stars on our flag? I wasn't, but I am now, and the south must be lovely too, even if it is flat, for it has the seacoast.

We were far enough from the sea, however, going to the Delaware Water Gap. We wouldn't have suspected New Jersey, as we saw it, of knowing that there was a sea. The Woodsman's plan was to have two nights and one whole day at the Water Gap, to see a little of the place itself and the wonderful country round; so that is why this letter to you is dated "Delaware Water Gap." I'm (Continued on page 114)



The woman didn't beat about the bush. She coolly announced that a letter I'd written had "fallen into her hands"

# Beyond

## A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Dark Flower"

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

GHITA, or Gyp, as she is always called, was eight years old when her real father, Major Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This was after the death of the husband of her mother (who herself had died at Gyp's birth), a country squire who never knew that Gyp was not his daughter, and who made Winton the child's guardian. She was brought up at Winton's hunting-box at Mildenhall under the care of her old nurse, Betty. When she finally learns the story of her parentage, Gyp will accept nothing but her mother's estate.

At twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes, marries a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fioren, and soon finds that he can never possess her heart. He proves to be unfaithful, also most selfish, irritable, extravagant, and sometimes drinks to excess. When their child, little Gyp, is about a year old, Gyp, fearing for the baby's safety on account of Fioren's uncontrolled temper and jealousy, leaves him and returns to her father. She rejects the pleas of Winton and his sister, her aunt Rosamund, that she try for a divorce. Dread of the publicity and the difficulty of obtaining freedom under the present existent British law make her refuse.

A few months later, she meets Bryan Summerhay, a young barrister, whose home is near Mildenhall but who is now practising in London. They fall deeply in love. When Gyp tells her father of this, he insists more strongly on a divorce, but she replies that it is too late; that her husband could divorce her if he will. Fioren, in a repentant mood, comes to see Gyp and begs her to return to him, but she tells him of the state of things between herself and Summerhay, and he rushes from the house and renews an affair, which had

THE summer passed, and always there was that little patch of silence in her heart, and in his. The tall, bright days grew taller, slowly passed their zenith, slowly shortened. On Saturdays and Sundays, sometimes with Winton and little Gyp, but more often alone, they went on the river. For Gyp, it had never lost the magic of their first afternoon upon it—never lost its glamour as of an enchanted world. All the week she looked forward to these hours of isolation with him, as if the surrounding water secured her not only against a world that would take him from her if it could but against that side of his nature, which, so long ago, she had named "old Georgian." She had once adventured to the

ended when a child was born dead, with Daphne Wing, a dancer of the music-halls and daughter of an undertaker, whose real name is Daisy Wagge.

Gyp and Summerhay settle down to life together in a suburban village on the Thames. Their house is called the Red House. Winton defends her position against the world. Three years go happily by, until, one day, Gyp finds a letter written to Summerhay by a cousin, Diana Leyton, who, she knows, has always been fond of him. She reads the opening lines: "Dear Bryan: But I say—you are wasting yourself—" That is enough. She asks Bryan if he ever feels if he were wasting himself on her, begs him to promise that he will let her know when he has had enough of her. Summerhay knows now that she has seen the letter, and tries to assure her of his constancy. Finally, he is forced to ask her if she is going to become jealous. She takes this as an intent to hurt her feelings. The cloud on their happiness is small—but will it grow larger?

Law Courts by herself, to see him in his wig and gown. Under that stiff gray crescent on his broad forehead, he seemed so hard and clever—so of a world to which she never could belong, so of a piece with the brilliant bullying of the whole proceeding. She had come away feeling that she only possessed and knew one side of him. On the river, she had that side utterly—her lovable, lazy, impudently loving boy, lying with his head in her lap, plunging in for a swim, splashing round her; or with his sleeves rolled up, his neck bare, and a smile on his face, plying his slow sculls down-stream, singing "Away, my rolling river" or pulling home like a demon in want of his dinner. It was such a blessing to lose, for a few hours each week, this growing



They were sitting on one of those benches that crop up suddenly in the heart of nature. All around them, briars and bracken were just on the turn; and the hum of flies, the vague stir of leaves and life formed but a single sound

consciousness that she could never have the whole of him. But all the time the patch of silence grew, for doubt in the heart of one lover reacts on the heart of the other.

When the long vacation came, she made an heroic resolve. He must go to Scotland, must have a month away from her, a good long rest. And while Betty was at the sea with little Gyp, she would take her father for his cure. She held so inflexibly to this resolve that, after many protests, he said, with a shrug,

"Very well; I will, then—if you're so keen to get rid of me."

Keen to get rid of him! When she could not bear to be away from him! But she forced her feeling back, and said, smiling:

"At last! There's a good boy!" Anything! If only it would bring him back to her exactly as he had been. She asked no questions as to where or to whom he would go.

Tunbridge Wells, that charming purgatory where the retired prepare their souls against a future bliss, was dreaming on its hills in long rows of adequate villas. Its commons and woods had remained unscorched, so that the retired had not to any extent deserted it, that August, for the sea. They still shopped in the Pantiles, strolled the uplands, or flourished their golf-clubs in the grassy parks; they still drank tea in each other's houses and frequented the many churches. One could see their faces, as it were, golden by their coming glory, like the chins of children by reflection from buttercups. From every kind of life they had retired, and, waiting now for a more perfect day, were doing their utmost to postpone it. They lived very long.

Gyp and her father had rooms in a hotel where he could bathe and drink the waters without having to climb three hills. This was the first cure she had attended since the long-past time at Wiesbaden. Was it possible that was only six years ago? She felt so utterly, so strangely different. Then life had been sparkling sips of every drink, and of none too much; now it was one long, still draft, to quench a thirst that would not be quenched.

During these weeks, she held herself absolutely at her father's disposal, but she lived for the post, and if, by any chance she did not get her daily letter, her heart sank to the depths. She wrote every day, sometimes twice, then tore up that

second letter, remembering for what reason she had set herself to undergo this separation. During the first week, his letters had a certain equanimity; in the second week, they became ardent; in the third, they were fitful—now beginning to look forward, now moody and dejected, and they were shorter. During this third week, aunt Rosamund joined them. The good lady had become a staunch supporter of Gyp's new existence, which, in her view, served Fiorsen right. Why should the poor child's life be loveless? She had a definitely low opinion of men, and a lower of the state of the marriage-laws; in her view, any woman who struck a blow in that direction was something of a heroine. And she was oblivious of the fact that Gyp was quite guiltless of the desire to strike a blow against the marriage-laws or anything else. Aunt Rosamund's aristocratic and rebellious blood boiled with hatred of what she called the "stuffy people" who still held that women were men's property. It had made her specially careful never to put herself in that position.

She brought Gyp a piece of news.

"I was walking down Bond Street past that tea-and-tart shop, my dear—you know, where they



She was walking with a man on the far side: their faces were turned toward each other

have those special coffee creams, and who should come out of it but Miss Daphne Wing and our friend Fiorsen; and pretty hangdog he looked. He came up to me, with his little lady watching him like a lynx. Really, my dear, I was rather sorry for him—he'd got that hungry look of his; she'd been doing all the eating, I'm sure. He asked me how you were. I told him, 'Very well.'

"When you see her," he said, "tell her I haven't forgotten her, and never shall. But she was quite right; this is the sort of lady that I'm fit for." And the way he looked at that girl made me feel quite uncomfortable. Then he gave me one of his little bows, and off they went, she as pleased as Punch. I really was sorry for him."

Gyp said quietly,

"Ah, you needn't have been, auntie; he'll always be able to be sorry for himself."

A little shocked at her niece's cynicism, aunt Rosamund was silent. The poor lady had not lived with Fjorsen.

That same afternoon, Gyp was sitting in a shelter on the common, a book on her knee—thinking her one long thought: "To-day is Thursday. Monday week! Eleven days—still!" when three figures came slowly toward her, a man, a woman, and what should have been a dog. English love of beauty and the rights of man had forced its nose back, deprived it of half its ears and all but three inches or so of tail. It had asthma—and waddled in disillusionment. A voice said:

"This'll do, Marie. We can take the sun 'ere."

But for that voice, with the permanent cold hoarseness caught beside innumerable graves, Gyp might not have recognized Mr. Wagge, for he had taken off his beard, leaving nothing but side-whiskers, and Mrs. Wagge had filled out wonderfully. They were some time settling down beside her.

"You sit here, Maria; you won't get the sun in your eyes."

"No, Robert; I'll sit here. You sit there."

"No; you sit there."

"No; I will. Come, Duckie!"

But the dog, standing stockily on the pathway, was gazing at Gyp, while what was left of its broad nose moved from side to side. Mr. Wagge followed the direction of its glance.

"Oh," he said; "oh, this is a surprise!" And fumbling at his straw hat, he passed his other hand over his sleeve and held it out to Gyp. It felt almost dry, fatter than it had been. While she was shaking it, the dog moved forward and sat down on her feet. Mrs. Wagge also extended her hand, clad in a shiny glove.

"This is a—a—pleasure," she murmured. "Who would have thought of meeting you! Oh, don't let Duckie sit against your pretty frock! Come, Duckie!"

But Duckie did not move, resting his back against Gyp's shin-bones. Mr. Wagge, whose tongue had been passing over a mouth which she saw to its full advantage for the first time, said abruptly,

"You 'aven't come to live here, 'ave you?"

"Oh, no! I'm only with my father for the baths."

"Ah, I thought not—never havin' seen you. We've been retired here ourselves a matter of twelve months. A pretty spot."

"Yes; lovely, isn't it?"

"We wanted nature. The air suits us, though a bit—er—too irony, as you might say. But it's a long-lived place. We were quite a time lookin' round."

Mrs. Wagge added, in her thin voice:

"Yes—we'd thought of Wimbledon, you see, but Mr. Wagge liked this better; he can get his walk here, and

it's more—select, perhaps. We have several friends. The church is very nice."

Mr. Wagge's face assumed an uncertain expression. He said bluffly:

"I was always a chapel man; but—I don't know how it is—there's something in a place like this that makes church seem more—more suitable; my wife always had a leanin' that way. I never conceal my actions."

Gyp murmured,

"It's a question of atmosphere, isn't it?"

Mr. Wagge shook his head.

"No; I don't hold with incense—we're not 'igh church.

But how are you, ma'am? We often speak of you. You're lookin' well."

His face had become a dusky orange, and Mrs. Wagge's the color of a doubtful beet-root. The dog on Gyp's feet stirred, snuffled, turned round, and fell heavily against her legs again. She said quietly:

"I was hearing of Daisy only to-day. She's quite a star now, isn't she?"

Mrs. Wagge sighed. Mr. Wagge looked away and answered:

"It's a sore subject. There she is, makin' her forty and fifty pound a week, and run after in all the papers. She's a success—no doubt about it. And she works. Savin' a matter of fifteen 'undred a year, I shouldn't be surprised. Why, at my best, the years the influenza was so bad, I never cleared a thousand net. No; she's a success."

Mrs. Wagge added:

"Have you seen her last photograph—the one where she's standing between two hydrangea-tubs. It was her own idea."

Mr. Wagge mumbled suddenly:

"I'm always glad to see her when she takes a run down in a car. But I've come here for quiet after the life I've led, and I don't want to think about it, especially before you, ma'am. I don't—that's a fact."

A silence followed, during which Mr. and Mrs. Wagge looked at their feet, and Gyp looked at the dog.

"Ah—here you are!" It was Winton, who had come up from behind the shelter, and stood with eyebrows slightly raised. Gyp could not help a smile. Her father's weathered, narrow face, half-veiled eyes, thin nose, little crisp gray mustache that did not hide his firm lips, his lean, erect figure, the very way he stood, his thin, dry, clipped voice were the absolute antitheses of Mr. Wagge's thick-set, stoutly planted form, thick-skinned, thick-featured face, thick, rather hoarse yet oily voice. It was as if Providence had arranged a demonstration of the extremes of social type. And she said,

"Mr. and Mrs. Wagge—my father."

Winton raised his hat. Gyp remained seated, the dog Duckie being still on her feet.

"Happy to meet you, sir. I hope you have benefit from



Gyp heard their voices, and, faint, dizzy, stood looking back after them

the waters. They're supposed to be most powerful, I believe."

"Thank you—not more deadly than most. Are you drinking them?"

Mr. Wagge smiled.

"No," he said; "we live here."

"Indeed! Do you find anything to do?"

"Well, as a fact, I've come here for rest. But I take a Turkish bath once a fortnight—find it refreshin', keeps the pores of the skin actin'."

Mrs. Wagge added gently,

"It seems to suit my husband wonderfully."

Winton murmured:

"Ye-es—er, yes. Is this your dog? Bit of a philosopher, isn't he?"

Mrs. Wagge answered,

"Oh, he's a naughty dog! Aren't you, Duckie?"

The dog Duckie, feeling himself the cynosure of every eye, rose and stood panting into Gyp's face. She took the occasion to get up.

"We must go, I'm afraid. Good-by. It's been very nice to meet you again. When you see Daisy, will you please give her my love?"

Mrs. Wagge unexpectedly took a handkerchief from her reticule. Mr. Wagge cleared his throat heavily. Gyp was conscious of the dog Duckie waddling after them, and of Mrs. Wagge calling: "Duckie! Duckie!" from behind her handkerchief.

Winton said softly:

"So those two are the parents! Well, the daughter didn't show much quality, when you come to think of it. She's still with our friend, according to your aunt."

Gyp nodded.

"Yes; and I do hope she's happy."

"He isn't, apparently. Serves him right."

Gyp shook her head.

"Oh, no, dad!"

"Well, one oughtn't to wish any man worse than he's likely to get. But when I see people daring to look down their noses at you—by Jove, I wish——"

"Darling, what does that matter?"

Winton answered testily:

"It matters very much to me—the impudence of it!" His mouth relaxed in a grim little smile. "Ah, well—there's not much to choose between us so far as condemning our neighbors goes. 'Charity Stakes'—also ran, Charles Clare Winton, the Church, and Mrs. Grundy."

They opened out to each other more in those few days at Tunbridge Wells than they had for years. Whether the process of bathing softened his crust or the air that Mr. Wagge found "a bit—er—too irony, as you might say" had upon Winton the opposite effect, he certainly relaxed that first duty of man, the concealment of his spirit, and disclosed his activities as he never had before—how such and such a person had been set on his feet, So and So went out to Canada, this man's wife helped over her confinement. And Gyp's child-worship of him bloomed anew.

On the last afternoon of their stay, she strolled out with him through one of the long woods that stretched away behind their hotel. Excited by the coming end of her self-inflicted penance, moved by the beauty among those sunlit trees, she found it difficult to talk. But Winton, about to lose her, was quite loquacious. Starting from the sinister change in the racing-world, he launched forth into a jeremiad on the condition of things in general. Parliament, he thought, especially now that members were paid, had lost its self-respect; the towns had eaten up the country; hunting was threatened; the power and vulgarity of the press were appalling; women had lost their heads, and everybody seemed afraid of having any "breeding." By the time little Gyp was Gyp's age, they would all be under the thumb of Watch Committees, live in Garden Cities, and have to account for every half-crown they spent and every half-hour of their time; the horse, too, would be an

extinct animal, brought out once a year at the lord-mayor's show. He hoped—the deuce—he might not be alive to see it. And suddenly he added, "What do you think happens after death, Gyp?"

They were sitting on one of those benches that crop up suddenly in the heart of nature. All around them, briars and bracken were just on the turn; and the hum of flies, the vague stir of leaves and life formed but a single sound. Gyp, gazing into the wood, answered:

"Nothing, dad. I think we just go back."

"Ah! My idea, too!"

Neither of them had ever known what the other thought about it before!

Gyp murmured,

*"La vie est vaine—  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de haine,  
Et puis bonjour!"*

Not quite a grunt or quite a laugh emerged from the depths of Winton, and, looking up at the sky, he said:

"And what they call 'God,' after all, what is it? Just the very best you can get out of yourself—nothing more, so far as I can see. Dash it, you can't imagine anything more than you can imagine! One would like to die in the open, though, like Whyte-Melville. There's one thing that's always puzzled me, Gyp. All one's life one's tried to have a single heart. Death comes, and out you go! Then why did one love, if there's to be no meeting after?"

"Yes; except for that, who would care? But does the wanting to meet make it any more likely, dad? The world couldn't go on without love; perhaps loving somebody or something with all your heart is all in itself."

Winton stared; the remark was a little deep.

"Ye-es," he said, at last. "I remember those Yogi chaps in India. There they sat, and this jolly world might rot round them for all they cared—they thought they were going to be all right themselves in kingdom come. But suppose it doesn't?"

Gyp murmured, with a little smile,

"Perhaps they were trying to love everything at once." "Rum way of showing it! And, hang it, there are such a lot of things one can't love! Look at that!" He pointed upward. Against the gray bole of a beech tree hung a board, on which were the freshly-painted words:

PRIVATE  
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

"That board is stuck up all over this life and the next. Well, we won't give them the chance to warn us off, Gyp."

Slipping her hand through his arm, she pressed close up to him.

"No, dad; you and I will go off with the wind and the sun, and the trees and the waters, like Procris in my picture."

## VI

THE curious and complicated nature of man in matters of the heart is not sufficiently conceded by women, professors, clergymen, judges, and other critics of his conduct. And naturally so, since they all have vested interests in his simplicity. Even journalists are in the conspiracy to make him out less wayward than he is, and dip their pens in epithets if his heart but diverges an ell.

Bryan Summerhay was neither more curious nor more complicated than those of his own sex who would condemn him for getting into the midnight express from Edinburgh with two distinct emotions in his heart—a regretful aching for the girl, his cousin, whom he was leaving behind, and a rapturous anticipation of the woman whom he was going to rejoin. How was it possible that he could feel both, at once? "Against all the rules," women and other



DRAWN BY JOHN ALVIN WILLIAMS

She turned and looked at him. "Don't pretend that you're upset because you can't kiss me. Don't be false, Bryan! You know it's been pretense for months"

moralists would say. Well, the fact is, a man's heart knows no rules. And he found it perfectly easy, lying in his bunk, to dwell on memories of Diana handing him tea, or glancing up at him, while he turned the leaves of her songs, with that enticing mockery in her eyes and about her lips; and yet the next moment to be swept from head to heel by the longing to feel Gyp's arms round him, to hear her voice, look in her eyes, and press his lips on hers. If, instead of being on his way to rejoin a mistress, he had been going home to a wife, he would not have felt a particle more of spiritual satisfaction, perhaps not so much. He was returning to the feelings and companionship that he knew were the most deeply satisfying spiritually and bodily he would ever have. And yet he could ache a little for that red-haired girl, and this without any difficulty. How disconcerting! But, then, truth is.

From that queer seesawing of his feelings, he fell asleep, dreamed of all things under the sun as men only can in a train, was awakened by the hollow silence in some station, slept again for hours, it seemed, and woke still at the same station, fell into a sound sleep at last that ended at Willesden in broad daylight. Dressing hurriedly, he found he had but one emotion now, one longing—to get to Gyp. Sitting back in his cab, hands deep-thrust into the pockets of his ulster, he smiled, enjoying even the smell of the misty

London morning. Where would she be—in the hall of the hotel waiting, or up-stairs still?

Not in the hall! And asking for her room, he made his way to its door.

She was standing in the far corner motionless, deadly pale, quivering from head to foot; and when he flung his arms round her, she gave a long sigh, closing her eyes. With his lips on hers, he could feel her almost fainting; and he, too, had no consciousness of anything but that long kiss.

Next day, they went abroad to a little place not far from Fécamp, in that Normandy countryside where all things are large—the people, the beasts, the unhedged fields, the courtyards of the farms guarded so squarely by tall trees, the skies, the sea, even the blackberries large. And Gyp was happy. But twice there came letters, in that too-well-remembered handwriting, which bore a Scottish postmark. A phantom increases in darkness, solidifies when seen in mist. Jealousy is rooted not in reason but in the nature that feels it—in her nature that loved desperately, felt proudly. And jealousy flourishes on skepticism. Even if pride would have let her ask, what good? She would not have believed the answers? Of course he would say—if only out of pity—that he never let his thoughts rest on another woman. But, after all, it was only a phantom. There were many hours in those three weeks when she felt he really loved her, and so—was happy.

They went back to the Red House at the end of the first week in October. Little Gyp, home from the sea, was now an almost accomplished horsewoman. Under the tutelage of old Pettance, she had been riding steadily round and round those rough fields by the lincay which they called "the wild," her firm brown legs astride of the mouse-colored pony, her little brown face, with excited, dark eyes, very erect, her auburn crop of short curls flopping up and down on her little straight back. She wanted to be able to "go out riding" with grandy and mum and "Baryn." And the first days were spent by them all more or less in fulfilling her new desires. Then term began, and Gyp sat down again to the long sharing of Summerhay with his other life.

## VII

ONE afternoon at the beginning of November, the old Scotch terrier, Ossian, lay on the path in the pale sunshine. He had lain there all the morning since his master went up by the early train. Nearly sixteen years old, he was deaf now and disillusioned, and every time that Summerhay left him, his eyes seemed to say, "You will leave me once too often." The blandishments of the other nice people about the house were becoming

to him daily less and less a substitute for that which he felt he had not much time left to enjoy; nor could he any longer bear a stranger within the gate. From her window, Gyp saw him get up and stand with his back ridged, growling at the postman, and, fearing for the man's calves, she hastened out.

Among the letters was one in that dreaded handwriting marked "Immediate," and forwarded from his chambers. She took it up, and put it to her nose. A scent—of what? Too faint to say. Her thumb nails sought the edge of the



He had not reckoned, perhaps, that she would look so pretty, seated there in his big Oxford chair

flap on either side. She laid the letter down. Any other letter, but not that—she wanted to open it too much. Readdressing it, she took it out to put with the other letters. And instantly the thought went through her: "What a pity! If I read it, and there was nothing!" All her restless, jealous misgivings of months past would then be set at rest! She stood, uncertain, with the letter in her hand. Ah—but if there *were* something! She would lose at one stroke her faith in him, and her faith in herself—not only his love but her own self-respect. She dropped the letter on the table. Yet could she not take it up to him? By the three-o'clock slow train, she could get to him soon after five. She looked at her watch. She would just have time to walk down. And she ran up-stairs. Little Gyp was sitting on the top stair—her favorite seat—looking at a picture-book.

"I'm going up to London, darling. Tell Betty I may be back to-night, or perhaps I may not. Give me a good kiss."

Little Gyp gave the good kiss, and said,

"Let me see you put your hat on, mum."

While Gyp was putting on hat and furs, she thought, "I shan't take a bag; I can always make shift at Bury Street if—" She did not finish the thought, but the blood came up in her cheeks. "Take care of Ossy, darling!" She ran down, caught up the letter, and hastened away to the station. In the train, her cheeks still burned. Might not this first visit to his chambers be like her first visit to the little house in Chelsea? She took the letter out. How she hated that large, scrolly writing for all the thoughts and fears it had given her these past months! If that girl knew how much anxiety and suffering she had caused, would she stop writing, stop seeing him? And Gyp tried to conjure up her face, that face seen only for a minute, and the sound of that clipped, clear voice but once heard—the face and voice of one accustomed to have her own way. No! It would only make her go on all the more. Fair game, against a woman with no claim—but that of love. Thank heaven she had not taken him away from any woman—unless—that girl perhaps thought she had. Ah! Why, in all these years, had she never got to know his secrets, so that she might fight against what threatened her? But would she have fought? To fight for love was degrading, horrible! And yet—if one did not? She got up and stood at the window of her empty carriage. There was the river—and there—yes, the very backwater where he had begged her to come to him for good. It looked so different, bare and shorn under the light-gray sky; the willows were all polled, the reeds cut down. And a line from one of his favorite sonnets came into her mind:

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Ah, well! Time enough to face things when they came. She would only think of seeing him. And she put the letter back to burn what hole it liked in her pocket.

The train was late; it was past five, already growing dark, when she reached Paddington and took a cab to the Temple. Strange to be going there for the first time—not even to know exactly where Harcourt Buildings were! At Temple Lane, she stopped the cab and walked down that narrow, ill-lighted, busy channel into the heart of the Great Law.

"Up those stone steps, miss; along the railin', second doorway." Gyp came to the second doorway, and in the doubtful light scrutinized the names. "Summerhay—Second Floor." She began to climb the stairs. Her heart beat fast. What would he say? How greet her? Was it not absurd, dangerous, to have come? He would be having a



At the edge, she paused for breath, leaning against the bole of a beech

consultation perhaps. There would be a clerk or some one to beard, and what name could she give? On the first floor she paused, took out a blank card, and penciled on it:

Can I see you a minute?

G.

Then, taking a long breath to quiet her heart, she went on up. There was the name, and there the door. She rang—no one came; listened—could hear no sound. All looked so massive and bleak and dim—the iron railings, stone stairs, bare walls, oak door. She rang again. What should she do? Leave the letter? Not see him after all—her little romance all come to naught—just a chilly visit to Bury Street, where, perhaps, there would be no one but Mrs. Markey, for her father, she knew, was at Mildenhall, hunting, and would not be up till Sunday. And she thought, "I'll leave the letter, go back to the Strand, have some tea, and try again."

She took out the letter, with a sort of prayer pushed it through the slit of the door, heard it fall into its wire cage, then slowly descended the stairs to the outer passage into Temple Lane. It was thronged with men and boys at the end of the day's work. But when she had nearly reached the Strand, a woman's figure caught her eye. She was walking with a man on the far side; (Continued on page 109)

# Myself and Others

By Lillie Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

Mrs. Langtry has already described how the doors of social and artistic London were quickly opened to her when she went there as a bride, almost unknown. Everyone of position sought to know the now famous beauty, and in these pages she tells of her association with members of the British royal family and their circle.

## Meeting Royalty

**T**HE first of the royalties I met was His Royal Highness, Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, the meeting happening at a dinner-party given by the Marchioness of Ely. The prince was a tall, delicate, transparent-skinned young man, of gentle manners and extreme simplicity, artistic, and of marked intellectuality. I afterwards saw him often at Frank Miles' studio, from whom he bought the first drawing ever made of me—a head in profile, my name



Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Yznaga, of Louisiana



Mrs. Langtry, in the days of her first social triumphs

being delicately suggested by a background of faintly penciled lilies. At our little London house, the prince was a frequent visitor, and we occasionally went cruising with him in the queen's yacht, *Albion*, during our sojourns at Cowes. On some of these cruises, I remember chaperoning two charming American girls, twins, whose keenness and vivacity were delightful to his royal highness.

Apropos of Prince Leopold, there is rather an amusing story, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, told in connection with a personal friend of his, who was one of Queen Victoria's equerries. This young man was constantly mimicking his friends, but the imitation which he considered his cleverest, and which he took especial delight in airing, was one of her most gracious majesty. The queen heard of it, and one night at Buckingham Palace, as dinner was about finishing, she turned unexpectedly to the young equerry and said,

"Mr. So-and-So, I understand that you give a very good imitation of me. Will you do it now?"

A dismaying silence ensued, for the miserable man,

Drawing-room of residence of



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Marlborough House, the London  
Albert Edward, Prince of Wales

scarlet with confusion, was incapable of speech.

The queen then repeated more peremptorily, "Mr. So-and-So, I wish you to do as I ask."

Forced to obey, the trembling victim proceeded to give a greatly modified and extremely bad imitation. When he had finished, the queen gave the signal to rise, and saying to the now almost fainting equerry, "We are not amused," left the dining-room with her ladies. If the story be true, it would seem very kind of her majesty to have let the young man off so lightly.

One evening late in June, during my first season, at a supper given after the opera at his London house by Sir Allen Young, the Arctic explorer, I met His Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Sir Allen, a wealthy bachelor, had spent a great deal of his time in searching for the Northwest Passage. He had made two or three expeditions hunting for the pole, one of them in his own yacht, the Pandora, which he had had specially fitted out for the purpose. He was a fidgety creature, already in the forties, with a nervous laugh, little conversation, and in his gray eyes the curious, far-away look which one associates with an explorer. He was chivalrous and hospitable, very popular in London, and one of his royal highness's frequent hosts. By all who knew him, he was familiarly called "Alleno."

There were about ten of us at this party, and we were all waiting about for supper to be announced, I, at all events, quite unaware that so illustrious a guest as his royal highness was expected, and wondering at the delay. Suddenly there was a stir, followed by an expectant hush, a hurried exit by Sir Allen, then a slight commotion outside, and presently I heard a deep and cheery voice say, "I am afraid I am a little late." Sir Allen murmured something courtierlike in reply, and the Prince of Wales, whose face had been previously un-

familiar to me except through photographs, appeared in the doorway of the Stratford Place drawing-room. Evidently he had been attending an important function, for some glittering orders and the blue ribbon of the Garter added to his regal appearance. He glanced round the room, shook hands with the bobbing women and the bowing men, with all of whom he was acquainted. My husband and I were the only newcomers. I happened to be standing by the fireplace when Sir Allen advanced to present me to his royal highness.



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A new portrait of Lady De Bathe

For various reasons, I was panic-stricken at the prospect, and for one bewildered moment really considered the



Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French

advisability of climbing the chimney to escape, but my presence of mind returning, I stood my ground and made my courtesy, after which I quietly enjoyed watching my husband go rather stammeringly through a similar ordeal. At the supper-table, I found myself seated next to the prince, who, however, extracted only monosyllabic replies either from myself or my husband, the latter being even shyer than I was. But, though silent, I was greatly interested in watching the prince, and soon realized that, while gracious and affable to everyone, he preserved his dignity admirably—so admirably, in fact, that I decided he would have been a brave man who, even at this little *intime* supper-party, attempted a liberty with his royal highness. He displayed a sincere fondness for Sir Allen Young, praised his cook, and seemed bent on making the evening pleasant, but this remarkable consideration for his host or hostess, I discovered subsequently, was always apparent. He really worked to make their dinners and parties successful—an easy task with his magnetic and kindly personality.

Another of his royal highness's coterie, and another of his informal hosts, was Christopher Sykes, a Yorkshire squire and, like Sir Allen Young, a rich bachelor. He was a very tall, solemn man, with pale eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a tawny beard, still more tongue-tied than Sir Allen, and given to bowing (with preternatural gravity) almost too impressively to his royal highness in response to any remark addressed to him. Another friend, quite the

reverse of Sir Allen Young and Christopher Sykes, and a wide contrast to them, was the Earl of Clonmell, known to his intimates as "Earlie." His was a strong Irish personality, and he really rippled with fun.

These and other friends joined his royal highness in the morning or evening rides in the Row, where he took exercise daily—the royal-red brow-bands of his and his equerry's horses never failing to occasion certain excitement. The fashionable hours to ride during the London season were either very early, before breakfast, when what was termed the "Liver Brigade" made its appearance, or, preferably, at seven in the evening. The latter hour caused dinner to be a very late meal, seldom commencing before nine o'clock. I remember that, on one occasion, when riding with the prince's group, it was past that hour when I left the Row, as etiquette demanded that I should ride on so long as his royal highness elected to do so. Mr. Langtry and I were dining out, and when I arrived home, I found him impatiently waiting on the door-step, watch in hand, and in all the paraphernalia of evening dress. After a scrambling toilette we eventually arrived at the Clarke-Thornhills, in Eaton Square, where we were due, to find that it was nearly ten o'clock. Everyone was waiting, of course, but before I could apologize, my hostess greeted me pleasantly, saying, "So-and-So, on his way here, saw you riding in the park, and, as we knew you couldn't get away, we postponed dinner indefinitely." After the very natural grumbling of my husband, these words served as balm to my troubled mind. It is so difficult to please everyone.

Probably the most entertaining of the prince's set were the Beresfords—Lords Marcus, William, and Charles. They were all as handsome as paint, and as merry as traditional Irishmen or sandboys. Full of native wit, charm, and bonhomie, they positively radiated high spirits, their ready *bons mots* and amusing doings causing constant mirth.

Eugène Louis, Prince Imperial of the French, killed in the Zulu War, 1879



Men's enclosure of the Royal Yacht Squadron's



The waterfront at West Cowes during Regatta Week

The first summer we spent at Cowes, H. M. S. Thunderer, then a new type of battle-ship, of which Lord Charles Beresford was commander, was in the Roads, and several impromptu dances were given on board. All the cabins being below the water-line, it was necessary to supply them with oxygen artificially through air-



The Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Alexandra

shafts. One afternoon, while Lord Charles' small cabin was being visited by royalty and others, his love of mischief caused him to switch off the supply of air and to watch the effect of his practical joke with great delight. Very soon his visitors' faces became scarlet, their breathing grew difficult, and all began to go through the uncomfortable sensation which must be experienced by a fish out of water. Fortunately, Lord Charles did not go beyond the frightening-limit, or the Beresford joke might have developed into a Beresford tragedy.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII

The Prince of Wales loved music and could discuss it critically. Almost every night he might be seen at the opera, in the omnibus box, surrounded by his chosen intimates. But the real musician of the family was His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh (the handsome sailor prince), who was a very fine violinist and played frequently in public. London was then the

affluent possessor of two opera-houses—Covent Garden and Her Majesty's—and with Patti at one house and Christine Nilsson at the other (both at their zenith), and Trebelli and Scalchi, the contraltos, there was a plethora of good music, which the royal family evidently appreciated from their constant attendance at one or other of the opera-houses. I thought Her Majesty's the more (Continued on page 130)



headquarters, West Cowes, Isle of Wight



Once I spotted a woman, in the back of the café, who sat alone and seemed intensely interested in Bertha's table

# The Nitrate King

Rightly judging Burke's summons as a call to patriotic duty, Craig Kennedy hastens from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso to find an industry vital to the existence of his own country threatened through war-time plots. No wonder that he puts all his energy and intellect into fathoming the mystery.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Bitter Water" and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

of nitrates by electrolysis is completed, we are absolutely dependent on chance. We are taking fifty per cent. of Chili's supply. If that is cut off—"

Fitzroy drew back. Kennedy was alert in a moment. I could see what was working in his mind. I knew he was eager to return home, but here was a chance at hand to be of signal service to his country.

"There is some deep-laid intrigue going on here," pursued Fitzroy. "Several weeks ago, a woman, a very beautiful woman, superb—Madame Bertha Duval—arrived here."

Fitzroy spoke of her with enthusiasm. "She is living at the Angleterre—very popular, too, and her dinners to the select circle of her friends are marvelous. I have been a guest on more than one occasion. Everyone who is anybody has met her—particularly those who are connected in any way with the nitrate industry, I have noticed. She's clever, most remarkably clever."

"Well, what has she done?" recalled Kennedy hastily. "N-nothing—so far as I know. I tried to cultivate her acquaintance, but—"

Fitzroy smiled. There was no doubt that he was an attractive specimen himself. I felt that he was somewhat piqued at not having cut more of a figure in her eyes.

"But what is she here for?" persisted Kennedy.

"That's the trouble—I don't know," he confessed, then added confidentially: "I suppose you have heard of Señor Caliche, the 'nitrate king,' as they call him? He owns considerable nitrate fields himself, but his real control comes through his influential position with the government tax-office. Caliche is a very wealthy man—owns this very hotel, for instance. Well, he has been one of *madame's* visitors."

"Tell me of him," nodded Kennedy.

"He owns a line of coasting steamers, too," expatiated Fitzroy. "Ultimately they will go through the canal, but just now those that go to North America and elsewhere are going through the straits. Caliche's main office is at Iquique, but he has offices here, too, in Valparaiso. The office here is in charge of his son-in-law, Carlos Braun, lately married to Caliche's only daughter, Zita, a splendid girl."

"A Chilean?" inquired Kennedy.

"WHEN the secret service cabled in code that you were on your way, I could scarcely believe it. You are here not a moment too soon."

Kennedy and I had made a hurried trip across on the transandean railway from Buenos Aires, in answer to a cryptic request from our friend Burke of the secret service at home to go to Valparaiso.

Arrived in the city, our first visitor was a young man who introduced himself with an air of mystery in our room at the Hôtel d'Angleterre as James Fitzroy. One could not help recognizing him as a product of our Middle West.

"You understand," he explained confidentially, "I was sent down here ostensibly by the ammunition makers—really by the secret service. They gave me a job to cover me, but my job has just been to watch. The thing is getting too deep for me, though," he added, a note of appeal in his youthful voice. Kennedy nodded encouragingly, and Fitzroy leaned over and whispered: "Since the last *vapor* loaded with nitrates was blown up, we are terribly alarmed. We don't know whether it's a bomb, or a submarine lurking out in the ocean, or a raider. But something must be done, and done quickly. You realize," he added earnestly, "that until the government plant at home for the manufacture

"Naturalized," nodded Fitzroy, catching the drift of Kennedy's query. "I see you anticipate me. Yes; since these sinkings, people have been looking askance at Braun. I think even Zita has noticed and felt it."

"Then you suspect him," half questioned Craig.

Fitzroy shrugged. He was plainly at sea.

"I have seen him with Madame Duval," he said slowly.

"Who else is in her little group?" pursued Kennedy.

"There are a number of Chileans. Then there is another nitrate exporter, Rinaldo Rascon, a Peruvian. I can't quite make him out. Sometimes, I think they are intimate. At other times, it seems as if he were fighting shy of her. I rather imagine he'd like to know her better if he dared. It's a rather perplexing drama. Let me see. Suppose I take you out to the races this afternoon in the fashionable suburb of Vina del Mar. We shall be able to see and observe them all. Besides, I know Señor Caliche quite well. He thinks I represent his best customers, you know. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly," assented Craig.

We had a few hours to wait, and Kennedy and I descended to the lobby, where he managed to make, from some Americans we met, discreet inquiries about Madame Duval. Judging by the counter-inquiries that were made at Craig's mention of her, she was a woman of uncertain age and antecedents, a veritable woman of mystery.

At the appointed time, we met Fitzroy at the railroad station and journeyed out with him and hundreds of others to the famous race-track. The races, I observed, like the nitrate industry, seemed to be almost a national institution in Chili. There, one saw all the gay life of the city and countryside. Few motor-cars appeared, however. Mostly the wealthy rode in carriages drawn by pairs of horses. But it was a brilliant sight—the women in gay colors, the men more somber except for here and there the bright uniforms of some officers and cadets.

The race-course, the stands, the paddocks, all were splendid, and the Chileans were proud of them. Kennedy and I enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. But at this time there was something of greater interest to us than the race-meet.

Señor Caliche, who had once been one of the presidents, was now of the Board of Governors of the Jockey Club. Fitzroy seemed well acquainted with him. No sooner were we introduced by him than we were received with open arms.

Caliche himself was an elderly man, tall, straight as an arrow, striking of figure, white of hair and olive of complexion, distinguished even among the governors. A former *abogado*, since the wealthy all go into politics, the army, or the navy, he had used his legal and political influence to good advantage, and was now not only a large owner of nitrate deposits but practically head of the national system of taxation.

It was not long before we met Carlos Braun. He was perhaps thirty and well set up. Though he spoke and acted in no way different from scores of young men about us, his face could not conceal his Teutonic lineage. Though his name might once have been Karl, it was easily now Carlos.

Nothing would do but that Señor Caliche must present us to the ladies and, as that was part of what our visit to the races was

for, we did not have to simulate our pleasure. Señora Caliche and her daughter Zita were strolling about the stretch of lawn reserved for the wives and families of prominent members. I need not dwell on the graces of the *señora* further than to say that whatever might be the morals of Señor Caliche, at which Fitzroy hinted, he was genuinely in love with her in a way which perhaps we northern races do not appreciate. As for Zita, Caliche regarded her with a pride that was well-nigh boundless. I could imagine no surer way of entering an unknown existence than to have harmed one hair of her pretty head. She was charming. The beauty of Chilean women is famous, their intellect undeniable. One does not look for both. Yet Zita had both.

Mindful of the impressions I had already received from Fitzroy, I watched the young couple narrowly. I was surprised to see that they were in perfect accord.

"I can't make it out," whispered Fitzroy, aside to Kennedy, as all eyes were riveted on the horses gliding around the perfect track. "The last time I saw them they were a most unhappy couple. Can it be that he has won her over to his side?"



As Kennedy was introduced, their eyes met  
in direct appraisal of each other

I felt that perhaps, after all, Fitzroy might have been unduly suspicious of Braun. We were watching them together, when Fitzroy plucked at Kennedy's sleeve.

"There is Bertha Duval," he whispered.

Across the lawn he indicated a daintily gowned woman. Even at our distance, I could see that she was one of those whose every line and action spoke intimately of sex. Hers was a different type from Zita's, more mature, more acquainted with the ways of men and the world. Though one might be on guard, one could not fail to be interested in her. As we looked, it was almost as though she felt our gaze. She turned, caught a glimpse of our little party, and bowed with a smile. I looked about quickly, to see that Caliché, at the moment, had chanced to be looking her way. He returned the bow openly. Braun, who was standing next to him, turned to see to whom he was bowing. Again Bertha Duval smiled, but he returned the salutation stiffly.

I caught Zita eying the woman sharply; then, to my amazement, I saw her exchange a glance with Carlos. Instead of the suspicion which I had been led to expect, it almost seemed as if there were complete understanding

between the two. Again I looked toward Bertha. She had nodded toward a dark-haired, rather good-looking young man, with field-glasses slung over his shoulder jauntily.

"That is Rascon," pointed out Fitzroy.

As he joined the group, one could see that Rascon regarded Bertha with a sort of restraint, in spite of her evident cordiality toward him. Fitzroy scowled a bit, perhaps with a tinge of jealousy.

He then contrived to detach us, and a few moments later we were also in the group about Madame Duval.

As Kennedy was introduced, their eyes met in direct appraisal of each other. Madame Duval smiled with a frankness that was assumed. I felt sure that she knew who Kennedy was, that her interest was deliberate, that, even as she chatted and invited us to a dinner that she was giving soon, it was a pose.

Kennedy allowed himself to fall into her mood. Almost eagerly he accepted her invitation. More cautious, I could not help glancing around. On the faces of her other admirers, I could see momentary dark flashes of anger. Who was this newcomer who seemed to conquer so easily? I was alarmed. Was that her game—to fascinate him and, at the same time, arouse jealousy of the others? From across the lawn, Zita, too, was watching. It was plain that whatever the men might think of *madame*, the women had very little use for her. Fitzroy also was observing the little *tête-à-tête*. Finally, he could stand it no longer.

He leaned over to me and whispered:

"See if you can't get him away. Don't you see people are beginning to notice them?"

Casually I sauntered over the few steps that separated us. As I did so, I could feel *madame's* cutting glance. I was the small boy who threw the stone just as the fish was about to take the bait. However, her vexation, if vexation it was, was only momentary, and as Kennedy left her, she let her hand linger in his much longer than pleased me. I was vexed myself. Was our continued association with these people affecting Craig?

The last race had been run without Kennedy even knowing it, and there followed one of the curious customs of this interesting meet. Since everyone knew everyone else, as they sauntered from the course, no one stopped to look for his own equipage. Each took that which was nearest. They were all going to the same place anyhow, Vina del Mar. Later, the driver of each carriage and pair would return to his own master. It was really a great saving of time.

Far from scheming to accomplish what Fitzroy desired, it would have been difficult to avoid it. We found ourselves detached from the gay throng and on our way to the Caliche chalet, welcome and honored guests for dinner. Like the rest, whose carriage we were in the Caliches did not know.

The Caliche house at Vina del Mar was a beautiful place with terraced gardens, patches of green lawn, bowers of flowers, wide verandas overlooking the sea, and a splendid bathing-beach. They made us feel at home, and the only uncomfortable feeling that I had came from my knowledge that, in reality, we were spying on them. Their hospitality was charming; the dinner was excellent.

During the dinner, I took particular note of the conversation between Zita and her husband. As I had



Relentlessly he questioned the little Jap



"In your room, this afternoon, I found this vial," he said quietly

observed before, there was apparently no constraint in their relations.

As the dinner progressed, I discovered that Kennedy was paying particular attention to the very deferential Japanese butler, whom the family all called Huroki. As I watched him, I saw, too, that there was something about Huroki that made one feel that he was above the station of butler. Once or twice I saw him hovering about the young couple attentively, and I felt sure that any stray scraps of conversation that might be of importance did not fall on deaf ears.

Once there was the sound of wheels on the gravel driveway outside, and the discreet Huroki disappeared for a few moments. When he came back, it was to announce that the Caliche carriage had been returned with many thanks. It had been used by Señor Rascon and some friends. I wondered whether, by some irony, Madame Duval had been among them. Rascon had driven to the hotel for dinner.

At the same time, Huroki brought a message to his master from the city. Señor Caliche opened it, after excusing himself, and read. As he did so, it seemed as if the contents of the letter quickly clouded the sunshine of the day. He leaned over and whispered something to Braun.

"These are troublous times," apologized Caliche finally. "Ordinarily, I forbid business to intrude on my life at home. But now it is different. You were going back to the city to-night?" he inquired, turning to us. "Yes? Then I am afraid we shall have to accompany you. You must let me drive you in in my motor-car. It will be more pleasant."

Zita's face clouded at the mention of the return to the city. Carlos was a bit nervous. Huroki was alert.

Reluctantly we bade farewell to Señora Caliche and her beautiful daughter. It was still light, and the ride into the city was delightful. Very little was said by any of us, though I observed that Señor Caliche was, in business at least, on much closer terms with Fitzroy, who represented his big American customers, than I had imagined.

In the city, Fitzroy excused us, and we left Caliche and Braun with the promise to accept their hospitality soon again. Fitzroy, who had been forced to be absent from the city now for several hours, hastened around to the American consulate, which, he explained, was a sort of secret and unofficial headquarters for him.

A message was waiting for him. As he read it, he glanced, puzzled, at Craig.

"The Aconcagua, a nitrate-ship, has put into port!" he exclaimed quickly. "There is something wrong. They seldom come in here. I think I ought to pay a visit to her without waiting. Could I persuade you to come with me?"

"You might," smiled Kennedy. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know," shrugged Fitzroy.

Not a quarter of an hour later, Fitzroy, who seemed to have the characteristic Western ability to obtain quick action, had found and hired the owner of a launch. Into it we stepped, and soon were cutting our curling way in the moonlight through the waves of one of the finest harbors I had ever seen.

"Over there," he indicated, pointing, "are several of the German ships interned since the beginning of the war. The second one, with the huge funnels, is the Kronprinz."

Our boatman seemed to know just where lay the Aconcagua and made directly for her. We had scarcely approached within some hundreds of yards of her, when, heading across our bow, between us and the ship, we saw a motor-boat much swifter than ourselves.

"Shut down your engine!" commanded Fitzroy, in Spanish, and, as we slowed down, the other boat circled and came up alongside.

"Fitzroy!" shouted our friend through the megaphone of his two hands before even the boat could challenge. "I'm going aboard."

The other boat fell away rapidly. (Continued on page 104)

# New Fables

By George Ade

## The Fable of the of the Lily



As the two swung around after gazing up at the Tidings from the Front, they collided heavily

ONE day, a Bulletin Board was providing Enthralment for a group of pop-eyed Gapers.

The News related to a certain Hohenzollern-Hapsburg Clean-Up that never came off.

Two half-molded Specimens of what we grow over here showed on the Scene and paused to Rubber.

One was lavender-scented and answered to the name of Erskine when addressed by a Tulip of his own Coterie.

The other was a self-made Desperado known as Spike because he looked the Part.

Erskine, of the long artistic Finger Nails and the landscaped Eyebrows, had come up under Glass.

Spike had received a Liberal Education on the Back Lots with a Side-Line of Athletic Training.

In other Words, he had been chased by the Coppers. There they stood, side by side, Erskine and Spike.

A couple of Beauty-Brights.

Ever so dissimilar, and yet sharing the Belief that Woman was not ready for the Ballot.

The Rough-Neck and the dainty Dilettante lamped the Cablegrams with a dull Eye.

The Big Scrap was nothing in their Lives.

It was something like a Close Finish in the Pacific Coast League—too far away to arouse Local Excitement.

They were getting cold on the War as a Sporting Proposition because it looked like a No-Decision Affair.

These two and a few Congressmen with matted Forelocks belonged to the select Minority which held that North America was too far out in the Country to worry over the Outcome of the Donnybrook.

Yet each of them had been nicked by the War.

later and so, theoretically, these two were real Defenders of the Faith.

They had inherited the privileges of Democracy.

Erskine had inherited the Privilege of breakfasting in his own Apartment, and Spike had come into the Sacred Right of watching his Mother do the Heavy Work.

The Grandfather of one had held on to some Real Estate and dodged the Taxes.

The Grandsire of the other had sought Political Preferment.

Consequently, Erskine was now an Elegantine and Spike was a Hooligan.

If Spike's People had grabbed a few lucky Corners about the time of the Civil War, and Erskine's Progenitors had fooled around the City Hall, who can tell?

The Constitution said that their Birthrights were of the same Size and Shape, and yet, as they stood four feet apart in front of the Newspaper Office, they were separated by a Social Chasm deeper and wider than the Grand Cañon.

The Free and Equal Stuff did not carry weight in the Neighborhood to which Erskine retired when worn with Dancing.

Erskine's only definite Conviction regarding the Lower

Classes of his Native Land was that they made wretched Servants.

Spike had been taught by the Gang to wait for the great Day of Settlement.

He knew that sooner or later the downtrodden Beer Drinkers would rise in their Majesty and use Dynamite.

As the two swung around after gazing up at the Tidings from the Front, they collided heavily.

Spike called Erskine a poor



The Mater had not raised Erskine to be a Soldier. She had brought him up to be a Lounge Lizard

# in Slang

Illustrated by  
John T. McCutcheon

## Getting-Together and the Hick

suffering Carp and asked what was the Idea.

Erskine declared that Spike was Awfully Stupid and a Rude Sort of Person.

Spike told Erskine to chug up and brush along if he didn't want to get a Wallop in the Puss.

Erskine tried to bore him through with a Look, which was meant to convey the well-bred Scorn which a Prince of the Realm feels for a slimy Angle-Worm.

Thought Erskine: He is mostly third-rate Swank—a lippy Frequenter of messy Lunch Rooms—proud to sling the Argot of the Underworld—addicted to bantering with Tessies who whiten their Faces—a Social Outlaw and glad of it—a borrower of the Makings—a singer of Mushy Songs and student of Dance Steps—a Storage Place for blistering Profanities, dangerous Misconceptions, and idle Trivialities.

Thought Spike: He is merely a decorated Cipher—the weak Introduction to a Futile Experiment—proud of a tiny assortment of smattering Accomplishments—gone rancid with delusions of Caste Distinction—a selfish Prig—contemptuous of all who carry Burdens—the super-refinement of unimportant Attributes—a manicured Mutt.

And the funny Part of it was that both Erskine and Spike were Dead Right about something for the First Time in over Seven Months.

They parted, and who would have dared to predict that some day the Twain were to kneel side by side and drink from the lowly Spring of Common Brotherhood?

Erskine continued his Lessons on the Ukulele and Spike rolled the Bones in the Back Room, sometimes shooting the whole Quarter, but the remainder of the Caucasian Race was lining up for the final Set-to between Despotism and Democracy.

Disquieting Reports began to circulate.

The Head-Lines related to Universal Training and enforced Military Service.

Erskine, on the Boulevard, and Spike, back of the Dump, were a long time in getting Wise to the Slant of Events.

One was a Skimmer of the Society Column and the other turned right over to the Sporting Page.

It seems that a couple of Mothers were the first to get Scary.

The Mater had not raised Erskine to be a Soldier. She had brought him up to be a Lounge Lizard.



The other knew that he could always touch the Old Lady  
if he coaxed hard enough

Spike's Ma began to drop Hot Tears into the Bluing. She feared that her little 22-year-old Lambkin might be torn away from the incipient Burglars hanging out at the Cigar Store and dragged to a Training Camp, where he would not have anyone to Nurse him after a Hard Night.

It was all right for the College Athletes to go, because they were hard as Flint and Keen for Danger.

Also, there could be no possible Objection to making Soldiers of those Volunteers who were nutty enough to sign up.

But when it came to kidnaping nice Young Men of the type of Erskine and Spike, who did not wish to be aroused by a Bugle in the Morning and who were so accustomed to the Mattresses at Home, no wonder that a couple of Good Women went into Tantrums and said Things about the Government.

It is the abiding Law of Nature that every Mother regards her own Mud-Hen as a Golden Pheasant.

The Parental Anxiety was mild and moderate compared with the Alarm that caught Erskine and Spike when they learned that they were to be sold down the River.

It sure is a Raw Deal when a Mere Child, who has just arrived at the Voting Age and who tells the Older Members

of the Family where to get off, is requested to make his own Bed and take Orders from a Total Stranger and turn in at a Fixed Hour.

Nearly every John of the gallivanting Age has made certain Plans which are disarranged if he leaves home and goes away somewhere to play Soldier.

Why should a Guy fight for a Country that never slipped him anything?

Huh?

Neither Erskine



Thus it worked out that they met again,  
this time as Bunkies

nor Spike harbored any Sense of Obligation to the Community at Large.

One had an Allowance from the Guvnor, and the other knew that he could always touch the Old Lady if he coaxed hard enough.

They had Private Sources of Revenue, and the U. S. A. had nothing to do with their Welfare.

Three Squares a Day, Clean Linen in the Dresser, Presents at Christmas, Turkey at Thanksgiving—these were some of the Incidentals taken for granted.

It is the Extras for which the Rising Generation is prone to yelp.

Parents who provide only Board and Raiment are rightfully scorned by the Children as Tighties.

The necessary Luxuries now demanded by Offspring range from the five-cent Movie up to a De-Luxe Car. But the Spirit of the Times is such that, no matter how many superfluous Items are handed to the Young Folks on a Salver with a border of Double Violets, the aforesaid Squabs always feel that they are getting only a stingy Fraction of what is coming to them.

In other words, it is a slow Job to convince the non-producing Minor that he has been too much coddled and hand-fed.

That is why both Erskine and Spike thought that the President had his Nerve with him when he called upon every Pool-Player in the Broad Land to come forward and do his Bit.

They were willing to applaud the Flag in any Theater, but they were not strong for juggling a Rifle.

How could they sidestep?

Relatives can be Buffaloed, but Uncle Sam has a Cold Eye and must be Shown.

At the Registration Office, a powdered Patrician and an untidy Plebe were among those who Passed with Flying Colors.

They were A-1 as to Height and Weight.

Heart Action regular, Lungs O. K., Teeth sound.

Furthermore, no one was dependent on them. They weren't even dependent upon Themselves.

So they were tagged.

The Enrolling Officer congratulated them warmly upon their evident Fitness for the Rigors of the Field and the Bivouac.

They were told to pack up a few Things and beat it to the Consternation Camp.

Erskine's Father was supposed to have a Drag which would save his delicate First-Born from the Horrors of the Parade Ground, but he developed a Spartan Firmness and refused to Welsh.

Spike wanted to make a Getaway, but he could not leave Home without surrendering his Meal Ticket.

He had heard of the Discomforts at Leavenworth, so he stuck.

Thus it worked out that they met again, this time as Bunkies.

The little Cots only a few inches apart and each Hero wearing a natty Uniform made of Overall Material.

This time the Once-Over was less baleful, because the Boys were feeling a mite subdued and apprehensive.

Neither one felt that he had much on the other. They stood side by side while a two-legged Boston Terrier with Red Hair talked Turkey to them.

They were under Regulations, and they came to know that those who obeyed would not be shot at Sunrise.

What a fine Mess of Spinach when two pampered Pigeons, brought up as Household Favorites, have to peel Spuds and pick up Scraps of Paper!

Then the Hay-Foot Straw-Foot Gag in the Hot Sun and the Bawling-Out by the Inspector and the awful Humiliation of saluting a Wimp who was a Paper-Hanger before he became a Patriot.

It was enough to break the Proud Spirit of the persecuted Pets, and so it worked out.

After they had drilled themselves dizzy, they would drag themselves back to Quarters and compare Stone-Bruises.

They could have been hanged 100 times for what they said about the Chief Executive and the Hop-Heads who make Laws.

It is the privilege of a good Soldier to pan those in Authority.

After Spike and Erskine had put a Curse on all Tyrants and got the Adjectives out of the old System, they would Flop and be Dead to the World.

And then, in the dewy Morn, forgetting their Wrongs for the Nonce, possibly they could not (Concluded on page 102)

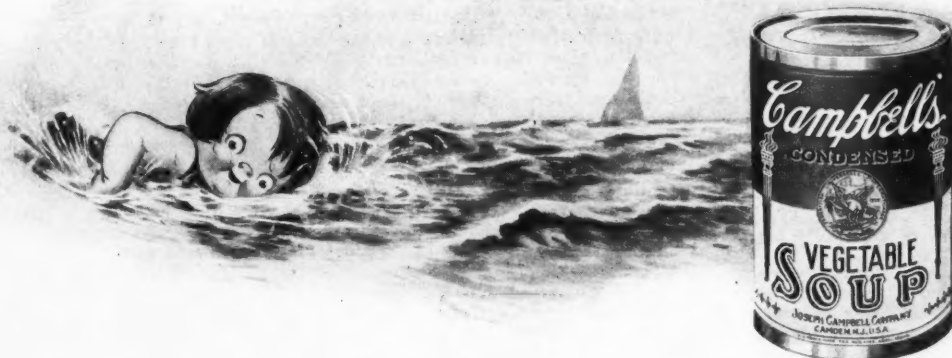


The Dolly Grays came out to have a Look. They saw merely a team of clean-looking Possibilities, the Shoes neatly polished and the Chins in the Air



Possibly they will be among those who go up to the Baptism of Fire

"I am a buoyant Campbell boy.  
I breast the stormy brine  
Inspired with vigor and vim and joy  
By Campbell's Soups so fine!"



## Keep well and you keep cool

Don't worry about the weather. Don't fill up with ices and iced drinks nor with food that lacks vitalizing properties. You need a strengthening diet in summer just as much as in winter.

*Keep in condition.* That is the secret of comfort and good work. Choose food that is not heavy but nourishing and easy to digest. This is just the weather to enjoy and benefit by

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is an ideal summer food—all pure nourishment.

*The rich stock, which we make from selected beef, supplies strengthening meat-nutritives in easily digested form.*

The other nutritious ingredients which we combine with this stock include choice white potatoes and sweet potatoes, fine yellow rutabagas, Chantenay carrots, okra, celery, and a snappy suggestion of sweet red peppers, besides rice, barley and "A. B. C." Macaroni.

The use of this wholesome soup promotes real economy and the conservation of food-value in the most practical sense. You avoid not only labor and heat, but waste of materials and excessive fuel-cost. And you have an invigorating food perfectly cooked, palatably seasoned, all ready to serve in three minutes.

Keep a supply on hand and get the good of it.

Asparagus  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)

Clam Bouillon  
Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle

Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail  
Pea  
Pepper Pot

Printanier  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable  
Vermicelli-Tomato

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Never!  
"Toasted" coffee  
Every time!**

**T**HE thing that makes your morning coffee so delightful is the flavor produced by "toasting": (coffee experts, of course, call it roasting.)

Think of it. Hot, fragrant, delicious. Coffee is not the same, raw. Not much! Toasting gives flavor.

And toasting tobacco gives it more flavor, every time. So we toast the Burley tobacco for the new Lucky Strike cigarette.

Toasting tobacco develops flavor—seals in the Burley flavor, tight. It holds: the Lucky Strike cigarette is flavor-sealed, and delivered to you fresh: not dry, not moist—just right.

**It's Toasted**



Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*  
INCORPORATED

## The Nitrate King

(Continued from page 97)

"Why did she put in?" called Fitzroy. No answer came. Evidently they did not hear him. We looked at the secret-service man questioningly. He smiled.

"Just one of the scouts which are out constantly to see that there are no violations of neutrality—no dash for the sea unannounced," he explained darkly. "I suppose she has been detailed to watch the Aconcagua, too."

A moment later, we were alongside, and Fitzroy was signaling vigorously on a compressed-air whistle to attract attention. There was no real need. The watch had seen us. Having been passed by it, we were permitted to approach and, after a moment's parley, were swung up over the side, leaving the launch below.

Hardly had we reached the deck when we were greeted by the captain, Blake, an Englishman. Fitzroy displayed some credentials. Blake looked them over carefully, then bowed his acceptance.

Without a word, he led us forward and down a hatch. Amid the stinking burlap sacks of nitrate, he paused. The sacks had been tossed aside, as though some one had been burrowing among them. We looked as he pointed. There, among the sacks, just as he had found it, lay a dark object. He moved over an electric bulb on a cord and flashed the light full on it. Kennedy had dropped down quickly and was examining the thing closely. He looked up quickly at us as the words shot from him: "A wireless-bomb!"

"Quite right," Blake nodded. "The foremast is right here. Some one, while we were loading at Iquique, must have rigged the thing, using the mast as a secret aerial. Perhaps there was some renegade member of the crew who arranged it. Several deserted up there—said it was the high wages that were being offered in the nitrate fields."

We looked at the thing in awe. There was explosive enough to have sent the ship careering headlong to the bottom at any preconceived moment, if some one had not discovered the fine wires that connected it with the hidden aerial.

"We disconnected it before we had been half a day out," went on Blake. "Our wireless-man tells me it is peculiarly constructed, and tuned to be affected only by a certain wave-length. He thinks he felt such impulses, but cannot be sure. But you can wager some one on the West Coast is more surprised to see us safely in port than even you are. After we disconnected the thing, we thought we had better put into Valparaiso. The information is too precious to trust to a wireless, even in code, that may be tapped. We may save other ships."

Kennedy bent over and examined the monstrous thing again. Its fangs had been drawn, so to speak, but it still retained enough of its original condition for it to be studied. It was undeniably clever, diabolical.

Through my mind flashed a thousand queries. Who had set it? Whence was it to be actuated and exploded? Was this the subject of the message that had reached Caliche and brought him back with Braun to the city?

Though we asked scores of other

questions, Blake could not answer them. He had done his duty. He had saved the ship. He had warned others. Now he was awaiting orders before proceeding on his voyage. I marveled at the matter-of-fact way the man took it. We had come properly credited to him. He had told his story. That was all.

But, as we parted from him, I think even he began to realize that it was a scientifically romantic clue which he had placed in our hands.

As we bounded back over the choppy seas, we felt the added imperativeness for action. A chance discovery on a ship had revealed the method of the sinkings—at least, in part. But it had caught no one, so far pointed to no one. Who had set the thing? Who was to have exploded it by the long wireless arm of fate? I ran over the names of Caliche and Braun, and paused at the recollection of the mysterious woman we had met at the races.

Ashore, we made our way up through the hilly section to the Angleterre again. As if all three of us had had the same thought, we passed through the lobby and on into the brilliantly lighted café.

I looked about. There, as I had hoped, was the mysterious woman whom I could not banish from my mind—Bertha Duval. She was surrounded by the usual gay party with which she was associated. As we watched, Señor Rascon, who had been sitting with another group at another table, rose and joined her. She turned to speak, and her eyes wandered to our doorway. She smiled and bowed in our direction, but not at Fitzroy or at me. Kennedy had been singled out and returned the salutation, making his way among the little tables, while we followed in his wake. "Kennedy seems to have made a hit," muttered Fitzroy.

I was about to reply when I saw a slight scowl on Craig's face. He had overheard, and I kept silent.

As we joined them, I saw that among those whose backs had been toward us was Braun himself.

Outwardly, our welcome was hearty, but no one could fail to see a sidelong glance now and then from a fiery eye at Kennedy. If Kennedy were determined to push headlong into danger, I determined to keep watch myself. From time to time, I glanced about the café, seeking those who were most observant of us.

Once I spotted a woman, in the back of the café, who sat alone and seemed intensely interested in Bertha's table. She wore a black *manto*, an affair peculiar to Chile, wound about the head as a coif and falling to the feet. From where I sat, I could not see her face.

Kennedy seemed engrossed in attentions to Madame Duval. I was getting nervous. Finally, he turned and, aside to me, whispered,

"Slip out, you and Fitzroy, and follow that woman over there whom you are watching."

I nodded, and passed the word to Fitzroy. Yet I had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps it was a ruse of Kennedy's to get us out of the way. Nevertheless, we excused ourselves.

Perhaps we were clumsy. At any rate,

the woman with the *manto* rose and left. Before we could get out, she had disappeared through the corridor and into a cab. Fortunately it was early, and another cab was at hand. We followed, passing a motor-car which I recognized as the Caliche car in which we had ridden. Our driver faithfully dogged the cab ahead. Almost before we knew, it pulled up abruptly, and we had to shrink back into our own. We were at the railroad station from which we had left in the afternoon for Vina del Mar.

Under the light, I caught just a glimpse of the face hidden by the *manto*. It was Zita's. She had come in on the train and was evidently going back by it.

There was nothing to do but return, which we did with all the speed permitted us. As we passed the Caliche car still waiting, I saw that Señor Caliche was in it now, evidently getting ready to start. An instant later, Carlos Braun appeared in a doorway. I might almost say that he ran toward the car. It was quite evident that something was on his nerves. I heard Caliche direct the driver, and, a second later, they were whisked away in the direction of Vina del Mar.

We rejoined Kennedy at the Angleterre. He was alone. Madame Duval had retired.

"She is a very clever woman, Walter," he remarked, "most remarkable."

"What happened after I left?" I asked hastily.

"Very little," he replied. "I was watching Braun and Rascon. I think Braun is trying to let himself down easy."

"And Rascon is profiting by his example?" I hastened to ask, hoping by innuendo to warn off Kennedy.

Craig smiled as though he saw through my attempt, and I figuratively retreated, reflecting how futile is advice where a woman is concerned.

Neither of us was prepared, I am sure, for the unexpected news that awaited us in the morning as Fitzroy burst in on us.

Out at Vina del Mar, Carlos Braun had been discovered by Zita unconscious, and now was dead!

We lost no time in getting there, and, as we expected, we found Zita in a terrible state of grief and the Caliche family wildly upset.

Huroki, observant, impassive, admitted us, and, in the confusion, no one seemed to think it strange that we were there. Kennedy and I did not intrude, but he managed to get aside with the doctor who had been summoned when Carlos was discovered, his life flickering out.

As nearly as the doctor could describe it, his mouth seemed to be dry. He had suffered a quick prostration with loss of power to swallow or speak. The pupils were dilated as though there had been a paralysis of the eyes. Both pharynx and larynx had been affected; there was respiratory paralysis, and the cranial nerves were involved.

"It was typically a condition due to some toxic substance which selectively paralyzes and depresses," he concluded. "I have here in this bottle some of the contents of the stomach. Would you care to analyze it?"

## TWO TESTS

**I**N this picture the camera shows Mlle. Alice Verlet, of the Paris Opera, the world's greatest coloratura soprano, making what has become universally known as a Tone Test of the New Edison.

The New Edison is the favorite invention of the world's greatest inventor, Thomas A. Edison. It has been tested in comparison with its Re-Creation of the voices of thirty different great artists before eight hundred thousand people. Described briefly, this was the test: An artist stood beside the New Edison and sang, then suddenly and without warning the artist ceased to sing and the New Edison took up the song alone. The test was whether the audience could tell when the artist quit singing, without watching the artist's lips. The result of these astounding tests is reported in more than five hundred of America's principal newspapers.

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It is FREE, and we shall also be pleased to send you the brochure, "*Music's Re-Creation*," and the booklet, "*What the Critics Say*." The latter booklet will tell you what America's principal newspapers have to say about the New Edison.

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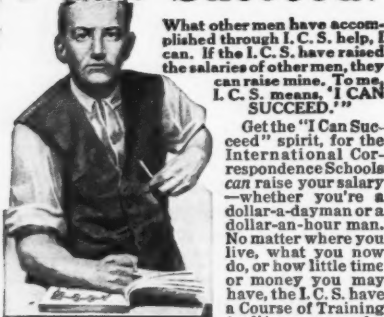
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Ry. Mail Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE           | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES      | <input type="checkbox"/> SPANISH      |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

This was precisely what Kennedy desired. At a convenient opportunity, he examined the body.

"Was it a poison, do you think?" I asked him, when he had finished.

"I shall have to see later," he replied, speaking aside to the doctor, who nodded.

A few moments later, we were conducted to the kitchen. There Kennedy systematically took samples of every bit of food in the house. Then we returned to the city, where Craig went directly to our room and began unpacking his traveling laboratory, which was standing him in such good stead.

I left him at work and wandered down-stairs. No one I knew was about, and I sauntered out to the street, still doing nothing but kill time. At last, I decided it might be possible Craig had found something and I returned to the hotel. As I entered, I saw a familiar figure leaving another door. It was Huroki. I hurried up to our rooms. Craig was gone. On a table stood his materials. I did not know whether he had finished or not. Down-stairs, I could find no trace of him.

Imagine my surprise, on glancing out of the window, to see him strolling along toward the hotel with Bertha Duval. It was a shock to me. Quite evidently, he had deserted in the midst of a very important investigation to snatch a few minutes alone with her. As I watched, I reflected that Carlos had been her friend.

Kennedy was oblivious to me until he turned from a prolonged farewell to Bertha, then, catching sight of me, came over to where I was standing. There was no use concealing anything, and he did not attempt it. He offered no explanation, and I merely glanced at my watch to remind him that it was time for luncheon.

We were about to enter the dining-room when he drew back.

"I think," he said slowly, "that we will take our meals in our own rooms."

Rather startled, I could not object, and from our rooms, after clearing a table, we gave our orders. As we waited, I cautiously broached the subject of Bertha. He deftly turned the conversation.

Finally, our waiter arrived with soup. To my astonishment, before Kennedy would touch it, he dipped out a bit and began testing it.

"It's all right," he nodded finally.

My appetite, however, had fled.

Again, when a roast appeared, he went through the same process. This time, however, he looked up strangely.

"A good thing I thought of this," he commented.

"How is that?" I asked eagerly.

"It contains the toxin of the bacillus botulinus," he replied.

"And that is—what?"

"Well," he began, "botulism may well be ranked among the most serious diseases. It is hard to understand why, even to-day, it is not more common. It is one of the most dangerous forms of food-poisoning."

"Then the meat is bad?" I asked.

"Not naturally," he added. "Some one has made it so—to look as though it were

natural food-poisoning. Bacillus botulinus produces a toxin that is extremely virulent. Hardly more than a ten-thousandth of a cubic centimeter would kill a guinea-pig. This, however, is botulin, the pure toxin formed in meat and other food-products, added for our especial benefit."

I was aghast.

"Was it botulin that killed Braun?"

He nodded.

"It is a food-disease. Yet I have found no trace in the food-samples. Nor has anyone here at the hotel been affected."

When he had the botulin come, I wondered. Evidently, some one was afraid Craig would discover too much. I thought of Bertha Duval and of Huroki's presence in the hotel that morning, but refrained from saying anything.

I had hardly recovered from my surprise when a knock sounded on the door. It was Fitzroy, bursting with information.

"What do you think?" he cried. "Aboard the Kronprinz they have discovered a secret wireless-tap. The wireless was supposed to have been dismantled. But from it had been run a fine wire to the funnel, thence to a little room below. The wireless-dynamo had been sealed, but connection had been made with the ship's dynamo. It was from the interned ship that were sent the secret impulses to explode the wireless-bombs!"

For a moment, Kennedy was silent.

"Walter, tell Fitzroy of what I have discovered," he said, rising. "You must excuse me—for the present."

Abruptly he left the room. Instead of telling Fitzroy, however, I leaned over and whispered:

"I don't like his growing intimacy with Bertha Duval. Ten to one he is going to see her. Let us follow."

Kennedy was making his way rapidly down the stairs. It had been a good guess. We paused on the landing above the hall on which was Bertha Duval's suite, because we heard footsteps. From our vantage-point, we could see Rascon leaving. Was he, too, in the toils? Once he turned, as though watching Craig. It was a tense drama that centered about this woman of mystery.

Back in our apartment, I had scarcely begun to tell Fitzroy about the botulin when a message arrived for him from the consulate. He tore it open and read it in great excitement.

"It is from Caliche!" he exclaimed. "Some one has accused Zita before the authorities of murdering her husband, and there is a secret investigation going on. Señor Caliche and the señora are frantic. What rot—Zita a murderess! I must go out there."

"Wait," I cried, determined, now that I had a valid excuse, to summon Kennedy.

I was prepared to have Craig angry at me, but the importance of my news, perhaps, saved me. With Fitzroy, we were soon on our way again to Vina del Mar.

Caliche himself met us at the door in a high state of anger.

"It is outrageous!" he blustered. "Some one—I would kill him, if I knew—

### A New Story

By Gouverneur Morris,  
*The Purple Flask,*

will appear in

September Cosmopolitan.

has started this gossip. Now, Señor Fitzroy, we understand each other. You must help me."

Zita, who had been in a terrible state of grief in the morning, was now almost prostrated. As she told her story, one could see that the poor girl had for weeks been torn between her love of country and love for her husband. It had been an acid test. The poor little bride had been involuntarily turned into a spy—a spy against her own husband.

"Two days ago," she cried, looking from one to the other of us wildly, "finally—I was told—of Carlos—that he was sending information to some one! I could stand it no longer. I charged him with it. He admitted it. What was I to do? Leave him? He begged me to forgive him, promised to undo what he had done. I was happy. I had won. His love for me was greater than anything else. But I was afraid—afraid some one might take revenge on him. If he was in danger because of me, I wanted to be near him. And then—this!"

She glanced through her tears with a shudder at the room where his body now lay. Was it true? Or was she shielding somebody?

Outside, Caliche spoke to us in an undertone.

"There is no use concealing anything," he said earnestly. "I have known all the time, Señor Fitzroy, who you really are. And, Professor Kennedy, I have heard also of you. You *must* do something."

Fitzroy bowed. I could see that he was somewhat surprised that Caliche had penetrated his "cover." Might it indicate anything?

I do not know what was in Kennedy's mind, but, catching sight of Huroki down the hall, he darted after him. Relentlessly he questioned the little Jap. But Huroki moved not a muscle. What was back of that Oriental calm? Was he the real criminal? At least, I felt he knew something more than he told. Was he playing a subtle game? His passivity was in sharp contrast to the mercurial feelings of his master.

It was again night when we reached the city and the Angleterre. We dined and strolled out on the streets for a breath of air and relaxation. But there was no relaxation. The case was too tense. Finally, Kennedy, who had curbed his impatience, led our steps back to the hotel, and I noted that his tone was more than casual when he suggested that we look into the café.

In an alcove, he spied Bertha Duval, and about her, sipping light wine, a little group, a subdued group, for the events of the day had come close to them.

Kennedy made his way over to them, while we followed. I fancied there was a mock back of the smile that Bertha gave me. I had taken him away from her this afternoon, but had not been able to keep him away. The others, including Rascon, greeted us sourly. We sat down and, in the rearrangement, Kennedy contrived to place himself next to Bertha.

"You are not drinking to-night," she rallied him, indicating the full glass before him.

Kennedy picked it up by its thin stem and poised it.

"I trust there is no botulin in this?" he remarked impersonally, and I felt as if

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there had been an electric shock in the words.

"Why," she exclaimed quickly, "what do you mean?"

He set the glass down and drew something from his pocket.

"In your room, this afternoon, I found this vial," he said quietly.

Not a sound could be heard as he spoke. I scrutinized her face narrowly as, in utter surprise, she said,

"In my room?"

"Yes; it is the same poison that killed poor Carlos—the toxin of a deadly bacillus."

One could literally feel the consternation.

For a moment, Bertha Duval seemed to catch her breath. Much as I feared what might happen, I must admit that I was delighted. I had misjudged Craig. Instead of Bertha playing with Craig, he had been playing a part with her. She was furious.

"It is a plant!" she cried vehemently.

"Still, I have made my tests," repeated Craig quietly. "I find that botulin killed Carlos. Here is botulin."

"And—you insinuate——"

"Nothing," he interrupted calmly, then leaned over and fixed his eyes on hers. "Madame Duval—who are you?"

She seemed unable to escape his glance. Rapidly her keen mind must have worked. I could see that he had brought about a situation where she was forced to declare herself. With mounting color, she faced him.

"I have just come from Vina del Mar," he pursued, in an even tone. "Some one has been spreading rumors about Zita."

Bertha Duval seemed to wince. For a moment, she hesitated.

"It was I who discovered what Carlos Braun was doing!" she blurted out. "Two days ago I told Zita. I am of the British secret service."

If a wireless-bomb itself had been exploded, the startling effect could not have been greater on the group. It was as though Kennedy had wrung the words from her. Now she was speaking rapidly. Something more than her own cleverness was at stake.

"Huroki, one of my confederates placed to watch Braun, gave me this this morning," she continued, taking a paper from her chatelaine. "He found it, crumpled, in the car in which Carlos and Señor Caliche rode last night."

Craig seized the paper and read:

You are a traitor to your country. Though nominally a Chilean, you are still by law one of us. You know the punishment for treason. To-night you will take this—or I shall be compelled to act.

REINALD RASK.

I saw it all now—Braun, fronted by two allegiances, choosing love—and, with it, death. Craig turned abruptly.

"So," he ground out, "it was a plot to ruin Caliche, the nitrate king, through his son-in-law—a war-measure. Failing to poison me when I was on the track, you thought to cast suspicion on Bertha Duval. Yours was the little wireless-room on the Kronprinz. You are the real murderer of Carlos. Just a minute——"

He dashed a glass from the hand of Rinaldo Rascon—not a Peruvian, but the foreign agent, Reinald Rask.

The next *Craig Kennedy* story will be *The Coca Gang*.

## Beyond

(Continued from page 89)

their faces were turned toward each other. Gyp heard their voices, and, faint, dizzy, stood looking back after them. They passed under a lamp; the light glinted on the woman's hair, on a trick of Summer-hay's—the lift of one shoulder when he was denying something. She heard his voice, high-pitched. She watched them cross, mount the stone steps she had just come down, pass along the railed stone passage, enter the doorway, disappear. And such horror seized on her that she could hardly walk away.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!" So it went in her mind—a kind of moaning, like that of a cold, rainy wind through dripping trees. What did it mean? Oh, what did it mean? In this miserable tumult, the only thought that did not come to her was that of going back to his chambers. She hurried away. It was a wonder she was not run over, for she had no notion what she was doing, where going, and crossed the streets without the least attention to traffic. She came to Trafalgar Square, and stood leaning against its parapet in front of the National Gallery. Here she had her first coherent thought: "So that was why his chambers had been empty! No clerk—no one! That they might be alone. Alone, where she had dreamed of being alone with him!" And only that morning he had kissed her and said, "Good-by, treasure!" A dreadful little laugh got caught in her throat, confused with a sob. Why—why had she a heart? Down there, against the plinth of one of the lions, a young man leaned, with his arms round a girl, pressing her to him. Gyp turned away from the sight and resumed her miserable wandering. She went up Bury Street. No light; not any sign of life. It did not matter; she could not have gone in, could not stay still, must walk. She put up her veil to get more air, feeling choked.

The trees of the Green Park, under which she was passing now, had still a few leaves, and they gleamed in the lamplight copper-colored as that girl's hair. All sorts of torturing visions came to her. Those empty chambers! She had seen one little minute of their intimacy. A hundred kisses might have passed between them—a thousand words of love! And he would lie to her! Already he had acted a lie! She had not deserved that. And this sense of the injustice done her was the first relief she had felt—this definite emotion of a mind clouded by sheer misery. She had not deserved that he should conceal things from her. She had not had one thought or look for any man but him since that night down by the sea when he came to her across the garden in the moonlight—not one thought, and never would! Poor relief enough! She was in Hyde Park now, wandering along a pathway which cut diagonally across the grass. And with more resolution, more purpose, she began searching her memory for signs, proofs of when he had changed to her. She could not find them. He had not changed in his way to her—not at all. Could one act love, then? Horrible thought! When he kissed her now—days, was he thinking of that girl?

Love! Why had it such possession of her, that a little thing—yes, a little thing—only the sight of him with another, should

make her suffer so? She came out on the other side of the park. What should she do? Crawl home, creep into her hole, and lie there stricken! At Paddington, she found a train just starting and got in. There were other people in the carriage, business men from the city, lawyers from that—place where she had been. And she was glad of their company, glad of the crackle of evening papers and stolid faces giving her looks of stolid interest from behind them, glad to have to keep her mask on, afraid of the violence of her emotion. But one by one they got out, to their cars or their constitutions, and she was left alone to gaze at darkness and the deserted river, just visible in the light of a moon smothered behind the sou'westerly sky. And for one wild moment she thought, "Shall I open the door and step out—one step—peace!"

She hurried away from the station. It was raining, and she drew up her veil to feel its freshness on her hot face. There was just light enough for her to see the pathway through the beech clump. The wind in there was sighing, sighing, driving the dark boughs, tearing off the leaves, little black, wet shapes that came whirling at her face. The wild, melancholy in that swaying wood was too much for Gyp; she ran, thrusting her feet through the deep rustling drifts of leaves not yet quite drenched. They clung all wet round her thin stockings, and the rainy wind beat her forehead. At the edge, she paused for breath, leaning against the bole of a beech, peering back, where the wild, whirling wind was moaning and tearing off the leaves. Then, bending her head to the rain, she went on in the open, trying to prepare herself to show nothing when she reached home.

She got in and up-stairs to her room without being seen. If she had possessed any sedative drug, she would have taken it. Anything to secure oblivion from this aching misery! Huddling before the freshly lighted fire, she listened to the wind driving through the poplars; and once more there came back to her the words of that song sung by the Scottish girl at Fjorsen's concert:

And my heart reft of its own sun,  
Deep lies in death-torpor, cold and gray.

Presently she crept into bed, and, at last, fell asleep.

She woke next morning with the joyful thought, "It's Saturday; he'll be down soon after lunch!" And then she remembered. Ah, no! It was too much! At the pang of that remembrance, it was as if a devil entered into her—a devil of stubborn pride that grew blacker with every hour of the morning. After lunch, that she might not be in when he came, she ordered her mare and rode upon the downs alone. The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew strong from the sou'-west, and the sky was torn and driven in swathes of white and gray to north, south, east, and west, and puffs of what looked like smoke scurried across the cloud banks and the glacier-blue rifts between. The mare had not been out the day before, and on the springy turf stretched herself in that thoroughbred gallop which bears

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a rider up, as it were on air, till nothing but the thud of hoofs, the grass flying by, the beating of the wind in her face betrayed to Gyp that she was moving. For full two miles they went without a pull, only stopped at last by the finish of the level. From there, one could see far—away over to Wittenham Clumps across the valley, and to the high woods above the river in the east; away, in the south and west, under that strange, torn sky, to a whole autumn land of whitish grass, bare fields, woods of gray and gold and brown, fast being pillaged. But all that sweep of wind and sky, freshness of rain, and distant color could not drive out of Gyp's heart the hopeless aching and the devil begotten of it.

### VIII

THERE are men who, however well-off—either in money or love—must gamble. Their affections may be deeply rooted, but they cannot repulse Fate when it tantalizes them with a risk.

Summerhay, who loved Gyp, was not tired of her either physically or mentally, and even felt sure he would never tire, had yet dallied for months with this risk which yesterday had come to a head. And now, taking his seat in the train to return to her, he felt quiet; and since he resented disquietude, he tried defiantly to think of other things, but he was very unsuccessful. Looking back, it was difficult for him to tell when the sapping of his defenses had begun. A preference shown by one accustomed to exact preference is so insidious. The girl, his cousin, was herself a gambler. He did not respect her as he respected Gyp; she did not touch him as Gyp touched him, was not—no, not half—so deeply attractive; but she had—confound her!—the power of turning his head at moments, a queer, burning, skin-deep fascination, and, above all, that most dangerous quality in a woman—the lure of an imperious vitality. In love with life, she made him feel that he was letting things slip by. And since to drink deep of life was his nature, too, what chance had he of escape? Far-off cousinhood is a dangerous relationship. Its familiarity is not great enough to breed contempt, but sufficient to remove those outer defenses to intimacy, the conquest of which, in other circumstances, demands the conscious effort which warns people whither they are going.

Summerhay had not realized the extent of the danger, but he had known that it existed, especially since Scotland. It would be interesting—as the historians say—to speculate on what he would have done if he could have foretold what would happen. But he had certainly not foretold the crisis of yesterday evening. He had received a telegram from her at lunchtime, suggesting the fulfilment of a jesting promise, made in Scotland, that she should have tea with him and see his chambers—a small and harmless matter. Only, why had he dismissed his clerk so early? That is the worst of gamblers—they will put a polish on the risks they run. He had not reckoned, perhaps, that she would look so pretty, seated there in his big Oxford chair, with furs thrown open so that her white throat showed, her hair gleaming, a smile coming and going on her lips. Not reckoned that, when he bent to take her cup,

she would put out her hands, draw his head down, press her lips to his, and say, "Now you know!" His head had gone round, still went round, thinking of it! That was all. A little matter—except that, in an hour, he would be meeting the eyes of one he loved much more. And yet—the poison was in his blood; a kiss so cut short—by what—what counter-impulse?—leaving him gazing at her without a sound, inhaling that scent of hers—something like a pine wood's scent, only sweeter, while she gathered up her gloves, fastened her furs, as if it had been he, not she, who had snatched that kiss. But her hand had pressed his arm against her as they went down the stairs. And getting into her cab at the Temple Station, she had looked back at him with a little half-mocking smile of challenge and comradeship and promise. The link would be hard to break—even if he wanted to. And yet nothing would come of it. Heavens, no! He had never thought! Marriage! Impossible! Anything else—even more impossible! When he got back to his chambers, he had found in the box the letter, which her telegram had repeated, read-dressed by Gyp from the Red House. And a faint uneasiness at its having gone down there passed through him. He spent a restless evening at the club, playing cards and losing, sat up late in his chambers over a case, had a hard morning's work, and only now that he was nearing Gyp, realized how utterly he had lost the straightforward simplicity of things.

When he reached the house and found that she had gone out riding alone, his uneasiness increased. Why had she not waited as usual for him to ride with her? And he paced up and down the garden, where the wind was melancholy in the boughs of the walnut tree that had lost all its leaves. Little Gyp was out for her walk, and only poor old Ossy kept him company. Had she not expected him by the usual train? He would go out and try to find her. He changed and went to the stables. Old Pettance was sitting on a corn-bin, examining an aged Ruff's Guide, which contained records of his long-past glory, scored under by a pencil. He got up, saying:

"Good-afternoon, sir; windy afternoon, sir. The mistress 'as been gone out over two hours, sir. She wouldn't take me with 'er."

"Hurry up, 'then, and saddle Hotspur."

"Yes, sir; very good, sir."

Over two hours! He went up on to the downs, by the way they generally came home, and for an hour he rode, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of her. No use—and he turned home, hot and uneasy. On the hall table were her riding-whip and gloves. His heart cleared, and he ran up-stairs. She was doing her hair and turned her head sharply as he entered. Hurrying across the room, he had the absurd feeling that she was standing at bay. She drew back, bent her face away from him, and said:

"No! Don't pretend! Anything's better than pretense!"

He had never seen her look or speak like that—her face so hard, her eyes so stabbing! And he recoiled, dumfounded.

"What's the matter, Gyp?"

"Nothing. Only—don't pretend!" And, turning to the glass, she went on twisting and coiling up her hair.

She looked lovely, flushed from her ride in the wind, and he had a longing to seize her in his arms. But her face stopped him. With fear and a sort of anger, he said,

"You might explain, I think."

An evil little smile crossed her face.

"You can do that. I am in the dark."

"I don't in the least understand what you mean."

"Don't you?" There was something deadly in her utter disregard of him while her fingers moved swiftly about her dark, shining hair—something so appallingly sudden in this hostility that Summerhay felt a peculiar sensation in his head, as if he must knock it against something. He sat down on the side of the bed. Was it that letter? But how? It had not been opened. He said:

"What on earth has happened, Gyp, since I went up yesterday? Speak out, and don't keep me like this!"

She turned and looked at him.

"Don't pretend that you're upset because you can't kiss me. Don't be false, Bryan! You know it's been pretense for months."

Summerhay's voice grew high.

"I think you've gone mad. I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do! Did you get a letter yesterday marked 'Immediate'?"

Ah! So it was that! To meet the definite, he hardened, and said stubbornly:

"Yes; from Diana Leyton. Do you object?"

"No; only, how do you think it got back to you from here so quickly?"

He said dully:

"I don't know. By post, I suppose."

"No; I put it in your letter-box myself—at half-past five."

Summerhay's mind was trained to quickness, and the full significance of those words came home to him at once. He stared at her fixedly.

"I suppose you saw us, then."

"Yes."

He got up, made a helpless movement.

"Oh, Gyp, don't! Don't be so hard! I swear by—"

Gyp gave a little laugh, turned her back, and went on coiling at her hair. And again that horrid feeling that he must knock his head against something rose in Summerhay. He said helplessly:

"I only gave her tea. Why not? She's my cousin. It's nothing. Why should you think the worst of me? She asked to see my chambers. Why not? I couldn't refuse."

"Your empty chambers? Don't Bryan—it's pitiful! I can't bear to hear you."

At that lash of the whip, Summerhay turned and said,

"It pleases you to think the worst, then?"

Gyp stopped the movement of her fingers and looked round at him.

"I've always told you you were perfectly free. Do you think I haven't felt it going on for months? There comes a moment when pride revolts—that's all. Don't lie to me, please!"

"I am not in the habit of lying." But still he did not go. That awful feeling of encirclement, of a net round him, through which he could not break—a net which he dimly perceived, even in his resentment, to have been spun by himself, by that cursed intimacy, kept from her all to no purpose



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—beset him more closely every minute. Could he not make her see the truth, that it was only her he *really* loved? And he said,

"Gyp, I swear to you there's been nothing but one kiss, and that was not——"

A shudder went through her from head to foot; she cried out,

"Oh, please go away!"

He went up to her, put his hands on her shoulders, and said:

"It's only you I really love. I swear it! Why don't you believe me? You must believe me. You can't be so wicked as not to. It's foolish—foolish! Think of our life—think of our love—think of all——"

Her face was frozen; he loosened his grasp of her, and muttered, "Oh, your pride is awful!"

"Yes; it's all I've got. Lucky for you I have it. You can go to her when you like."

"Go to her! It's absurd—I couldn't—If you wish, I'll never see her again."

She turned away to the glass.

"Oh, don't! What is the use?"

Nothing is harder for one whom life has always spoiled than to find his best and deepest feelings disbelieved in. At that moment, Summerhay meant absolutely what he said. The girl was nothing to him! If she was pursuing him, how could he help it? And he could not make Gyp believe it! How awful! How truly terrible! How unjust and unreasonable of her! And why? What had he done that she should be so unbelieving—should think him such a shallow scoundrel? Could he help the girl's kissing him? Help her being fond of him? Help having a man's nature? Unreasonable, unjust, un-

generous! And, giving her a furious look, he went out.

He went down to his study, flung himself on the sofa and turned his face to the wall. Devilish! But he had not been there five minutes before his anger seemed childish and evaporated into the chill of deadly and insistent fear. He was perceiving himself up against much more than a mere incident, up against her nature—its pride and skepticism—yes—and the very depth and singleness of her love. While she wanted nothing but him, he wanted and took so much else. He perceived this but dimly, as part of that feeling that he could not break through, of the irritable longing to put his head down and butt his way out, no matter what the obstacles. What was coming? How long was this state of things to last? He got up and began to pace the room, his hands clasped behind him, his head thrown back; and every now and then he shook that head, trying to free it from this feeling of being held in chancery. And then Diana! He had said he would not see her again? But was that possible? After that kiss—after that last look back at him! How? What could he say—do? How break so suddenly? Then, at memory of Gyp's face, he shivered. Ah, how wretched it all was! There must be some way out—some way! Surely some way out. For when first, in the wood of life, Fatality halts, turns her dim, dark form among the trees, shows her pale cheek and those black eyes of hers, shows with awful swiftness her strange reality, men would be fools indeed who admitted that they saw her!

The conclusion of *Beyond* will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.

## Thomas A. Edison

(Continued from page 77)

annually, has operated with less fuel and fewer shut-downs than any being of record.

He is an inexorable master, and his fine senses are scarred with the whip-lash. Sleep is his abject slave and obeys orders. He alone decides when and how much he shall rest, and his splendid health and keen faculties would seem to say that the bed is a much overrated necessity.

But we must not forget that he is surrounded with a thousand diverting interests. You, who have so little to distract attention from yourself, would go mad under a like regimen. His ability to resist the extremities of fatigue indicts humanity *en masse* of wasting an incalculably valuable store of hours between sheets.

While our constitutions cannot be adjusted to accept his maximum of repose, even for a minimum, we must, in view of his performance, acknowledge indulgences which diminish our general efficiency.

Calculate what could be added to the wealth of the universe if everyone devoted even an additional thirty minutes daily to his task.

Mr. Edison eats little and drinks nothing. The simplicity and moderation of his fare confute the cry of multitudes that they cannot render a satisfactory account of themselves without frequent and varied nourishment.

He isn't conscious of his nerves. Modest and busy persons never are. Neurotics are just folk who can't find anything so interesting as their egoism.

He has no leisure for trivialities. He does not pamper his body and, in return for favors received, it does not hamper his plans.

Since ninety-odd per cent. of the population hereabout claim that current wages merely carry them from Saturday to Saturday, so that they dare not risk the uncertainties of unemployment while seeking broader opportunity, it is quite vital to note the minimum overhead at which the Edison plant secures maximum capacity.

Bear this in mind when next you face a long chance with short capital. Be-leaguered garrisons have discovered how much vitality man can draw upon when

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**September Cosmopolitan.**

his Dutch is up. You, being an ordinary person, have probably yet to call upon your second wind, and so are not sure how long you might last in a stern engagement with obdurate fortune.

The Adam family is notoriously too fond of the brake. We stop too soon.

Speed does not destroy, but frequent and sudden halts and the consequent obligation to get up steam again is ruinous. Thus we have Mr. Edison racing along on express schedule, while an interminable string of his juniors comes creaking timidly from the sidings and toward the junk-heap.

He does not borrow trouble nor do obstacles reduce his enthusiasm. It's t'other way round—by sheer enthusiasm he has reduced unbelievable obstacles. Worry is a telescope, and magnifies evil stars. He prefers to be an optimist, and magnificently keeps the faith with hope. He accepts no rebuff as a final decision. He has more failures to his credit than all the pages of this magazine could list in diamond type. He has mounted to his marks on the very waste-piles of experiment.

He does not despair of the end, and consequently always reaches it in the end.

When bent upon discovery, he gleans all fields, and persists until their potentialities are exhausted. He is convinced that consecutive, unremitting, organized investigation will locate anything on this earth.

Patience and zeal are the stuff of his genius.

You stand and deliver when discouragement halts you at the first crossroads. Edison has thrashed worse odds every week for fifty years than you meet in a lifetime.

He has no qualities which you do not contain, but he exercises the faculties you regularly neglect. Practise has sharpened his senses; the rest of us stunt and blunt ourselves by under-use.

Popular fancy pictures him as a lightning-rod delegated by Providence to catch dazzling inspirations. On the contrary, he arrives at results as a coral reef pushes to the surface—by infinite painstaking, microscopic construction. His mind seines every little creek and inlet that empties into the streams of knowledge, and not before he has exhausted the resources of one does he lower his nets in the next.

He has no unique characteristics—merely intensified ones.

He has shown us that science is nothing but purposeful curiosity—a trade for steady, plodding men.

He has demonstrated how much an individual can add to the world's wealth and comfort.

He has taught his generation the lengths that self-reliance can go.

He has called mankind to witness the attainment of imperishable fame and vast riches without staining honor or paining one fellow being.

He has shamed the shirker and the sham and the malcontent by his unaided rise from bed-rock to pinnacle.

But, most of all, he has heartened us to bear the cross that vandalism has thrust upon humanity, and let us know that we can breed simple men to set the clock against the gun—to find the needed tools when Progress bids us to the task of salvage.



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## The Adventure of Jose

(Continued from page 82)

writing early in the morning, after our first night in one of the most charming hotels I was ever in, and before going out "to potter this way and that," as C. C. W. says. But I must tell you of the run that brought us here.

It seems that northern New Jersey is as celebrated for its cedars and hemlocks, its dark, forest-covered hills, which might call themselves mountains, its intertangling lakes and rivers, as it is for its exploits in the Revolution. We went by way of Stockholm, Franklin, and Lafayette, nice, historic-sounding names of towns, and nice towns in themselves; but the country was even better than the towns or villages. The farmhouses and great, generous red barns, with the black-and-white Dutch-descended cows grazing in valley meadows, made heart-warming pictures. They were the very quintessence of peace, and it seemed incredible that in the same world a war could be going on. There were huge downlike hills to mount and descend in order to reach these happy valleys. One hill gave us the most delicious thrills, coasting down in *We'quarran*, who swooped with a majestic grace worthy of his Indian name.

It was only at Dingmans Ferry that our thoughts projected themselves ahead to the Delaware Water Gap, because there—or, rather, at a sweet little town named Layton, where we turned to the right for the Ferry—we came in sight of the Delaware.

Our first glimpse was from the very top of an immense hill. There was the river, winding like a rope of silver through a deep valley, into which the Eagle whirled us with thrilling, downward flight. The road-surface wasn't—well, it wasn't fine enough to live up to the view, but we—anyhow, the Woodsman and I, and, no doubt, Jen—were too excited to care. Dingmans Ferry wasn't a ferry at all, we discovered. The name was but a tribute to the past, for nowadays there's only a big bridge with a barred gate at the end, which won't let you touch the sacred soil of Pennsylvania till you've paid for the privilege. You pay forty cents, and—good gracious, my angels!—it's worth about forty thousand dollars if you have that sum handy in your pocket; for, you see, it's the marvelous road to the Water Gap.

I expected a good deal, but not such a bewildering panorama of one beauty after another. There was a perfect surface to travel over again, too; so we had no bumps to check our murmurs of admiration. The valley of the Delaware has a low, irregular wall of charming, childlike mountains, with delightful villages nestling here and there, and country inns which always seem to find a waterfall or a rippling rill to sit down by; and all the way there's an enchanting perfume of hemlock and clover—a heavenly mixture, I assure you. Yet even this loveliness is a mere preface for the sudden, breathless splendor of the Water Gap.

It burst upon us when we were still about five miles distant. Some warring giants of the past had broken down the wall of the world! We seemed to see things beyond that deep-purple wall—golden glimpses straight into the secret mystery of Skyland, which we had no right to see till we'd died and gone to heaven.

Really, that's not an exaggeration of the first effect upon the mind of the Water Gap, approached through the windings of the quiet valley and come upon unawares.

The little town of hotels and shops is gay and fascinating; but our hotel was further on, after a short but exquisite drive along a road with a rock wall that is a colorful tapestry of wild flowers. It—the hotel as well as the road—is in the woods, and seems meant for living out of doors, in the face of that glorious view.

There was to be a Cinderella dance after dinner, so I put on a lovely frock which I owe to you (literally a woven spell for Vivien) and I do believe the proposal would have come off if it hadn't been for Freddy, who stuck like—like *fly-paper*! We, the Woodsman and I, couldn't shake him off, indoors or out. Finally, he got on our nerves with his everlastingness and his giggle—got on them to the extent of spoiling our tempers. I came up to my room at last in despair, leaving poor Cash with Freddy, who was giving his views about the war. I said I had to write letters, which was almost true, because this is as long as several letters in one. Don't give up in despair, and think that I shall allow the Freddy creature to come between me and millions. We have New England before us, a much longer trip than that which ends to-morrow.

Your grateful, affectionate

JOSE, THE LOVE-PIRATE.

### Jose to Herself

Southold, August 4th.

The most dreadful thing has happened. I can't decide whether to write to the club now or to wait. I feel so much worse than I shall dare to tell the girls. They would try to cheer me up and say: "Never mind; fortune of war! If you've lost the big fish, it's no fault of yours. We're not going to blame you. And, after all, there are more in the sea." They've no idea that my heart is in this, that I've fallen dead in love with the "Snob," the "Wooden-Indian Cigar-Sign" whom I've made persistent fun of lest they should guess just how much I'd changed my mind. I want them never to guess, now that this thing has happened. I should have sprung the truth on them in the end, if all had gone right, for I shouldn't have cared if they'd made fun of me then. As it is—what shall I do? I'm so confused, the whole scene is like a dream still—the worst dream I ever had. I'll write it down to make it clearer in my head.

Instead of posting my letter to the girls—the envelop addressed to Mary Belle—I gave it to a page-boy to get stamped, because I wanted it to go before we left the hotel. He took it while I dressed; and I was happy as a bird, thinking no more about the letter. We had a day as good as the one that was gone—Schooleys Mountain, and Washington's headquarters at Morristown, and a funny adventure with a "movie" company in Moving-Picture-land, which I've found out is in New Jersey. The Woodsman brought us back to Southold, where it was arranged for Jenny and me, Mrs. Trent, and her brother to have one quiet day before starting out

again. Darling Adèle had made such a point of our dining with her (it had been with Jen last time) that we couldn't refuse. C. C. W. spun Jen and me home in the motor, but didn't come in, as it was late, and Jen and I were talking things over cosily on the side veranda when, to our surprise, Mrs. Trent appeared, alone. She said she'd walked over expressly to consult me about something very important. Would I walk with her in the pergola? She'd keep me only a few minutes. Bewildered, I went, saying to myself, "Well, fair Rosamund, I suppose Queen Eleanor has come to offer you a choice between the dagger and the poison-bowl." I little knew how near I was to the truth!

The woman didn't beat about the bush. She coolly announced that a letter I'd written had "fallen into her hands" (she didn't worry to explain whether she'd bribed the page-boy or deceived him into giving it up) and that, for certain reasons, she'd felt justified in reading it.

"I haven't taken any steps yet," she added. "I wanted to speak to you first. I saw you were a hypocrite, but I didn't suppose you were quite so brazen as you are. You don't deserve to live in the same world with a man like Charles Woods. Much less do you deserve to 'catch' him, as you'd no doubt put it. I don't intend to see the man sacrificed. I'm going to save him from you in spite of himself. Now, which do you choose? Will you make an excuse to go home to your gift shop and your 'syndicate' to-morrow, or shall I show Mr. Woods that letter?"

"He wouldn't read it," I gasped.

"I'd hold it up to his eyes, and a sentence or two would start up to them before he knew what the letter was. He'd see enough to know what you are, though, before he could stop. You must make up your mind to-night, because if you decide to brazen this out, I shall go to Mr. Woods early to-morrow morning."

I thought for a minute, and was inclined to bluff, because there's so much that's horrid about her and Freddy in the letter. But I reflected, She could easily pick out a page perfectly damning to me and with nothing bad about them. As the Woodsman is too thoroughly good and honorable to read on after he realizes what he is up against, I saw that the woman was perfectly safe.

I think it was the most dreadful moment of my life, far worse than when I found out that aunt Madeleine hadn't left me a cent. I was at the edge of a precipice, and whether I jumped over or flung myself back from the brink, I'd lose the man I loved—yes, *the man I loved!* I do love him. He is splendid, a self-made man, and a God-made gentleman. I shall never see his like again. I felt desperate. Usually my brain works quickly, but this time it wouldn't stir.

"I can't and won't decide to-night," I said. "You must give me till to-morrow morning."

"At eight o'clock I shall start for New York to see him," answered Mrs. Trent. "Unless you—"

"I will be at your house at seven and tell you what I've made up my mind to do," said I.

And I don't know yet what that will be!

The conclusion of *The Adventure of Jose* will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.



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## The Tortoise-shell Cat

(Continued from page 56)

do? What, in point of fact, Winter did, was to enjoy himself more than he ever had done in his life, painting his subtle and scandalous series of Aurea-cats—and, when the mood veered, painting, with a tender brilliancy that marked the apogee of his powers, that masterpiece of his, "Our Lady of Succor."

"How much do you think about me when I'm not there?" he would break out, apropos of nothing at all. "I think of you all the time!" He said it with his touch of burlesque.

"Oh, I dare say!"  
"When I don't see you, I'm miserable. Are you miserable when you don't see me? Not a bit. I'm nothing to you." In the face of her cheerful protest, he would gloom a moment, and then forget his injured feelings in looking at her from a new angle. "I know," he said, one evening, with his characteristic quickness of transition, "you're a reincarnation of Ptah, the cat-faced goddess of the Nile. Anybody else ever tell you that? Of course not. Nobody ever told you anything *true* till I came along. You are more beautiful than ever to-night!"

She looked at him over her sewing. "What's 'true' is you've had a pipe-dream about me," she said. "You'll come out of it."

"So that's all I get!" He flung out his long hands.

"For what?"  
"For my patience. For my—oh, very well. Since it doesn't seem to matter what I say, I'll say anything—I'll say all! Not just that I'm in love with you. You knew that at the beginning. Oh, yes, you did! That I'm in love with you goes without saying. A horrible lot of men must have been in love with you."

"No; very few."  
"Liar!"  
"Oh, very well, politest of men!"  
"What I'd like to know is who *you've* been in love with."  
"Nice thing to talk about to a married woman!"

They were extremely gay the next afternoon over those outrageous cats. While Aurea was putting on her things to go home, he stood looking at her.

A good many people had painted her, he said, reflectively stroking his mustache. "And nobody has made a success of it. We're going to make a success of painting you." He came nearer. Under the hand arrested at his upper lip, two sentences dropped out: "I don't believe anybody's ever made a success of loving you. What if we were to make a success of that, too?"

Jeannette came in to say word had been telephoned up that the auto was waiting. Aurea, putting on her gloves, spoke of a letter she'd had that morning from Henry. "He sent a receipt for your gift," she said to Laurence. "Henry is so grateful—"

"I've been making love to her," Winter interrupted. "That's why she's reminding me about Henry. She pretends she doesn't know what a large proportion of the population believes in polygamy—like me."

"How you do adore shocking people!" said his sister.

But Aurea shook her head. "Poor Laurence! I'm coming to see he hasn't any moral sense."

The object of commiseration looked flattered.

"Now we're getting on! We've cleared away some of the rubbish."

Jeannette gave Aurea the lead with the indulgent laugh of one well accustomed to take for humor all these waywardnesses of the *enfant gâté*. But that there should be no mistake, she added, with her wan playfulness, "If all the ladies you've talked nonsense to took you seriously, Larry, you'd have your hands full."

"Viper!" he returned calmly. "You know I've never adored anybody as I adore Aurea."

That his wildest extravagances were perpetrated when his sister was present, all fell in with Aurea's theory. When they were alone, he was discreet and often silent. Sometimes, during the sitting, he hardly spoke. On those days, he painted with extraordinary absorption. He was, in truth, painting superbly. Then, after he had thrown down his brushes—reaction.

Aurea saw how little physical strength was behind that energy of genius. At such times, under the surface cynicism and behind the dreamer, she had glimpses of the Eternal Child. The dreamer touched her imagination. But it was the child that carried him farthest with Aurea.

When he wasn't dining with her, he would drop in of an evening about six. "On my way to the club, I suppose."

Aurea had heard from Jeannette that for a long while after his wife died Larry didn't even go to the club.

As he stood before Aurea, wearing his overcoat still and carrying hat and gloves, she would ask gently,

"What's the matter?"  
"Matter? Life. Isn't that enough?"  
"Nonsense! You look cold."  
"Am cold," he'd say, looking pinched and childish.

"Then come and sit in this corner. Nobody is ever cold there."

Certainly he wasn't.

While he warmed his blood, he warmed his imagination with daring phrases. He tried them as he'd try a new color-scheme—with a sense of intellectual excitement. If they had excited her, he told himself he would have desisted. That they didn't excite her, that she smiled at them in her high way, made them seem safe while not detracting from the fascination of their sound. He went on from one intimacy of speech to another, with all the excitement of the born explorer.

"How you take it all!" he burst out, one night. "Without a quiver of an eyelash. Without"—he bent over her and put his fingers on her pulse—"without an extra beat. Though I pour out my soul! It's awful to be unresponsive as that. It's such—such"—he rolled his eyes round to find a sufficiently recriminatory epithet—"it's such colossal ingratitude."

And when she'd laugh at that, he'd laugh, too. But repetition of the note affected her like discord. It was too much out of tune

with her theory. He, too, seemed minded, sometimes, to strike the old resolving chord: "It's little enough I ask in return, though I give you *everything*!"

Neither could have told just when the gay travesty had been abandoned. Certainly, the more he told her how adorable she was, the more he came secretly to resent the way she "took it."

Winter understood as little as most people that no true relation is long proof against the corrosive quality in flattery. The most signal proof of its immorality is that it creates in the flatterer a false sense of service, a conviction in him of obligation on the part of the flattered. This conviction will persist in absence of all initial encouragement or any proof of gratification. Absence of gratification isn't, believed in. That it isn't shown is interpreted as part of a parsimony of soul.

Laurence Winter had given without stint. He had spent himself generously in largess of the lips and heart. Just what had Aurea given him in return? It grew to be the all-overshadowing question. He came out with it one never-to-be-forgotten evening: she took all and gave nothing.

"Nothing? You say I give nothing?"

She was sitting in the big chair with her sewing. "Why not the sofa?" he had objected. She only shook her head. No need to remind him that, if she sat on the sofa, he would come and sit there, too—very close. He would do that and more in the studio, in the face of Jeannette—making comedy out of it. "Of course I may kiss my cousin." He gave her the feeling that he watched for supersensitiveness, to pounce on it with laughter, with delicate gibe. That Jeannette was there stamped the scene as "only Larry's fun." The same identical act, or even a far more guarded sketch of it, here at Aurea's, took on significance. "I must alter this," she had said to herself, and shrank before the difficulty. For the difficulty wasn't only because of him. Because of herself. A sense of wrench, of loss, of throwing away something of sweetness, of value. Of what value? Where were they going? The question had to be faced. Sitting there on the sofa the night before, again he had kissed her. Quite quietly. Almost gravely. And Aurea had made no protest until he drew her nearer him once more in saying good-night.

"No," she had said, smiling.

But, now, there wasn't any smiling. "I give nothing? Is friendship nothing to you?"

Hadn't he told her often enough he didn't believe in friendship? He sat looking at her with a critical coldness. Presently:

"It's all nonsense what I've been saying about your not really caring. You *do* care." He said it not at all loverlike, but more as one lodging a charge. "The only excuse for you is that you don't yet realize how much—"

"I've never pretended I didn't care about you," she said, a trifle too hastily. "I'm very fond of you."

"Fond!" He was furious. "Dare say! And you're 'fond' of your dog. And 'fond' of chocolates. But don't tell me"—he

bent his head and looked at her with an odd upward flash. "It's a great deal more than that."

Though her face was wary, she could still say lightly,

"What puts that into your head?"

"If it weren't so, you aren't the kind of woman to encourage me."

She blinked at him as though he had cuffed her.

"Do I encourage you?"

"Do you?" Now that she was so very serious, he was laughing like his old self.

Was it "only his fun"? Certainly he was very humble afterward.

"It's so little I ask. I'm willing to do the giving."

But that, too, rang discord. In a sense, she felt he meant that it should—that it should stir her to some show of reciprocity. The thought stirred, instead, some obscure resentment in her. She looked out at him with gathering suspicion.

"If you don't understand friendship and don't want affection, what do you want?"

"I want you to love me," he answered, with his small-child air.

She seemed to consider that—to try to get her old bearings after a violent shaking.

"In a way, I do love you."

"Prove it!" But his tone changed almost instantly. It dropped to ask, "What's the matter?"

Something smoldering in her had gleamed coldly at his challenge. The "something" shone phosphorescent in the golden eyes.

"Since you think I encourage you, I've got to tell you. You can't have what you want." She said it harshly.

"What—I want?" he inquired, with bewilderment.

"Yes; you can't have it!" There was a hardness in her voice that was like hatred. He shrank under it till his whole attitude confessed repulse. Pushed far back in the deep chair, arms falling over the sides, he stared at the changed face opposite.

"I'm not that kind." Her wounding little sentences fell on quivering flesh. "Any other man would have understood. I've tried hard enough this side of seeming fatuous. I've kept on hoping, hoping—the hardness faltered an instant only—" "that you'd be satisfied with what I could give you. You aren't satisfied!"

He struggled to his feet.

"But I haven't asked—I didn't want—O Lord!" Out he bolted, with his hands up to both sides of his head, as if the blow had fairly cloven him through the skull.

She sat there a long time, staring at her arrested needle.

The next morning brought a letter.

O blind! How do you suppose I could ever have painted "Our Lady of Succor" if I'd had those thoughts in my head?

—an eloquent, indignant letter.

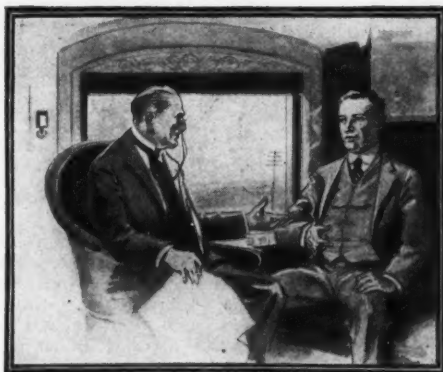
When she laid it down, tears of humiliation stood in her eyes.

"Oh-h," she breathed, "let me hide."

That instinctive cry was the key-note of the days that followed. Hide she did, solitary in a country hotel, for two weeks.

On the morning of her return, she met a friend of Jeannette's.

"What's the matter with Laurence Winter?" the lady demanded. "He looks like a tinker's ghost."



(Scene: Pullman Smoking Compartment. Judge Kirkland and Lawyer Roberts continuing a conversation begun at dinner.)

Judge: "Well, this business of selling direct-by-mail throughout the country is surely very popular with the public."

Lawyer: "Yes, but some of my clients say that in the interest of local merchants the States ought to find some way to check it."

Judge: "I don't see why they should check it or how they can do it. Selling merchandise is an interstate business. I can sell and you can buy in the best market wherever it is. What can a State do about it?"

Lawyer: "You're probably right, I'll admit. The States can't very well put the 'kibosh' on legitimate interstate business."

Judge: "Certainly not. The States cannot hold up arbitrarily any direct-by-mail transaction, nor can they tax life-insurance premiums thus sent by mail."

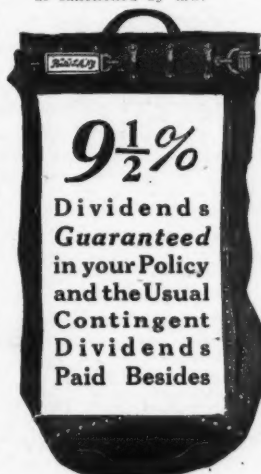
Lawyer: "How's that?"

Judge: "Policies are written for people, 'direct,' all over the country, and have been for years. The United States Supreme Court has decided unanimously that life-insurance premiums on such policies are exempt from State taxes. The usual license-fees and charges also

do not apply. All this helps policyholders."

Lawyer: "I suppose you refer to the Postal Life?"

Judge: "Yes, that Company hasn't any agents and never has had. The applicant deals direct, personally or by letter. The method is good common sense as well as sanctioned by law."



Lawyer (laughing): "Guess you're right. I wrote the Postal once myself just to find out how the Company did business, but never followed it up."

That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Kirkland take policies with the POSTAL and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance, while those like Lawyer Roberts, who at first write out of curiosity, at last find they can save money by taking a POSTAL Policy, and they do it.

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### Timely Talk on a Vital Subject

Judge (laughing): "I go you one better: I not only wrote them, but took a policy nine or ten years ago and have carried it ever since."

Lawyer: "How's the cost?"

Judge: "Lower than in other companies for the same kind of insurance—legal reserve—and besides that they give me a free medical examination each year just so I can keep in trim."

Lawyer: "That's pretty good. You live in Idaho and deal with a New York Company by mail. Did you ever look it up?"

Judge: "Only to know that it is chartered and licensed by New York State, whose laws are very strict, but I called on them when I was East a while ago. They're in their new building now on Fifth Avenue."

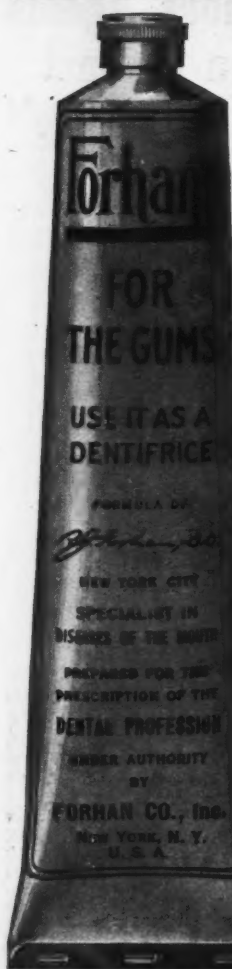
Lawyer: "So I hear. Believe I'll write them to figure on a policy for me."

Judge: "Don't think you could do better. Life insurance without agents is a distinct public service. The point is also made, and I think it is a good one, that the Company is subject to the United States Postal Authorities. The Postal simplifies the business, saves you money, safeguards your health and will treat you right in every way. I'd take another policy myself if I hadn't passed the age limit."



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Aurea murmured, "Always delicate," while her heart sank.

"Do you think he's a drug-fiend?" the woman persisted.

"He didn't use to be," said Aurea, with a sense of doom. "What he is now, don't ask me!"

She found him alone, reading, by a dying fire. A sharp contraction held her heart an instant. His face was ghastly.

Aurea looked at him out of appealing eyes. She took his hand. With touching humbleness, she begged him to forgive her for misunderstanding him. "I see clearer now." She drew her chair close to him; a new warmth and candor shone in her face. "Seeing" wasn't always so easy, she told him, and then she looked away. At least, it wasn't easy for a woman. If she was overready to think things, she was a mock. If she didn't, and things went wrong—all her fault!

"Yes, you're right, Larry; it is a hard world to live in." Her eyes dropped on his hands. They were magician-hands. But they were pathetic hands as well. Perhaps that was why, looking at them, her chin trembled. "What people could do for one another," her low voice went on, was so pitifully little. The little there was—what could excuse us if we didn't do it? She had come to him to say that. As he made no answer, she raised her eyes.

"Oh, Larry dear, don't punish me!—for I—I need you."

"You need—"

"Yes; more than any woman you ever knew. Just what I want to complete my life is what you've offered me. To complete it, did I say? To make it endurable. I'm starved, Laurence. I've been starved for years!"

Two or three broken, hurried sentences told of a girl married very young to a man who wouldn't, at any age, have been the right man. Not for her. "I couldn't, even to you, Larry, tell that story. Then, too, Henry has behaved well these last years. Given me my liberty and never encroached."

"You don't live together?"

"Not since six months after our marriage. We shall never live together again."

"He's no monk."

She made a gesture like one brushing away some little stinging insect.

"I was always stumbling over knowledge of that kind. It used to hurt horribly—used to hurt my pride—my sense of—oh, I know you don't agree about that! Or you pretend you don't. Anyway, those 'lapses,' as Henry calls them, don't hurt me any more. But the loneliness!" She burst out with it suddenly, as though a dam had given way. She rose to her feet and faced him with unseeing eyes. "That was why I flung myself into the Belgian work. I went to Henry. 'Look here!' I said. (The intensity of vision in her face painted Henry Disston on the air. Laurence saw again the man's congested face. And, confronting it, Aurea, as she had stood making that appeal—the clasped hands slightly extended; the gold of her eyes grayed over with tears.) 'I don't interfere. I let you enjoy yourself. I haven't ever before asked you to share anything with me. I do now. Let me share this work.'"

"Why?" Imagine his wanting to know why! I knew he wanted to take another woman over. 'She won't work,' I told

him. 'I will. And the work will save my soul alive.' It did, I think," she said humbly, and sank on her knees. She hid her wet eyes on the arm of Winter's chair. "It was the best thing," she went on, in a muffled voice, "that ever happened to me—till you—oh, Larry—" She lifted her face and put out a hand. He seemed not to see it. But she took one of his in both her own, and slipped into her low seat, still holding his hand—cherishing it. "To a lover I could never have told—but to you—just this once. And we'll never talk about it any more. I do need a little loving kindness." She lifted his hand to her cheek. She looked over it at him. "And if you need that, too—" She seemed vaguely chilled at his lack of response. Then a light came into her face. "I've been reading a lot of memoirs—filling in the days—yes, and the nights. I didn't know there had been such friendship between men and women. Oh, I remember you never liked that word 'friend.' It's been used for such poor stuff—that's why. But you and I—oh, I do love you, my friend! And to know that I may say so and do no wrong to anyone—that I may have this safe and beautiful background to my life—it's more than I ever thought to find. Dear—dear—"

She bent over the arm of the chair and laid her cheek to his. He was intensely still an instant. Then the somber eyes turned on her.

"What is it, Larry?" She could feel all the thin frame trembling against her arm. As he averted his face, she brought her eyes close again and again.

"Don't!" he whispered. She stared, motionless. "You don't know what you're doing," he said. Then, as she drew sharply back: "You don't know what you have done! Already. Beyond recall." He turned on her. "What devil made you put that into my head?"

"Put—what—into your head?" she breathed.

"That I loved you—like that. For I didn't. I swear I didn't. Not till you suggested it!" In the middle of her protest, he bent across the chair-arm and seized her two hands. "The thought of you, I tell you, never cost me an hour's sleep till that night. Never once, till you—"

As she wrested her wrists forcibly out of his hold, he sat back an instant, a figure spent, hopeless. Then, slowly, he bent forward and hid his face in his hands.

A horrible intensity of silence held the studio till Winter dropped his hands and showed a ravaged face. Still with something childlike in its piteousness, he said,

"You've put things in my head that never were there before, Aurea." Suddenly the child vanished, burnt up in the flame of his eyes as he whispered, "What can be done about it?" Slowly she shook her head. "But something must be done. I didn't invent these thoughts. You—"

"Laurence!"

"Yes. Be honest. Admit you invented them. You forced them on me. Take them back, Aurea, or I shall go mad!"

"I—don't know how—to take them back." She drew away. With face turned from him, she stood fastening her long coat. The man sat hunched in his chair.

"It's an unfair game—this game you've played. And you won't even pay your score!" He waited. Still that foolish

buttoning and the head turned from him.  
"I must pay for you—"

"Hush!" That she kept her face averted gave him hope. She dared not look him in the eyes.

"How can a woman of your kind not feel responsible when you are responsible? I swear—"

Jeannette's voice in the hall. As Aurea, without a word, went slowly toward the door, he sprang to his feet.

"What are you made of to be willing to leave me like this? You haven't taken it in. This is your work, Aurea." His low voice, thrilling after her, caught her at the threshold. "Think, when you try to sleep," he went on, "that I'm awake—and—why—remember, till that night there was nothing in my thoughts of you—nothing, I tell you, to bring on me this."

She turned at last.

"I don't believe you. The thought was there all the time."

"Was it?" he asked, under his breath, when the door had shut behind her. He stood staring at the desolate hearth.

Jeannette opened the door.

That she did nothing for the fire was so strange, he turned to look at her. It was Aurea.

"There was something I forgot to say."

"Yes; I had that impression, too," he answered bitterly.

She looked at him.

"I don't know if you'll understand."

"It depends on whether you tell the truth."

"Oh, it's the truth!" But she stood there silent—the counsel-keeping, secret look on her cat's face. Her lips parted, but no word came.

"Shall I help you out?" There was no tenderness in the tragic mouth. "You aren't the least horrified that I'm in love with you. You want me to feel like this—and not to say so. Or, at least, not to say so above a whisper. Above all, not to insist. Just give and give. Till I've poured out love, talent, all my days, life itself." She stood there as still as any portrait against the wall. "You want it all—"

"There's an answer to that!" she cried. "You know you'd take it all! Quite safely, you'd think, as one of the take-all-give-nothing sisterhood."

"This is dreadful!" She turned away.

"You're not going till"—he barred the door—"not till you tell me what it was you came back to say." Again he stood, gaunt and brown, like a figure carved in relief on the oak paneling. She looked at him.

"Henry's cabled."

"He's coming back?"

She moved her head faintly to make,

"No."

"He wants you—over there?"

"I think it must be that the people want me. I hope so."

"You mean you're going?"

Again that faintest, irrevocable motion, this time assenting.

He left the door with bent head. His shoulders sagged. When he came within reach of a chair, he laid a hand on the back.

"You hadn't meant to go when you first came in?"

"No."

"And, now—you're going."

She nodded.

"There'll be no question, there, of my 'taking.' It will be all giving, thank God!"



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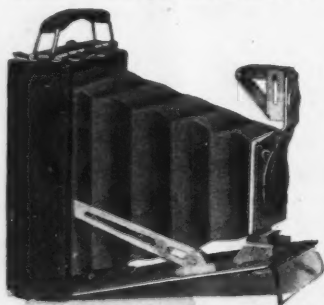
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Her jubilation was more than he could bear.

"Don't deceive yourself! You'll only give bread. You'll get—more of what you've taken away from me—peace." He dropped into the chair. She came over to him and stood at his side. He looked up at her with eyes that brought the tears to her own.

"Aurea—" he began.

"What I really came back to say—" Her first words struck in hurriedly and then, after a pause, they came as though drawn out of deeps—"I mightn't care about you half so much and yet want to—give 'everything,' as we've been calling it."

"I don't understand," he said, in his old plaintive tone as Jeannette came in.

"I was afraid you mightn't," said Aurea.

## A Pack-Train in the Cascades

(Continued from page 49)

blankets hardly kept us warm, while our tired horses wandered far, searching for such bits of grass as grew among the shale.

In the north-central part of the state of Washington, nature has done a curious thing. She has built a great lake in the eastern shoulders of the Cascade Mountains. Lake Chelan, more than fifty miles long and averaging a mile and a half in width, is ten hundred and seventy-five feet above sea-level, while its bottom is four hundred feet below the level of the ocean. It is almost completely surrounded by granite walls and peaks which reach more than a mile and a half into the air.

The region back from the lake is practically unknown. A small part of it has never been touched by the Geological Survey, and, in one or two instances, we were able to check up errors on our maps. Thus, a lake shown on our map as belonging at the head of McAllister Creek really belongs at the head of Rainbow Creek, while McAllister Lake is not shown at all. Mr. Coulter, a forester who was with us for a time, last year discovered three lakes at the head of Rainbow Creek which have never been mapped, and, so far as could be learned, had never been seen by a white man before. Yet Lake Chelan itself is well known in the Northwest. It is easily reached, its gateway being the famous Wenatchee Valley, celebrated for its apples.

It was from Chelan that we were to make our start. Long before we arrived, Dan Devore and the packers were getting the outfit ready.

Yet the first glimpse of Chelan was not attractive. We had motored half a day through that curious, semiarid country, which, when irrigated, proves the greatest of all soils in the world for fruit-raising. The August sun had baked the soil into yellow dust which covered everything. Arid hillsides without a leaf of green but dotted thickly with gray sage-brush, eroded valleys, rocks and gullies—all shone a dusty yellow in the heat. The dust penetrated everything. Wherever water could be utilized were orchards, little trees planted in geometrical rows and only waiting the touch of irrigation to make their owners wealthy beyond dreams.

The lower end of Lake Chelan was surrounded by these bleak hillsides, desert without the great spaces of desert. Yet unquestionably, in a few years from now, these bleak hillsides will be orchard land. Only the lower part, however, is bleak—only an end, indeed. There is nothing more beautiful and impressive than the upper part of that strangely deep and quiet lake lying at the foot of its enormous cliffs.

By devious stages we reached the head

of Lake Chelan, and there for four days the outfitting went on. Horses were being brought in, saddles fitted; provisions in great cases were arriving. To outfit a party of our size for two weeks means labor and generous outlay. And we were going to be comfortable. We were willing to travel hard and sleep hard. But we meant to have plenty of food. I think we may claim the unique distinction of being the only people who ever had grapefruit regularly for breakfast on the top of that portion of the Cascade range.

While we waited, we learned something about the country. It is volcanic ash, disintegrated basalt, this great fruit-country to the right of the range. And three things, apparently, are responsible for its marvelous fruit-growing properties. First, the soil itself, which needs only water to prove marvelously fertile; second, the length of the growing-season, which around Lake Chelan is one hundred and ninety-two days in the year. And this just south of the Canadian border! There is a third reason, too: the valleys are sheltered from frost. Even if a frost comes, and I believe it is almost unknown, the high mountains surrounding these valleys protect the blossoms so that the frost has evaporated before the sun strikes the trees. There is no such thing known as a killing frost.

But it is irrigation on a virgin and fertile soil that is primarily responsible. They run the water to the orchards in conduits, and then dig little trenches, running parallel among the trees. Then they turn it on, and the tree-roots are bathed, soaked. And out of the desert springs such trees of laden fruit that each branch must be supported by wires!

So we ate such apples as I had never dreamed of, and waited. Joe got his films together. The boys practised shooting. I rested and sharpened lead-pencils. Bob had found a way to fold his soft hat into what he fondly called the "Jennings do," which means a plait in the crown to shed the rain, and which turned an amiable ensemble into something savage and extremely flat on top. The Head played croquet.

And then into our complacency came, one night, a bit of tragedy.

A man staggered into the little hotel at the head of the lake, carrying another man on his back. He had carried him for forty hours, lowering him down, bit by bit, from that mountain highland where he had been hurt—forty hours of superhuman effort and heart-breaking going, over cliffs and through wilderness.

The injured man was a sheep-herder. He had cut his leg with his wood-ax, and blood-poisoning had set in. I do not know

the rest of that story. The sheep-herder was taken to a hospital the next day, traveling a very long way. But whether he traveled still further, to the land of the Great Shepherd, I do not know. Only this I do know: that this Western country I love is full of such stories, and of such men as the hero of this one.

At last we were ready. Some of the horses were sent by boat the day before, for this strange lake has little or no shore-line. Granite mountains slope stark and sheer to the water's edge, and drop from there to frightful depths below. There are, at the upper end, no roads, no trails or paths that border it. So the horses and all of us went by boat to the mouth of Railroad Creek—so called, I suppose, because the nearest railroad is more than forty miles away—up which led the trail to the great unknown. All around and above us were the cliffs, towering seven thousand feet over the lake. And beyond those cliffs lay adventure.

For it was adventure. Even Dan Devore, experienced mountaineer and guide that he was, had only been to Cascade Pass once, and that was sixteen years before. He had never been across the divide. "Silent Lawrie" Lindsley, the Naturalist, had been only part-way down the Agnes Creek valley, which we intended to follow. Only in a general way had we any itinerary at all.

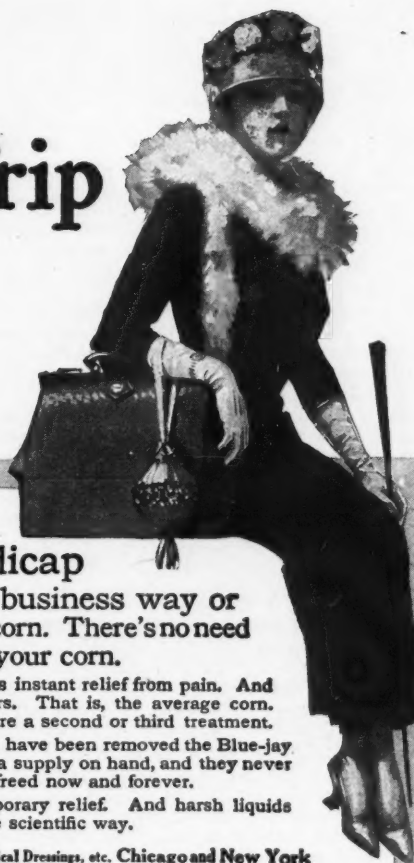
Now a national forest is a happy hunting-ground. Whereas in the national parks game is faithfully preserved, hunting is permitted in the forests. To this end, we took with us a complete arsenal. The Naturalist carried a Colt's revolver; the Big Boy had a twelve-gauge hammerless, called a "howitzer." We had two 24-gauge shotguns in case we met an elephant or anything similarly large and heavy, and the Little Boy proudly carried, strapped to his saddle, a 22 high-power rifle, shooting a steel-jacketed, soft-nose bullet, an express-rifle of high velocity and great alarm to mothers. In addition to this, we had a Savage repeater, two Winchester 30's, and the forest supervisor carried his own Winchester 38. We were entirely prepared to meet the whole German army.

It is rather sad to relate that, with all this preparation, we killed nothing whatever. Although it is not true that, on the day we encountered a large bear, and the three junior members of the family were allowed to turn the artillery loose on him, at the end of the firing the bear pulled out a flag and waved it, thinking it was the Fourth of July.

As we started, that August midday, for the long, dusty ride up the Railroad Creek trail, I am sure that the three junior Rineharts had nothing less in mind than two or three bearskins apiece for school bedrooms. They deserved better luck than they had. Night after night, sitting in the comparative safety of the camp-fire, I have seen my three sons, the Big, the Middle, and the Little Boy, starting off, armed to the teeth with deadly weapons, to sleep out under the stars and catch the first unwary bear on his way to breakfast in the morning.

Morning after morning, I have sat breakfastless and shaken until the weary procession of young America toiled into camp, hungry and bearless, but, thank heaven, whole of skin save where mosquitoes and black flies had taken their toll of them. They would trudge five miles, sleep

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three hours, hunt, walk five miles back, and then ride all day.

The first day was the least pleasant. We were still in the Railroad Creek valley; the trail was dusty; packs slipped on the sweating horses and had to be replaced. The bucking horse of the outfit had, as usual, been given the eggs, and, burying his head between his fore legs, threw off about a million dollars' worth before he had been on the trail an hour.

On that first part of the trip, we had three dogs with us—Chubb and Doc, as well as Whiskers. They ran in the dust with their tongues out, and lay panting under bushes at each stop. Here and there we found the track of sheep driven into the mountain to graze. For a hundred or two hundred feet in width, it was eaten completely clean, for sheep have a way of tearing up even the roots of the grass so that nothing green lives behind them. They carry blight into a country like this.

Then, at last, we found the first arrow of the journey, and turned off the trail to camp.

On that first evening, the arrow landed us in a great spruce grove where the trees averaged a hundred and twenty-five feet in height. Below, the ground was cleared and level and covered with fine moss. The great gray trunks rose to Gothic arches of green. It was a churchly place. And running through it were little streams living with trout.

And in this saintly spot, quiet and peaceful, its only noise the babbling of little rivers, dwelt billions on billions of mosquitoes that were for the first time learning the delights of the human frame as food.

There was no getting away from them. Open our mouths and we inhaled them. They hung in dense clouds about us and fought over the best locations. They held loud and noisy conversations about us, and got in our ears and up our nostrils and into our coffee. They went trout-fishing with us and put up the tents with us. Dined with us and on us. But they let us alone at night.

It is a curious thing about the mountain-mosquito as I know him. He is a lazy insect. He retires at sundown and does not begin to get in any active work until eight o'clock the following morning. He keeps union hours.

Something of this we had anticipated, and I had ordered mosquito-netting, to be worn as veils. When it was unrolled, it proved to be a brilliant scarlet, a scarlet which faded in hot weather onto necks and faces and turned us suddenly red and hideous.

Although it was late in the afternoon when we reached that first camp, Camp Romany, two or three of us caught more than a hundred trout before sundown. We would have done better had it not been necessary to stop and scratch every thirty seconds.

That night, the Woodsman built a great bonfire. We huddled about it, glad of its warmth, for although the days were hot, the nights, with the wind from the snow-covered peaks overhead, were very cold. The tall, unbranching gray spruce-trunks rose round it like the pillars of a colonnade. The forester blew up his air bed. In front of the supper-fire, the shadowy figures of the cooks moved back and forward. From a near-by glacier came an occasional crack, followed by a roar which told of ice drop-

ping into cavernous depths below. The Little Boy cleaned his gun and dreamed of mighty exploits.

We rested all the next day at Camp Romany—rested and fished, while three of the more adventurous spirits climbed a near-by mountain. Late in the afternoon they rode in, bringing in their midst Joe, who had, at the risk of his life, slid a distance which varied in the reports from one hundred yards to a mile and a half down a snow-field, and had hung fastened on the brink of eternity until he was rescued.

Very white was Joe that evening, white and bruised. It was twenty-four hours before he began to regret that the camera had not been turned on him at the time.

Not until we left Camp Romany did we feel that we were really off for the trip. And yet that first day out from Romany was not agreeable going. The trail was poor, although there came a time when we looked back on it as superlative. The sun was hot, and there was no shade. Years ago, prospectors hunting for minerals had started forest-fires to level the ridges. The result was the burning-over of perhaps a hundred square miles of magnificent forest. The second growth which has come up is scrubby, a wilderness of young trees and chaparral, through which progress was difficult and uninteresting.

Up the bottom of the great glacier-basin toward the mountain at its head, we made our slow and painful way. More dust, more mosquitoes. Even the beauty of the snow-capped peaks overhead could not atone for the ugliness of that destroyed region. Yet, although it was not lovely, it was vastly impressive. Literally, hundreds of waterfalls cascaded down the mountain wall from hidden lakes and glaciers above, and towering before us was the mountain wall which we were to climb later that day.

We had seen no human creature since leaving the lake, but as we halted for luncheon by a steep little river, we suddenly found that we were not alone. Standing beside the trail was an Italian bandit with a knife two feet long in his hands.

Ha! Come adventure! Come romance! Come rifles and pistols and all the arsenal, including the Little Boy, with pure joy writ large over him! A bandit, armed to the teeth!

But this is a disappointing world. He was the cook from a mine—strange, the way we met cooks, floating around loose in a world that seems to be growing gradually cookless. And he carried with him his knife and his bread-pan, which was, even then, hanging to a branch of a tree.

We fed him, and he offered to sing. The Optimist nudged me.

"Now listen," he said; "these fellows can sing. Be quiet, everybody!"

The bandit twisted up his mustachios, smiled beatifically, and took up a position in the trail, feet apart, eyes upturned.

And then—he stopped.

"I start a leetle high," he said; "I start again."

So he started again, and the woods receded from around us, and the rushing of the river died away, and nothing was heard in that lonely valley but the most hideous sounds that ever broke a primeval silence into rags and tatters.

When, at last, he stopped, we got on our horses and rode on, a bitter and disillusioned party of adventurers whose first bubble of enthusiasm had been pricked.

It was four o'clock when we began the ascent of the switchback at the top of the valley. Up and up we went, dismounting here and there, going slowly but eagerly. For, once over the wall, we were beyond the reach of civilization. So strange a thing is the human mind! We who were for most of the year most civilized, most dependent on our kind and the comforts it has wrought out of a primitive world, now we were savagely resentful of it. We wanted neither men nor houses. Stirring in us had commenced that primeval call that comes to all now and then, the longing to be alone with Mother Earth, savage, tender, calm old Mother Earth.

And yet we were still in touch with the world. For even here man had intruded. Hanging to the cliff were the few buildings of a small mine which sends out its ore by pack-pony. I had already begun to feel the aloofness of the quiet places, so it was rather disconcerting to have a miner with a patch over one eye come to the doorway of one of the buildings, and remark that he had read some of my political articles and agreed with them most thoroughly.

That was a long day. We traveled from early morning until long after late sundown. Up the switchback to a green plateau we went, meeting our first ice there, and here again that miracle of the mountains, meadow flowers and snowside by side.

Far behind us strung the pack-outfit, plodding doggedly along. From the rim we could look back down that fire-swept valley toward Heart Lake and the camp we had left. But there was little time for looking back. Somewhere ahead was a brawling river descending in great leaps from Lyman Lake, which lay in a basin above and beyond. Our camp, that night, was to be on the shore of Lyman Lake, at the foot of Lyman Glacier. And we had still far to go.

Mr. Hillgoss met us on the trail. He had found a camp-site by the lake and had seen a bear and a deer. There were wild ducks also.

Now and then there are scenes in the mountains that defy the written word. The view from Cloudy Pass is one; the outlook from Cascade Pass is another. But for sheer loveliness there are few things that surpass Lyman Lake at sunset, its great glacier turned to pink, the towering granite cliffs which surround it dark purple below, bright rose at the summits. And lying there, still with the stillness of the ages, the quiet lake.

There was, as a matter of fact, nothing to disturb its quiet. Not a fish, so far as we could discover, lived in its opalescent water, cloudy as is all glacial water. It is only good to look at, is Lyman Lake, and there are no people to look at it.

Set in its encircling, snow-covered mountains, it lies fifty-five hundred feet above sea-level. We had come up in two days from eleven hundred feet, a considerable climb. That night, for the first time, we saw the northern lights—at first, one band like a cold finger set across the sky, then others, shooting ribbons of cold fire, now bright, now dim, covering the northern horizon and throwing into silhouette the peaks over our heads.

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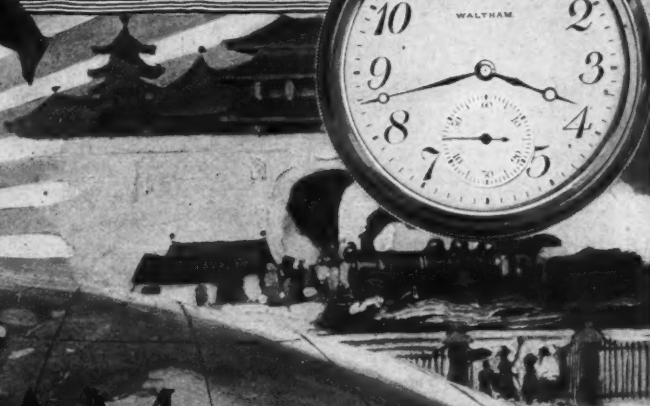
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hatless, disporting themselves like baby ostriches. Reproaches were received with trills of laughter, warnings of punishment with trusting, happy eyes.

When, at last, Christine had them safely absorbed in a table-game, it was to realize that Roddy had suddenly disappeared. Calling Meekie to take charge of the little girls, she hastened, with beating heart, in search of the boy. Instinct took her in the direction of the dam, and she caught him up just as he had reached its brink. He looked at her brightly, no sign of shame-facedness or sulkiness on him, but would give no further explanation than that he "only wanted to peep in."

"But, Roddy, how could you be so disobedient, dear? And you remember what your mother said this morning?"

"Yes, I remember; but I did not promise. If I had promised, I would not have gone."

"Well, will you promise me, darling?"

But at that he broke away from her and ran toward the house, singing, "Just a little péep-in—just a little péep-in."

She felt more than slightly dispirited. There were three bad nights behind her, and the day had been particularly tiring. Though young and energetic, and with an extraordinary sense of love and responsibility toward these naughty, attractive children, she wondered, for a weary moment, whether she could stand the racket. The work of governessing was new to her. Any work was new to her, and governessing in Africa is as different to governessing in England (which is bad enough) as plowing cultivated land is to opening up virgin soil. But life had unexpectedly laid the burden of work upon Christine Chaine, and having put her hand to the plow, she did not mean to turn back. Only, for once, she was glad when nightfall brought the hour when she could leave her charges for a while in some one else's care.

Once the children were safely in bed, it was Meekie's task to sit beside them until Christine had dined and rested, and chose to come to bed. Meekie belonged to the kraal people, but she had white blood in her, like so many natives, and spoke very good English.

That all the men on the farm should turn up to dinner that evening did not seem to Christine so much a cause for surprise as for contempt. In her short but not too happy experience of life, she had, like a certain great American philosopher, discovered that the game of life is not always "played square" when there is a woman in it. Of course, it was comprehensible that all men liked a good dinner, especially when it was not marred by hymns and long prayers fervent to the point of fanaticism. Equally of course, the pretty hostess, with a charming word of welcome for everyone, was an attraction in herself. But, somehow, it sickened the clear heart of Christine Chaine to see

## Blue Aloes

(Continued from page 35)

this jubilant gathering round a dinner-table that was usually deserted, and from which the host had just departed, a sick and broken man. She thought the proceedings more worthy of a lot of heartless schoolboys delighting in a master's absence than of decent, honest men.

And whatever she thought of the Hollanders and colonials, whose traditions were unknown to her, it was certain that her scorn was redoubled for the one man she knew to be of her own class and land.

Yet there he sat at the elbow of his hostess, calm and smiling, no whit removed from his usual self-contained and arrogant self. Christine gave him one long look that seemed to turn her violet eyes black; then she looked no more his

way. She could not have told why she hated this action in him so bitterly. Perhaps she felt that he was worthy of higher things, but, if questioned, she would probably have laid it at the door of caste and country. All that she knew,

for a poignant moment, was as intense longing to strike the smile from his lips with anything to hand—a wine-glass, a bowl, a knife.

Mercifully, the moment passed, and all most of them saw was a young girl who had come late to dinner—a girl with a rather radiant skin, purple black hair that branched away from her face as though with a life of its own, and violet eyes that, after one swordlike glance all round, were hidden under a line of heavy lashes. The black-velvet dinner gown she wore, simple to austerity, had just a faint rim of tulle at the edges against her skin. Only an artist or connoisseur would have observed the milkiness of that skin and the perfect lines under the somber velvet. Small wonder that most eyes turned to the lady who to-night took the place of ceremony at the table, and who, as always, was arrayed in the delicate laces and pinkish tints that seemed to call to notice the gold of the hair, the rose of her cheek, and the golden-brown shadows of her eyes.

The little cloud of sadness and loss that hovered over her, yet never descended, was like the rain-cloud that sometimes threatens a June day. It seemed everyone's business to drive that cloud away, and everyone but Christine applied themselves nobly to the task. At the end of the long dinner, all were so properly employed in this manner that apparently no one noticed the departure of the silent, scornful-lipped governess, and she was able to make her exit without notice or remonstrance.

For a little while she walked up and down in the garden under the rays of a new and early-retiring slip of moon. Then, with a pain at her heart that she had hoped it was forever out of the power of life to deal her, she retired to the nursery, relieved the colored nurse from her watch, and went quietly to bed.

For fully an hour afterward she heard

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the echo of laughter and voices in the front veranda—sometimes the chink of glasses. Later, Mrs. van Cannan sang and played waltz-music to them in the drawing-room. At last the men departed, one by one. Mrs. van Cannan was heard calling sharply for her night lemonade and some one to unlace her frock. Next, the servants shuffled softly homeward through the dusk. The old Cape cook, who had quarters somewhere near the kitchen, went the rounds, locking up. The clang of the iron bar falling into its bracket across the great front door echoed through the house. Then all was still.

In the sinister, brooding peace of the desert that ensued, the night noises presently began to make themselves heard.

A cricket somewhere in the house set up a sprightly cheeping. Far, far away, an animal wailed, and a jackal-distressfully called to its mate. Then something laughed terribly—rocking, hollow laughter—it might have been a hyena.

Christine Chaine was a Catholic. She crossed herself in the darkness and softly repeated some of the prayers whose cadences and noble phrases seem to hold power to hush the soul into peace. She hoped at this time they would hush her mind into sleep, but for a long while many impressions of the day haunted her. Sometimes she saw the twitching shoulders and tormented gaze of a sick man, then the smiling blond-and-pink beauty of a woman. Sometimes a pair of blue eyes, with riddles in them that she would not read, held her; then graves—graves in a long, arid line. At last she slept, the sleep of weariness that mercifully falls upon the strong and healthy like a weight, blotting out consciousness.

Then—taps on the shutter, and words: "Mind the boy—take care of the boy!"

They were soft taps and whispered words, but, like the torment of dropping water, they had their effect at last. The girl sat up in bed again, her fingers pressed to her temples, her eyes staring, listening, listening. Yes—they were the same eternal taps and words. With the dull desperation of fatigue, she got out of bed and approached the window.

"Who are you? What are you? Tell me what to do," she said quietly.

In the long silence that followed, there was only one answer—the subtle odor of rotteness stole into the room.

She never knew afterward what possessed her to take the course she did. Probably if she had not gone to sleep in the strength and peace of prayers, and awakened with the protection of them woven about her, she would have taken no course at all. As it was, she knew she had got to do something to solve the mystery of this warning. It did not occur to her to get out of the window. The right thing seemed to make her way very quietly through the house, let herself out by the front door, and come round to the window where the warning thing waited. It would not hurt her, she knew. It was a hateful Thing, but that its intentions were benevolent was a conclusion that had forced itself upon her soul.

Groping for her dressing-gown, she found it and put it on without striking a light. And though she carried a box of matches in her hand, she believed she would not need them, for the way was perfectly simple and well known to her—a long

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passage that led to the dining-room, at one end of which was the great, iron-barred front door.

Her feet and hands found the way quietly, and she reached the front door without incident, but when she felt for the great bar whose strident clanging in its bracket had been a last signal of night within the house, her hand encountered nothing. Wonderingly she slid her fingers up and down the polished oak. At last she realized that the bar hung loose; the door was merely on the latch. Some one beside herself who dwelt within the house had business without its portals that night and was still abroad!

For the first time, the girl's purpose faltered. A slow fear pierced her, and her feet refused to take her farther. The thought flashed into her mind that, if she passed the door, she might find herself locked out, with the night—and she knew not what beside.

Even as she stood there hesitating, trying to collect her courage, a sound—the soft tread of a foot on gravel—told her that some other being was close by. There came the same stealthy tread in

the porch. Swiftly she shrank back into the embrasure of one of the long windows, thankful for the green blinds against which her dark dressing-gown would give no sign. With one full sleeve, she shrouded her face. She had suddenly become terribly aware of being nothing but a slight girl in a nightgown and wrap, with bare feet thrust into straw slippers. She remembered stories she had heard of struggles in the darkness with powerful natives, and her heart turned to water.

It seemed to her the most horrible moment of her life while she stood shrinking there in the shadow, listening to the door open and close, the bar being replaced, the quiet, regular breathing of that other person. Whoever it was, his movements were calm and undisturbed, but Christine could see nothing, only a large, dim outline that moved sure-footedly across the room, opened another door on the far side, closed it, and was gone.

There were so many other doors, so many other passages. All Christine could be certain of and thankful for was that it was not her door and her passage that

had swallowed up the mysterious night-walker. It was some little time before she collected sufficient fortitude to creep back whence she had come, her plan unfulfilled, her courage melted. She was bitterly ashamed, yet felt as if she had escaped from some great evil. Once in the nursery, she locked the door, lighted a candle, and, after she had looked to ascertain that the children were sleeping soundly, she opened her dressing-case and took out a little box of *cachets* that had been prescribed for her a year before when bitter trouble had stolen sleep for many a night. She felt, and with some reason, that this was an occasion when it would not be too cowardly to resort to artificial means of restoring her nerves by sleep. For though fright and surprise had bereft her, for the time being, of her nerve, her firm spirit was neither beaten nor cowed. She meant to see this thing through, and her last waking thought was a murmured prayer for help to steel her heart against terrors that walked by night, and to resist to the utmost any menace of evil that should approach the little children in her charge.

The next instalment of *Blue Aloes* will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.

## Salvage

(Continued from page 64)

she's steady and can help him and he needs her and—” He choked.

“I—I don't think I know what you mean, exactly,” said Martha.

He was holding her so tightly now that they had to walk more slowly.

“Look here,” he said, in a suppressed, explosive voice: “What would you think of me if you knew that I cried? Yes—cried! Only the other night. Blubbered like a girl!” She didn't answer at once. He bent toward her. “Eh? What would you think of me?”

“Oh—oh, Hen-ry, you're ma-making me cry!”

Poor Henry! Never in his life had he tried so desperately to be honest. Never had he told the truth so harshly. And the net result was merely that he made a more effective impression on Martha than he had ever before made on a girl. Fortunately, he didn't see it in this light. Nor did Martha.

They had got well into the built-up section of the town before she, with a touch of quiet primness, withdrew her hand from his. He was walking at a great pace now, but Martha was nearly as strong and free in movement as he, and swung gracefully along, step for step with him. And all the way into town, after that little outbreak of his, he was pouring out his story—his erratic, undisciplined life; his flat failure at school, his weakness for applause, his debts, his consecutive little affairs with Clem Snow and Janet Bulger and the one that had seemed more deeply serious with Ernestine Lambert, winding up with a detailed account of heedless unkindness toward his mother and his uncle's detailed indictment. It was a display of undiluted egotism, but neither of them knew it for that.

“I don't care,” said Martha; “it wasn't fair—what he said. You've done a lot to be proud of. He was too harsh. I think he forgot that he was young once.”

They were crossing Simpson Street. The lights of Donovan's blazed brightly. Other lights shone. But the lights that had apparently caught Henry's eyes were dim and quite near at hand. They came as a soft yellow glow from the office of the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*, which journal went to press on Friday evenings.

She saw him staring. She saw, too, that he had heard not a word of the first little speech he had given her the opportunity to utter. He gripped her shoulders, moved her back into the shadows just off the main street, said, “Wait here a minute,” and walked briskly across the way and entered the office of the paper.

She could just make him out in there, apparently talking violently with the student who worked at the outer desk. She saw his arms fly about in vehement gestures. He was quite wonderful, she thought, when those driving moods came on him.

She saw the student get up—she thought it was the student; at least, it wasn't old Mr. Boice, the editor and publisher, because he was a huge man with a white beard—anyway, the student got up and went somewhere, and then old Mr. Boice appeared from somewhere, and Henry made more gestures. She wondered what it was all about. It was something that had just popped into Henry's head. She knew him well enough to be sure of that. It was the fascinating thing about Henry. The best things he did came in just that way.

She had to stand there nearly half an hour. When people passed, she stepped back into the dark shadows. Once, with a sensation of guile, she hid her face by bending over and pretending to tie her shoe. Finally, he came deliberately across the street and stood before her. She thought he looked tired.

“Was it long?” he asked.

“Not very,” said she. “No; not long.”

“I've got a job,” he announced solemnly.

“Oh, Henry, really? I'm so glad! Now your uncle can't say you're no good. You are some good.”

“It ain't much of a job,” Henry mused aloud. “Eight a week. But it'll keep me alive just now.” They were just getting across Simpson Street. He took her hand. She jerked it nervously away. “What's the matter?” he asked—crossly, she thought. “Why'd you do that?”

“Henry—not right there on Simpson Street!”

“Oh, I forgot! But it's all right here.”

“Well—”

“Had an awful time making the old duck see it,” said he. “Had to argue a lot. But I was right. With all my acquaintance here and the things I've done in town—and I can write some—”

“Of course you can write!” She said this proudly.

“Funny I never thought of it until just that minute! I'm going to really work, Martha—nine to six every day, and all hours Friday nights. It's just a month on trial. If I suit, he'll give me ten. Look here!” He stopped her under a street light and again produced the bank-note. “Know what I'm going to do with this to-morrow? Put it in the savings at the bank. I wouldn't 'a' touched it. Not any way. I'd 'a' died first—starved, anything!”

They reached Martha's house and paused at the steps. Both glanced up toward the hammock on the porch.

“It isn't very late,” she said; “but I'm afraid you're tired. You've had such a hard time.”

“It ain't that,” he muttered.

She wondered what it was. His whole bearing had changed. As if with the passing of his outburst, his sorrows had gripped him again. Shyly, hesitant, she let her hand swing a little way toward him, and a little nearer still, until her fingers caught and held, ever so lightly, a fold of his sleeve.

"You are tired," she breathed.

What made him look like that? What was he thinking? Why didn't he tell her? Then, explosively, it came out.

"Hope you have a fine time at the party," he said stiffly, savagely, and actually raised his hat and walked away. She was too nearly dumfounded to speak. She gazed after him until he was gone round the corner; then leaned weakly against the rail; then moved on up the steps, perplexity in her eyes, and, for a moment, looked at the empty hammock; then went into the house and up to her room.

At five minutes to nine on the following morning, Henry seated himself at the grimy table that was to serve him for a desk in the rear office of the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*.

At ten minutes after nine, he was led out into the composing-room by the student from the front office to see the type-lice, and thus, in the presence of the foreman, three compositors, two pressmen, and a twelve-year-old printer's devil who had already, at that hour, managed to cover both face and hands with ink, he was initiated into the inner circle of country journalism. When the ceremony was over, when the laughter had died out and the foreman had slapped him heavily on the back and informed him that he was a good kid, he wiped the inky water from his eyes on the printing-room towel and went quietly back to work.

The first day proved exhausting. When he left the office, he was aware of stirrings within him of the restlessness that was a part, I fear, of his very fiber. His impulse was to wander, to pick up a little supper somewhere, to hunt up one or another of the boys he knew, or of the girls. But the party at Mary Ames' was an oppressive fact. He couldn't look up a boy for the same reason that he couldn't look up Martha. Everybody would be going to Mary's—everybody but Henry Calverly. He made himself face the fact grimly. He went to Mrs. Wilcox's, and, in a sort of dutiful fervor, ate the cold beef, the bread and butter, the stringy beans, drank the weedy tea, bolted down the stewed prunes.

Then, because it seemed like a duty, he went up to his room and sat there. But it was difficult. Sorrow hovered in every corner. He tried to read Bulfinch's "Mythology," which he had not finished in high school. Surely it was a duty to read Bulfinch. But Henry, then as later, passed through phases of life in which he found great difficulty in holding himself down to a book. His own thoughts were too active; they lay too close to his feelings. There were boys of a sedative spirit in Sunbury who loved their books, who worked out of an evening problems in the major and minor tactics of chess, or tinkered happily with chemistry, or built things. But Henry was like none of these.

The book sank gradually to his knees. His youthfully brooding mind dwelt on this and that memory. It was over that pine table that his uncle had given him the tongue-lashing that was to remain long a sting and a stimulus in his heart. He felt himself vaguely the victim of injustice, yet felt that his uncle, of course, must be right.

He fell to wondering if the crowd was beginning to gather at Mary's. She would have Foote's orchestra. Did Clem really



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love Jeff Jenkins? It was possible. That sort of fellow—tall, dark, all Harvard manner—takes with girls.

And Martha—just how did he feel toward her? Had he told the precise truth in that queer outbreak of his? Was he turning to her just because he was tired and bewildered, because he was a chip in the confusing drift of life and clung to her quieter, stabler nature as to a mooring? Was it just because she was so sensible, so steady? It was altogether too much for him; he couldn't think it out. He made an effort to go on with Bulfinch.

There was a rather weak knock at the door. He started, sprang to his feet, hurried to open it.

There in the dim hall stood Benny Caldwell, Martha's little brother. The boy produced a note. Henry tore it open, stepped to the light. His nerves, on the instant, tightened perceptibly; there was a quickening of his pulse, a faint drumming in his temples.

DEAR HENRY:

I am not going to the party.

Yours very sincerely,

MARTHA.

That was all it said.

He read it again. Turned it over. Read it a third time, and a fourth.

The diverting career of *Henry Calverly* will be continued in a new series of stories, of which the first, *Henry Is Twenty*, will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

## Myself and Others

(Continued from page 93)

beautiful house of the two, with its amber-satin hangings, but it has long since ceased to exist. The appearance of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra, in the royal box, wonderfully lovely and faultlessly dressed, seemed always to dim the beauty of every other woman in the house, and her grace and fascination were such that one could not take one's eyes from her.

Anglo-American matrimonial alliances, which have since grown plentiful, were comparatively few at that time. The two prominent American wives of the day were Lady Randolph Churchill and Consuelo, Viscountess Mandeville and later Duchess of Manchester. Lord Randolph Churchill was then chief secretary for Ireland, and as he and Lady Randolph were much in residence there, I did not see her until a few months of the season had passed. Then, one night, at a ball given by Sir George Wombwell, my attention was attracted by a radiant, black-eyed, black-haired beauty in a cloud of white tulle, with a large diamond star gleaming on her exquisite forehead. Hers was indeed a handsome face, aglow with intellectuality.

Lady Mandeville, fair and ethereal, was of so merry and witty a disposition that she was *persona grata* at Marlborough House, where their royal highnesses entertained constantly. It was at one of their Sunday dinners, which were also of a rather *intime* character, that I made the acquaintance of this delightful American, and I believe it was that same evening which was also the occasion of a great kindness to me on the part of the Princess of Wales.

I had become suddenly ill, and was suffering excruciating pain until the sym-

He pursed his lips, tried to think.

His hand reached out toward the bed, where he had tossed his cap. Still gazing at the note, he put the cap on.

His eyes, distraught, roved about the room, rested on the guitar. He reached for it, and absently drew over it the green-woolen bag that had been lying on the floor beside it.

"I can pick up an E string on the way over," he thought, "at Jones' store. They'll be open—Saturday night."

Henry, when in normal mood, always sang to girls. He couldn't help it. And he was rapidly from moment to moment, after these weeks of real suffering, approaching his normal. His young energy was asserting itself.

He turned out the gas, said, "Come, Benny," and, with a sudden throb of eager anticipation in his heart, ran lightly down the stairs, softly humming,

"Just a song at twilight,  
When the lights are low."

Martha loved that song.

It occurred to him that he hadn't sung for a week. He would probably be hoarse as a crow. But he could hum scales and things on the way over. Benny wouldn't know the difference.

pathetic Miss Knollys found an opportunity to ask if I might be excused. The princess, so considerate and compassionate always, immediately told me to hurry home to bed, which I thankfully did. Half an hour later, the household physician, Francis Laking, was ushered into my room, having been sent by command of her royal highness to see me and to report to her on my condition. By the next afternoon I was feeling better, and was lying on the sofa in my little drawing-room about tea-time when the butler suddenly announced her royal highness, who entered, followed by Miss Knollys. The honor of the unexpected visit brought me at once to my feet—ill though I was—but the princess insisted on my lying down again while she made herself tea, meanwhile chatting kindly and graciously. She always used a specially manufactured violet scent, and I recall exclaiming at the delicious perfume and her solicitous answer that she feared possibly it was too strong for me. Is it any wonder that she is adored by one and all of her subjects? I have always heard that her royal highness never permitted scandal or gossip in her presence. Certain it is that, when I found myself in the magic circle, the discussions invariably turned on *things* not people.

A much-beloved American in London whom I must not overlook was Mrs. Fanny Ronalds, of Boston. Her attractive appearance, charming nature, and fine, perfectly trained voice made her welcome everywhere. Lady Gladys Herbert, later Countess of Lonsdale and now Marchioness of Ripon, was superbly beautiful with brilliant coloring and the features and carriage of an ideal Roman

empress. I spent part of one summer with her at Lowther Castle, soon after her first marriage, and I recollect her meeting me at Carlisle station with her pony-cart to drive me to the castle. As we whisked through the park and the impressive walls of Lowther loomed before us, she intimated that the one thing she was most anxious for me to see was the emu strutting about on the grass! Splendor was her birth-right, but the emu was a novelty.

English society is very fond of nicknames, and some of them are exceedingly clever and appropriate. I would like to give a few examples, but it would be too personal. Many people were invariably referred to merely by their initials. I, for instance, was called—and am to this day by many of my friends—simply "Mrs. L."

After the rush and fatigue of a strenuous London season, it was a heavenly relief to find oneself under the beautiful trees of Goodwood Park at the end of July, for the final race-meeting of the season—a meeting which I shall refer to later in the chapter devoted to my racing-experiences.

At the close of the Goodwood meeting, everyone who owns a yacht or who can, by hook or by crook, manage to get on board one, goes to Cowes, that little village in the Isle of Wight celebrated through having been chosen by Queen Victoria as her summer residence for many years. During nine months out of twelve, Cowes was empty, forlorn, and forgotten, but immediately that her majesty was "in residence," the hotels and boarding-houses filled with such rapidity that by the first of August it was so crammed and jammed with royalties and well-known people from all quarters of the globe that it was impossible to find the tiniest place to lay one's head. One of the interesting sights to see was the "great and near great" rubbing shoulders on the lawn of the Royal Yacht Squadron, while outside a crowd waited in the hope of catching a glimpse of Queen Victoria as she drove along the short sea-front accompanied by the devoted Princess Beatrice.

What is known as "Cowes Week" takes place about the first week in August, and with the daily sailing-competitions for every size and class of yacht (culminating in the struggle for "the Cup"), the cruises in floating palaces by day, and the dances on shore by night, the seven days are turned into a whirlwind of gaiety almost bewildering. After that, the principal yachts flit on to other regattas, and soon only a small flotilla remains in the Solent. The regatta at Cowes is international in character, the most famous yachts in the world gathering there to take part in the world-famous contests. At the period to which my memory has taken me, Mr. Langtry had sold his last remaining yacht, and we were the guests of Sir Allen Young on his comfortable schooner, Helen.

During the yachting season, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their sons and daughters, lived entirely on the royal yacht Osborne for the reason that Osborne House, I do not know why, was considered unhealthy. Their guests in the month of August of this particular year were the King and Queen of Denmark, with their then only unmarried daughter, Princess Thyra (afterward Duchess of Cumberland), sister of the Princess of Wales; the Crown Prince of Denmark,

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Chicago, Illinois

**CLEARCUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES AND DANDRUFF**  
THE SKIN THE HAIR

who later became king, and Prince Wilhelm of Glucksberg. Dinner-parties were given on board the Osborne nightly, to which a favored few were invited, and after dinner, weather permitting, we danced on the deck. Sir Allen Young on several occasions also had the honor of entertaining the royal party on the Helen for tea and a sail.

The King and Queen of Denmark were remarkable for their simple manners and their affability to everyone who had the honor of meeting or serving them, which accounts for the sincere affection in which they were held by all classes in the Isle of Wight.

Prince Wilhelm of Glucksberg, who was very sprightly and amusing, gave me a photograph of himself in uniform, having written under his signature, "With cap on head." I also had photographs of the Danish king and queen, but I regret to say they have been lost or appropriated, as were many other photographs and letters I received from celebrities from time to time. Perhaps, owing to my busy life, I have not superintended the packing and storing of my treasures as carefully as I should have done. But no one can steal from my memory the affectionate embraces of their majesties of Denmark when that happy season in the Isle of Wight came to an end.

The Royal Yacht Squadron, which has its headquarters at Cowes, is, I believe, the most exclusive club in the kingdom. It is the only yacht club that flies the white ensign of the navy with its white, red-crossed burgee, and in consequence of this proud distinction, it has power to accord special privileges to yachts entering the various ports at home or abroad, as I discovered when we were yachting with one of the members, Sir Allen Young, and again when we were cruising in the Prince of Wales' schooner, Hildegard, graciously lent by him to my husband one summer.

The squadron club-house is a castle on the sea-front (there are many castles in the Isle of Wight). It has a landing-stage for the exclusive use of its members, also a small lawn to which only the elect are bidden. The world at Cowes lives generally on yachts or in apartments, although some few people have houses and cottages. Lord Harrington and Mrs. Cust were two of these fortunate ones, and Lord Hardwicke, whose lovely house, called Egypt, was occupied that year by the Empress Eugénie and the prince imperial, was another. It was there that I was presented to the Empress of the French. Her beauty and charm were still very evident, but she had been, naturally, dreadfully saddened by the trying events through which she had passed. The prince imperial, on the contrary, bubbled with youthful spirits and was a ready originator of practical jokes, then very much in fashion, and of one of which I was, as well as others, a victim. Being still greatly interested in "spirit-rapping" (famously termed "table-turning") a "serious" investigation was arranged at Mrs. Cust's cottage for the purpose of convincing skeptical friends. Even royalty, waxed curious.

At the appointed hour we assembled, and

sat with joined hands round the table, but immediately after the lights had been extinguished there were such violent upheavals that it seemed too good to be true, and on some one's striking a light, Prince Louis Napoleon was discovered hard at work throwing the furniture about. Perhaps I was not so surprised as the rest of the investigators, as I felt him let go of my hand and thus break the "chain." After this philistine interrupter had been respectfully put out of the room, the door carefully locked, and calm restored, we again waited expectantly in absolute darkness and silence for something to happen, and in about ten minutes it did. Once more a "manifestation" occurred, uncanny but tangible. Then the lights flashed suddenly, disclosing the undefeated prince imperial, who had climbed the side of the house with the aid of a wisteria growing thereon and reentered the room through the window. There he stood with several empty paper bags in his hands and all the "investigators," including royalty, were snowed over with flour. Poor young prince! Not long after he fell in the Zulu War, ambushed and cruelly assailed. Oscar Wilde commemorated the sad event in some verses entitled "Louis Napoleon," the first of which I remember.

Eagle of Austerlitz! Where were thy wings  
When, far away, upon a barbarous strand,  
In fight unequal, by an obscure hand,  
Fell the last scion of thy brood of kings?

A little story connected with Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, which was told to me at Cowes, seems to have a special significance at this time of terrible world-conflict.

The incident occurred at the breaking-out of hostilities in the Franco-Prussian War. One day, Napoleon, passing the apartments of Eugénie, noticed with her a well-known jeweler and designer from one of the big houses of the Rue de la Paix, who had brought to the palace a collection of gems which the empress had expressed a desire to see. Napoleon entered the room, gazed admiringly at the jewels for a few moments, and then said to the man,

"They tell me you are one of the most famous designers in the world."

"You honor me, sire," was the reply.

"I have heard," continued Napoleon, "that you can transform the most insignificant object into a thing of artistic beauty."

"Again you honor me, sire," returned the man.

"Let me see," went on Napoleon, plucking a single hair from his head and offering it to the tradesman; "what you can do with that?"

"It shall have my best attention, sire," replied the jeweler, placing the hair carefully in his wallet.

A month later, when the clash of war had come, a small package was delivered at the Tuileries for the emperor. He opened it and found a jewel-case. Inside was the hair, with a tiny gold disk attached to each end. One bore the word "Alsace" and the other "Lorraine." Underneath was written, "You hold them by a hair."

The next instalment of *Myself and Others* will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.

## Michael

(Continued from page 75)

gone from half-way through grammar-school directly into the industrial reform school, nor that, after serving two years, he had been paroled out by Harris Collins, who made a living, and an excellent one, by training animals for the stage. Much less could he know the training that, for six years, Del Mar, as assistant, had been taught to give the animals, and, thereby, had received for himself.

What Michael did know was that Del Mar had no pedigree, and was a scrub as compared with thoroughbreds such as Steward, Captain Kellar, and Mister Haggin, of Meringe. And he learned it swiftly and simply. In the daytime, fetched by a steward, Michael would be brought on deck to Del Mar, who was always surrounded by effusive young ladies and matrons who lavished caresses and endearments upon Michael. This he stood, although much bored; but what irked him almost beyond standing were the feigned caresses and endearments Del Mar lavished on him. He knew the cold-blooded insincerity of them, for, at night, when he was brought to Del Mar's room, he heard only the cold, brittle tones, sensed only the threat and the menace of the other's personality, felt, when touched by the other's hand, only a stiffness and sharpness of contact that was like to so much steel or wood in so far as all subtle tenderness of heart and spirit was absent.

This man was two-faced, two-mannered. No thoroughbred was anything but single-faced and single-mannered. A thoroughbred, hot-blooded as it might be, was always sincere. But in this scrub was no sincerity, only a positive insincerity. A thoroughbred had passion, because of its hot blood; but this scrub had no passion. Its blood was cold as its deliberateness, and it did nothing save deliberately. These things he did not think. He merely realized them, as any creature realizes itself in *liking* and in *not liking*.

To cap it all, the last night on board, Michael lost his thoroughbred temper with this man who had no temper. It came to a fight. And Michael had no chance. He raged royally and fought royally, leaping to the attack, after-being knocked over twice by open-handed blows under his ear. Quick as Michael was, he could not touch his teeth to the flesh of this man, who had been trained for six years with animals by Harris Collins. So that, when he leaped, open-mouthed, for the bite, Del Mar's right hand shot out, gripped his under-jaw as he was in the air, and flipped him over in a somersaulting fall to the floor on his back. Once again he leaped, open-mouthed, to the attack, and was filleted to the floor so hard that almost the last particle of breath was knocked out of him. The next leap was nearly his last. He was clutched by the throat. Two thumbs pressed into his neck on either side of the windpipe, directly on the carotid arteries, shutting off the blood to his brain and giving him most exquisite agony, at the same time rendering him unconscious far more swiftly than the swiftest anesthetic. Darkness thrust itself upon him, and, quivering on the floor, glimmeringly he came back to the light of the room and to the man who was casually touching a match to a ciga-



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rette and cautiously keeping an observant eye on him.

"Come on," Del Mar challenged; "I know your kind. You can't get my goat, and maybe I can't get yours entirely, but I can keep you under my thumb to work for me. Come on, you!"

And Michael came. Being a thoroughbred, despite that he knew he was beaten by this two-legged thing which was not warm human but was so alien and hard that he might as well attack the wall of a room with his teeth, Michael leaped for the throat. And all that he leaped against was training, formula. The experience was repeated. His throat was gripped; the thumbs shut off the blood from his brain, and darkness smote him. Had he been more than a normal thoroughbred dog, he would have continued to assail his unimpeachable enemy until he burst his heart or fell in a fit. But he was normal. Here was something unassailable, adamant. As little might he win victory from it as from the cement-paved sidewalk of a city. The thing was a devil, with the hardness and coldness, the wickedness and wisdom of a devil.

He did not reason all this, or any of it. Yet, transmuted into human terms of thought and understanding, it adequately describes the fulness of his state of mind toward Del Mar. Had Michael been entangled in a fight with a warm god, he could have raged and battled blindly, inflicting and receiving hurt in the chaos of conflict. But this two-legged god-devil did not rage blindly, and was incapable of passionate heat. He was like so much cunning, massive steel machinery, and he did what Michael could never dream he did, and, for that matter, which few humans do and which all animal-trainers do—he kept one thought ahead of Michael's thought all the time, and therefore was able to have ready one action always in anticipation of Michael's next action. This was the training he had received from Harris Collins, who, withal he was a sentimental and doting husband and father, was the arch-devil when it came to animals other than human ones, and who reigned in an animal hell which he had created and made lucrative.

Michael went ashore at Seattle all eagerness, straining at his leash until he choked and coughed and was coldly cursed by Del Mar. For Michael was mastered by his expectation that he would meet Steward, and he looked for him round the first corner, and round all corners with undiminished zeal. But among the multitudes of men there was no Steward. Instead, down in the basement of the hotel, where electric lights burned always, under the care of the baggage-porter, he was tied securely by the neck in the midst of alpine ranges of trunks which were forever being heaped up, sought over, taken down, carried away, or added to.

Three days of this dolorous existence he passed. The porters made friends with him and offered him prodigious quantities of cooked meats from the leavings of the dining-room. Michael was too disappointed and grief-stricken over Steward to overeat himself, while Del Mar raised a great row with the porters for violating the feeding-instructions.

"That guy's no good," said the head porter to his assistant, when Del Mar had departed.

"Sure," agreed the assistant. "I know his kind. Why, if you'd stick a knife into him, he wouldn't bleed blood. It'd be straight liquid lard."

Whereupon, the pair of them immediately presented Michael with vaster quantities of meat, which he could not eat because the desire for Steward was too much with him.

In the mean time, Del Mar sent off two telegrams to New York, the first to Harris Collins' animal-training school, where his troupe of dogs was boarding through his vacation:

Sell my dogs. You know what they can do and what they are worth. Am done with them. Deduct the board and hold the balance for me until I see you. I have the limit of a dog. Every turn I ever pulled is put in the shade by this one. He's a ten-strike. Wait till you see him.

The second, to his booking-agent:

Get busy. Book me over the best. Talk it up. I have the turn. A winner. Nothing like it. Don't talk up top price but way over top price. Prepare them for the dog when I give them the chance for the once-over. You know me. I am giving it straight. This will head the bill anywhere all the time.

### XXIII

CAME the crate. Because Del Mar brought it into the baggage-room, Michael was suspicious of it. A minute later, his suspicion was justified. Del Mar invited him to go into the crate, and he declined. With a quick deft clutch on the collar at the back of his neck, Del Mar jerked him off his footing and thrust him in, or partly in rather, because he had managed to get a hold on the edge of the crate with his two fore paws. The animal-trainer wasted no time. He brought the clenched fist of his free hand down in two blows, rat-tat, on Michael's paws. And Michael, at the pain, relaxed both holds. The next instant, he was thrust inside, snarling his indignation and rage as he vainly flung himself at the open bars while Del Mar was locking the stout door.

Next, the crate was carried out to an express-wagon and loaded in along with a number of trunks. Del Mar had disappeared the moment he had locked the door, and the two men in the wagon, which was now jouncing along over the cobblestones, were strangers. There was just room in the crate for Michael to stand upright, although he could not lift his head above the level of his shoulders. And, so standing, his head pressed against the top, a rut in the road, jolting the wagon and its contents, caused his head to bump violently.

He tried lying down, confined as the space was, and made out better, although his lips were cut and bleeding by having been forced so sharply against his teeth. But the worst was to come. One of his fore paws slipped out through the slats or bars and rested on the bottom of the wagon, where the trunks were squeaking, screeching, and jiggling. A rut in the roadway made the nearest trunk tilt one edge in the air and shift position, so that, when it tilted back again, it rested on Michael's paw. The unexpectedness of the crushing hurt of it caused him to yelp, and, at the same time, instinctively and spasmodically to pull back with all his strength. This

wrenched his shoulder and added to the agony of the imprisoned foot.

And blind fear descended upon Michael, the fear that is implanted in all animals and in man himself—the fear of the trap. Utterly beside himself, though he no longer yelped, he flung himself madly about, straining the tendons and muscles of his shoulder and leg, and further and severely injuring the crushed foot. He even attacked the bars with his teeth in his agony to get at the monster thing outside that had laid hold of him and would not let him go. Another rut saved him, however, tilting the trunk just sufficiently to enable his violent struggling to drag the foot clear.

At the railroad station, the crate was handled, not with deliberate roughness but with such carelessness that it had slipped out of a baggageman's hands, capsized sidewise, and was caught when it was past the man's knees but before it struck the cement floor. But Michael, sliding helplessly down the perpendicular bottom of the crate, fetched up with his full weight on the injured paw.

"Huh!" said Del Mar, a little later to Michael, having strolled down the platform to where the crate was piled on a truck with other baggage destined for the train. "Got your foot smashed? Well; it'll teach you a lesson to keep your feet inside."

"That claw is a goner," one of the station baggagemen said, straightening up from an examination of Michael through the bars. Del Mar bent to a closer scrutiny.

"So's the whole toe," he said, drawing his pocket-knife and opening a blade. "I'll fix it in half a jiffy if you'll lend a hand."

He unlocked the box and dipped Michael out with the customary strangle-hold on the neck. He squirmed and struggled, dabbling at the air with the injured as well as the uninjured fore paw and increasing his pain.

"You hold the leg," Del Mar commanded. "He's safe with that grip. It won't take a second."

Nor did it take longer. And Michael, back in the box and raging, was one toe short of the number which he had brought into the world. The blood ran freely from the crude but effective surgery, and he lay and licked the wound, and was depressed with apprehension of he knew not what terrible fate awaited him and was close at hand. Never, in his experience of men, had he been so treated, while the confinement of the box was maddening with its suggestion of the trap. Trapped he was, and helpless.

Suddenly, from a distance, came a bedlam of noise that made Michael prick up his ears and bristle with premonition of fresh disaster. It was a confused yelping, howling, and barking of many dogs.

"Holy-Smoke—it's them acting dogs!" growled the baggageman to his mate. "There ought to be a law against dog-acts. It ain't decent."

"It's Peterson's Troupe," said the other. "I was on when they come in last week. One of 'em was dead in his box, and from what I could see of him, it looked mighty like he'd had the tar knocked outa him."

The bedlam increased as the animals were transferred from the wagon to a platform-truck, and when the truck rolled up and stopped alongside Michael's, he made out that it was piled high with crated dogs. In truth, there were thirty-five dogs



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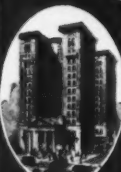
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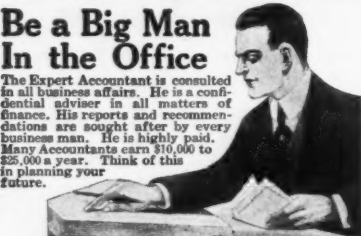


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of every sort of breed and mostly mongrel, and that they were far from happy was attested by their actions. Some howled; some whimpered; others growled and raged at one another through the slats, and many maintained a silence of misery. Half a dozen greyhounds were crammed into larger crates that were anything save large enough.

"Them's the high-jumpers," said the first baggageman. "An' look at the way they're packed! Peterson ain't going to pay any more excess baggage than he has to. Not half room enough for them to stand up."

What the baggageman did not know, and what Peterson did know, was that, of these thirty-five dogs, not one was a surviving original of the troupe when it first started out, four years before. Nor had there been any originals discarded. The only way they left the troupe and its cages was by dying. Nor did Michael know even as little as the baggageman knew. He knew nothing save that here reigned pain and woe, and that it seemed he was destined to share the same fate.

Into the midst of them, when, with more howlings and yelpings, they were loaded into the baggage-car, was Michael's cage piled. And for a day and a part of two nights, traveling eastward, he remained in the dog inferno. Then they were loaded off in some large city, and Michael continued on in greater quietness and comfort, although his injured foot still hurt and was bruised afresh whenever his crate was moved about in the car.

What it was all about—why he was kept in his cramped prison in the cramped car, he did not ask himself. He accepted it as unhappiness and misery, and had no more explanation for it than for the crushing of the paw. Such things happened. It was life, and life had many evils.

In Chicago, he was loaded upon a truck, carted through the roaring streets of the vast city, and put into another baggage-car which was quickly in motion in continuation of the eastward journey. It meant more strange men who handled baggage, as it meant in New York, where, from railroad baggage-room to express-wagon, he was exchanged, forever a crated prisoner, and despatched to one Harris Collins on Long Island.

First of all came Harris Collins and the place over which he ruled. But the second event must be stated first. Michael never saw Harry Del Mar again. As the other men he had known had stepped out of life, which was a way they had, so Harry Del Mar stepped out of Michael's purview of life as well as out of life itself. And his stepping-out was literal. A collision on the elevated, a panic-scramble of the uninjured out upon the trestle over the street, a step on the third rail, and Harry Del Mar was engulfed in the nothingness which men know as death.

## XXIV

HARRIS COLLINS was fifty-two years of age. He was slender and dapper, and in appearance and comportment was gentlemanly. He might have taught a Sunday-school, presided over a girls' seminary, or been a president of a humane society. His complexion was pink and white; his hands were as soft as the hands of his daughters, and he weighed a hundred and twelve

pounds. Moreover, he was afraid of his wife, afraid of a policeman, afraid of physical violence, and lived in constant dread of burglars. But the one thing he was not afraid of was wild animals of the most ferocious sorts, such as lions, tigers, leopards, and jaguars. He knew the game, and could conquer the most refractory lion with a broom-handle—not outside the cage, but inside and locked in.

It was because he knew the game and had learned it from his father before him, a man even smaller than himself and more fearful of all things except animals. So well had he built on his father's foundation that the big animal-training school at Cedarwild was considered a model of sanitation and kindness. It entertained many visitors, who invariably went away with their souls filled with ecstasy over the atmosphere of sweetness and light that pervaded the place. Never, however, were they permitted to see the actual training. On occasion, performances were given them by the finished products which verified all their other delightful and charming conclusions about the school. But had they seen the training of the raw novitiates, it would have been a different story. It might even have been a riot. As it was, the place was a zoo, and free at that; for, in addition to the animals Collins owned and trained and bought and sold, a large portion of the business was devoted to boarding trained animals and troupes of animals for owners who were out of engagements, or for estates of such owners which were in process of settlement. From mice and rats to camels and elephants, and even, on occasion, to a rhinoceros or a pair of hippopotamuses, he could supply any animal on demand.

Animal-men the country over acknowledged Collins to be not only the richest in the business but the king of trainers and the grittiest man who ever went into a cage. And those who, from the inside, had seen him work were agreed that he had no soul. Yet his wife and children and those in his small social circle thought otherwise. They, never seeing him at work, were convinced that no softer-hearted, more sentimental man had ever been born.

A great deal of the work was done by his assistants, but it was Harris Collins who taught them continually what to do and how to do it, and who himself, on more important animals, did the work and showed them how. His assistants were almost invariably youths from the reform schools, and he picked them with skillful eye and intuition. Control of them under their paroles, with intelligence and coldness on their part, were the conditions and qualities he sought, and such combination, as a matter of course, carried with it cruelty. Hot blood, generous impulses, sentimentality were qualities he did not want for his business; and the Cedarwild Animal School was business from the first tick of the clock to the last bite of the lash. In short, Harris Collins, in the totality of results, was guilty of causing more misery and pain to animals than all laboratories of vivisection in Christendom.

And into this animal purgatory Michael descended—although his arrival was horizontal, across three thousand five hundred miles, in the same crate in which he had been placed at the hotel in Seattle. Never once had he been out of the crate during the entire journey, and filthiness as well

as wretchedness characterized his condition. Thanks to his general good health, the wound of the amputated toe was in the process of uneventful healing. But dirt clung to him, and he was infested with fleas.

Cedarwild, to look at, was anything save threatening. Velvet lawns, graveled walks and drives, and flowers, formally growing, led up to the group of long, low buildings, some of frame and some of concrete. But Michael was not received by Harris Collins, who, at the moment, sat in his private office, Harry Del Mar's last telegram on his desk, writing a memorandum to his secretary to query the railroad and the express companies for the whereabouts of a dog, crated and shipped by one Harry Del Mar from Seattle and consigned to Cedarwild. It was a pallid-eyed youth of eighteen in overalls who received Michael, receipted for him to the express-man, and carried his crate into a slope-floored concrete room that smelled offensively and chemically clean.

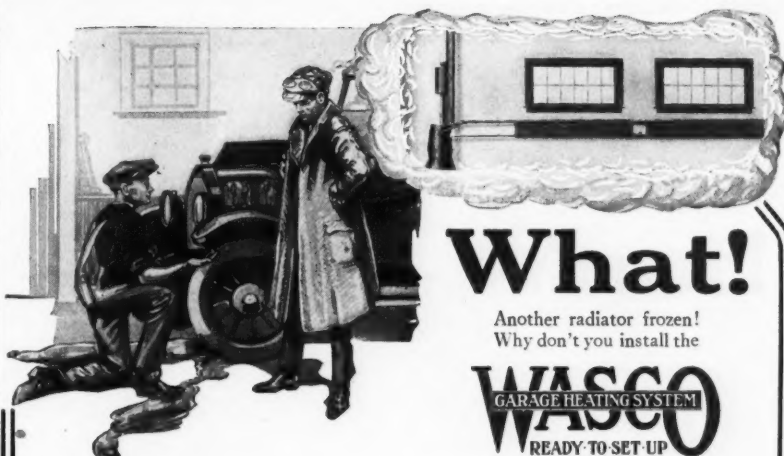
Michael was impressed by his surroundings but not attracted by the youth, who rolled up his sleeves and encased himself in a large oilskin apron before he opened the crate. Michael sprang out and staggered about on legs which had not walked for days. This particular two-legged god was uninteresting. He was as cold as the concrete floor, as methodical as a machine; and in such fashion he went about the washing, scrubbing, and disinfecting of Michael. For Harris Collins was scientific and antiseptic to the last word in his handling of animals.

Naturally, Michael did not understand. He endured the hand of the youth-god on his neck after the collar had been unbuckled, but when the hose was turned on him, he resented and resisted. The youth, merely working by formula, tightened the safe grip on the scruff of Michael's neck and lifted him clear of the floor, at the same time, with the other hand, directing the stream of water into his mouth and increasing it to full force by the nozzle-control. Michael fought, and was well-drowned for his pains until he gasped and strangled helplessly.

After that, he resisted no more, and was washed out and scrubbed out and cleansed out with the hose, a big, bristly brush, and much carboic soap, the lather of which got into and stung his eyes and nose, causing him to weep copiously and sneeze violently. Apprehensive of what might, at any moment, happen to him, but by this time aware that the youth was neither positive nor negative for kindness or harm, Michael continued to endure without further battling, until, clean and comfortable, he was put away into a pen, sweet and wholesome, where he slept and, for the time being, forgot. The place was the hospital, or segregation ward, and a week of imprisonment was spent therein, in which nothing happened in the way of development of germ-diseases, and nothing happened to him except regular good food, pure drinking-water, and absolute isolation from contact with all life save the youth-god who, like an automaton, attended on him.

## XXV

It was at eleven in the morning that the pale youth-god put collar and chain on Michael, led him out of the segregation ward, and turned him over to a dark



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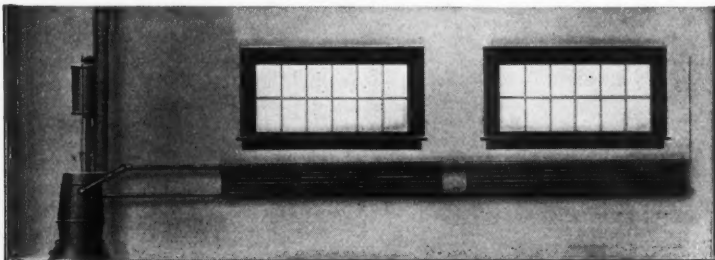
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youth-god who wasted no time of greeting on him and manifested no friendliness. A captive at the end of a chain, on the way Michael quickly encountered other captives going in his direction. There were three of them, and never had he seen the like. Three slouching, ambling monsters of bears they were, and, at sight of them, Michael bristled and uttered the lowest of growls; for he knew them, out of his heredity (as a domestic cow knows her first wolf), as immemorial enemies from the wild. But he had traveled too far, seen too much, and was altogether too sensible to attack them. Instead, walking stiff-legged and circumspectly, but smelling with all his nose the strange scent of the creatures, he followed at the end of his chain his own captor-god.

Continually a multitude of strange scents invaded his nostrils. Although he could not see through walls, he got the smells he was later to identify of lions, leopards, monkeys, baboons, and seals and sea-lions. All of which might have stunned an ordinary dog, but the effect on him was to make him very alert and, at the same time, very subdued. It was as if he walked in a new and monstrously populous jungle and was unacquainted with its denizens.

As he was entering the arena, he shied off to the side more stiff-leggedly than ever, bristled all along his neck and back, and growled deep and low in his throat. For, emerging from the arena, came five elephants. Small elephants they were, but to him they were the hugest of monsters. But they took no notice of him, each with its trunk clutching the tail of the one in front of it, as it had been taught to do in making an exit.

Into the arena he came, the bears following on his heels. It was a sawdust circle the size of a circus ring, contained inside a square building that was roofed over with glass. But there were no seats about the ring, since spectators were not tolerated. Only Harris Collins and his assistants, and buyers and sellers of animals, and men in the profession were ever permitted to behold how animals were tormented into the performance of tricks to make the public open its mouth in astonishment or laughter.

Michael forgot about the bears, who were quickly at work on the other side of the circle from that to which he was taken. Some men, rolling out stout, bright-painted barrels which elephants could not crush by sitting on, attracted his attention for a moment. Next, in a pause on the part of the man who led him, he regarded with huge interest a piebald Shetland pony. It lay on the ground. A man sat on it. And ever and anon it lifted its head from the sawdust and kissed the man. This was all Michael saw, yet he sensed something wrong about it. He knew not why, had no evidence why, but he felt cruelty and power and unfairness. What he did not see was the long pin in the man's hand. Each time he thrust this into the pony's shoulder, the pony, stung by the pain and reflex action, lifted its head and the man was deftly ready to meet the pony's mouth with his own mouth. To an audience, the impression would be that, in such fashion, the pony was expressing its affection for the master.

Not a dozen feet away, another Shetland, a coal-black one, was behaving as peculiarly as it was being treated. Ropes were attached to its fore legs, each rope held by an assistant, who jerked on the same stoutly

when a hired man, standing in front of the pony, tapped it on the knees with a short, stiff whip of rattan. Whereupon, the pony went down on its knees in the sawdust in a genuflection to the man with the whip. The pony did not like it, sometimes so successfully resisting with spread, taut legs and mutinous head-tossings as to overcome the jerk of the ropes, and, at the same time wheeling, to fall heavily on its side or to uprear as the pull on the ropes was relaxed. But always it was lined up again to face the man who rapped its knees with the rattan. It was being taught merely how to kneel in the way that is ever a delight to the audiences who see only the results of the schooling and never dream of the manner of the schooling. For, as Michael was quickly sensing, knowledge was here learned by pain. In short, this was the college of pain.

Harris Collins himself nodded the dark youth-god up to him and turned an inquiring and estimating gaze on Michael.

"The Del Mar dog, sir," said the youth-god. Collins' eyes brightened, and he looked Michael over more carefully.

"Do you know what he can do?" he queried. The youth shook his head. "Harry was a keen one," Collins went on. "He picked this dog as a winner. And now what can he do? That's the question. Poor Harry's gone, and we don't know what he can do. Take off the chain."

Released, Michael regarded the master god and waited for what might happen.

"Come here!" Collins commanded, in his cold, hard tones.

Michael came and stood before him.

"Lie down!"

Michael lay down, although he did it slowly, with advertised reluctance.

"Thoroughbred!" Collins sneered at him. "Won't put any pep into your motions, eh? Well, we'll take care of that. Get up! Lie down! Get up! Lie down! Get up!"

His commands were staccato, like the cracks of whips, and Michael obeyed them in his same slow, reluctant way.

"Understands English, at any rate," said Collins. "Wonder if he can turn the double flip," he added, expressing the golden dream of all dog-trainers. "Come on; we'll try him for a flip. Put the chain on him. Come over here, Jimmy. Put another lead on him."

Another youthful reform-school graduate obeyed, snapping a girth about Michael's loins, to which was attached a thin rope.

"Line him up!" Collins commanded. "Ready? Go!"

And the most amazing, astounding indignity was wreaked upon Michael. At the word "Go!" simultaneously the chain on his collar jerked him up and back in the air, the rope on his hind quarters jerked that portion of him under, forward, and up, and the stiff, short stick in Collins' hand hit him under the lower jaw. Had he had any previous experience with the maneuver, he would have saved himself part of the pain at least by springing and whirling backward in the air. As it was, he felt as if being torn and wrenched apart, while the blow under his jaw stung him and almost dazed him. And, at the same time, whirled violently into the air, he fell on the back of his head in the sawdust.

Out of the sawdust, he soared in rage, neck-hair erect, throat asnarl, teeth bared

to bite, and he would have sunk his teeth into the flesh of the master god had he not been the slave of cunning formula. The two youths knew their work. One tightened the lead ahead, the other the rear, and Michael snarled and bristled his impotent wrath. Nothing could he do—neither advance, nor retreat, nor whirl sideways. The youth in front, by the chain, prevented him from attacking the youth behind, and the youth behind, with the rope, prevented him from attacking the youth in front, and both so prevented him from attacking Collins, whom he knew incontrovertibly to be the master of evil and hurt.

Michael's wrath was as superlative as was his helplessness. He could only bristle and tear his vocal chord with his rage. But it was a very ancient and boring experience to Collins.

"Oh, you thoroughbred!" he sneered at Michael, returning his attention to him. "Slack him! Let go!"

The instant his bonds were released, Michael soared at Collins, and Collins, timing and distancing with the accuracy of long years, kicked him under the jaw and whirled him back and down into the sawdust.

"Hold him!" Collins ordered. "Line him out!"

And the two youths, pulling in opposite directions with chain and rope, stretched him into helplessness. Collins glanced across the ring to the entrance, where two teams of heavy draft-horses were entering, followed by a woman dressed to overdressedness in the last word of a stylish street costume.

"I fancy he's never done any flipping," Collins remarked, coming back to the problem of Michael for a moment. "Take off your lead, Jimmy, and go over and help Smith. Johnny, hold him to one side there, and mind your legs. Here comes Miss Marie for her first lesson, and that mutt of a husband of hers can't handle her."

Michael did not understand the scene that followed, which he witnessed, for the youth led him over to look on at the arranging of the woman and the four horses. Yet, from her conduct, he sensed that she, too, was captive and ill treated. In truth, she was herself being trained unwillingly to do a trick. She had carried herself bravely right to the moment of the ordeal, but the sight of the four horses, ranged two and two opposing her—with the thing patent that she was to hold in her hands the hooks on the doubletrees and form the link that connected the two spans which were to pull in opposite directions—at the sight of this, her courage failed her, and she shrank back, her face buried in her hands.

"No, no, Billikens," she pleaded to the stout though youthful man who was her husband; "I can't do it. I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense, madam," Collins interposed; "the trick is absolutely safe. And it's a good one, a money-maker. Straighten up a moment." With his hands, he began feeling out her shoulders and back under her jacket. "The apparatus is all right." He ran his hands down her arms. "Now—drop the hooks." He shook each arm, and from under each of the fluffy lace cuffs fell out an iron hook fast to a thin cable of steel that evidently ran up her sleeves. "Not that way! Nobody must see. Put them back. Try it again. They must come down hidden in your palms. Like this—see! That's it! That's the idea!"



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She controlled herself and strove to obey, though ever and anon she cast appealing glances to Billikens, who stood remote and aloof, his brows wrinkled with displeasure.

Each of the men driving the harnessed spans lifted up the doubletrees so that the girl could grasp the hooks. She tried to take hold, but broke down again.

"If anything breaks, my arms will be torn out of me," she protested.

"On the contrary," Collins reassured her. "You will lose merely most of your jacket. The worst that can happen will be the exposure of the trick and the laugh on you. But the apparatus isn't going to break. Let me explain again. The horses do not pull against you. They pull against each other. The audience thinks that they are pulling against you. Now, try once more. Take hold the doubletrees, and, at the same moment, slip down the hooks and connect. Now!"

He spoke sharply. She shook the hooks down out of her sleeves, but drew back from grasping the doubletrees. Collins did not betray his vexation. But the husband raged at her.

"Julia, if you throw me down this way!"

"Oh, I'll try, Billikens," she whimpered. "Honestly, I'll try. See! I'm not afraid now." She extended her hands and clasped the doubletrees. With a thin writhe of a smile, Collins investigated the insides of her clenched hands to make sure that the hooks were connected.

"Now brace yourself. Spread your legs and straighten out." With his hands, he manipulated her arms and shoulders into position. "Remember, you've got to meet the first of the strain with your arms straight out. After the strain is on, you couldn't bend 'em if you wanted to. But if the strain catches them bent, the wire'll nip the hide off of you. Remember—straight out, extended, so that they form a straight line with each other and with the flat of your back and shoulders. That's it. Ready now!"

"Oh, wait a minute!" she begged, forsaking the position. "I'll do it—oh, I will do it; but, Billikens, kiss me first, and then I won't care if my arms are pulled out."

The dark youth who held Michael, and others looking on, grinned. Collins dissembled whatever grin might have troubled for expression, and murmured:

"All the time in the world, madam. The point is, the first time must come off right. After that, you'll have the confidence. Bill, you'd better love her up before she tackles it."

And Billikens, very angry, very disgusted, very embarrassed, obeyed, putting his arms round his wife and kissing her neither too perfunctorily nor very long. She was a pretty young thing of a woman, perhaps twenty years old, with an exceedingly childish, girlish face and a slender-waisted, generously molded body of fully a hundred and forty pounds.

The embrace and kiss of her husband put courage into her. She stiffened and steeled herself, and with compressed lips, as he stepped clear of her, muttered,

"Ready."

"Go!" Collins commanded.

The four horses, under the urge of the drivers, pressed lazily into their collars and began pulling.

"Give 'em the whip!" Collins barked, his eyes on the girl and noting that the pull of the apparatus was straight across her.

The lashes fell on the horses' rumps and they leaped and surged and plunged, with their huge steel-shod hoofs, the size of soup-plates, tearing up the sawdust into smoke.

And Billikens forgot himself. The terribleness of the sight pained the honest anxiety for the woman on his face. And her face was a kaleidoscope. At the first, tense and fearful, it was like that of a Christian martyr meeting the lions, or of a felon falling through the trap. Next, and quickly, came surprise and relief in that there was no hurt. And, finally, her face was proudly happy with a smile of triumph. She even smiled to Billikens her pride at making good and her love for him. And Billikens relaxed and looked love and pride back, until, on the spur of the second, Harris Collins broke in:

"This ain't a smiling-act! Get that smile off your face. The audience has got to think you're carrying the pull. Show that you are. Make your face stiff till it cracks. Show determination, will-power. Show great muscular effort. Spread your legs more. Bring up the muscles through your skirt just as if you was really working. Let 'em pull you this way a bit and that way a bit. Give to 'em. Spread your legs more. Make a noise on your face as if you was being pulled to pieces an' that all that holds you is your will-power. That's the idea! That's the stuff! It's a winner, Bill—it's a winner! Throw the leather into 'em. Make 'em jump. Make 'em get right down and pull the daylight out of each other."

The whips fell on the horses, and the horses struggled in all their hugeness and might to pull away from the pain of the punishment. It was a spectacle to win approval from any audience. Each horse averaged eighteen hundredweight; thus, to the eye of the onlooker, seven thousand two hundred pounds of straining horseflesh seemed wrenching and dragging apart the slim-waisted, delicately-bodied, hundred-and-forty-pound woman in her fancy street costume. It was a sight to make women in circus audiences scream with terror and turn their faces away.

"Slack down!" Collins commanded the drivers. "The lady wins," he announced, after the manner of a ringmaster. "Bill, you've got a mint in that turn. Unhook, madam; unhook!"

Marie obeyed, and, the hooks still dangling from her sleeves, made a short run to Billikens, into whose arms she threw herself, as she exclaimed, before she kissed him:

"Oh, Billikens, I knew I could do it all the time! I was brave, wasn't I?"

"A give-away," Collins' dry voice broke in on her ecstasy. "Letting all the audience see the hooks. They must go up your sleeves the moment you let go. Try it again. And—another thing: When you finish the turn, no chestiness. No making out how easy it was. Make out it was the very devil. Show yourself weak, just about to collapse from the strain. Give at the knees. Make your shoulders cave in. The ringmaster will half step forward to catch you before you faint. That's your cue. Beat him to it. Stiffen up and straighten up with an effort of will-power—will-power's the idea, gameness, and all that, and kiss your hands to the audience and make a weak, pitiful sort of smile, as though your heart's been pulled most out of you and you'll have to go to the hospital, but for right then that you're game an' smiling and kissing your hands to the audi-

ence that's ripping the seats up and loving you. Get me, madam? You, Bill, get the idea! And see she does it. Now, ready! Be a bit wistful as you look at the horses. That's it! Nobody'd guess you'd palmed the hooks and connected them. Straight out! Let her go!"

And again the thirty-six hundredweight of horses on either side pitted its strength against the similar weight on the other side, and the seeming was that Marie was the link of woman-flesh being torn asunder.

A third and a fourth time the turn was rehearsed, and, between turns, Collins sent a man to his office for the Del Mar telegram.

"You take her now, Bill," he told Marie's husband, as, telegram in hand, he returned to the problem of Michael. "Give her half a dozen tries more. And don't forget, any time any jay farmer thinks he's got a span that can pull, bet him on the side your best span can beat him. That means advance advertising and some 'paper.' It'll be worth it. If I was young and foot-loose, I'd ask nothing better than to go out with your turn."

Harris Collins, in the pauses gazing down at Michael, read Del Mar's Seattle telegram:

Sell my dogs. You know what they can do and what they are worth. Am done with them. Deduct the board and hold the balance for me until I see you. I have the limit of a dog. Every turn I ever pulled is put in the shade by this one. He's a ten-strike. Wait till you see him.

Over to one side in the busy arena, Collins contemplated Michael.

"Del Mar was the limit himself," he told Johnny, who held Michael by the chain. "When he wired me to sell his dogs, it meant he had a better turn, and here's only one dog to show for it, a thoroughbred at that. He says it's the limit. It must be, but, in heaven's name, what is the turn? He's never done a flip in his life, much less a double flip. What do you think, Johnny? Use your head. Suggest something."

"Maybe he can count," Johnny advanced. "And counting dogs are a drug on the market. Well, anyway, let's try."

And Michael, who knew unerringly how to count, refused to perform.

"If he was a regular dog, he could walk, anyway," was Collins' next idea. "We'll try him."

And Michael went through the humiliating ordeal of being jerked erect on his hind legs by Johnny while Collins with the stick cracked him under the jaw and across the knees. In his wrath, Michael tried to bite the master god, and was jerked away by the chain. When he strove to retaliate on Johnny, that imperturbable youth, with extended arm, merely lifted him into the air on his chain and strangled him.

"That's off," quoth Collins wearily. "Wonder if he can spin plates on his nose," Johnny volunteered.

"Can't stand up on hind legs," Collins negated. "Besides, nothing like the limit in a turn like that. This dog's got a specialty. He ain't ordinary. He does some unusual thing unusually well, and it's up to us to locate it. That comes of Harry dying so inconsiderately and leaving this puzzle-box on my hands. I see I just got to devote myself to him. Take him away. Number eighteen for him. Later on, we can put him in the single compartments."

The next instalment of *Michael* will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.



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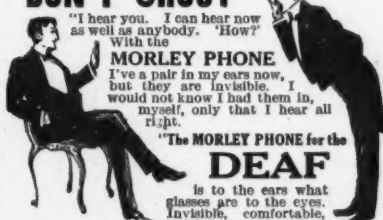
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## The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 43)

until, in her momentarily lifted face, he detected the sensitive, forced smile of a child close to tears.

All the resolute composure she could summon did not conceal from him the tragedy of a child who is about to lose its hero, and who feels itself left out—excluded, as it were, from the last sad rites. He was touched, conscience-stricken, and yet almost inclined to smile. He said casually, as they rose from the table.

"Steve, dear, tell Janet to make you ready at once, if you are going to see Jim off."

"Am—I—going?" faltered the child, flushing and tremulous with surprise and happiness.

"Why, of course! Run quickly to Janet now." And, to his son, when the eager little flying feet had sped out of sight and hearing: "Steve felt left out, Jim. Do you understand, dear?"

"Y—yes, father."

"Also, she is inclined to take your departure very seriously. You do understand, don't you, my dear son?"

The boy said that he did, vaguely disappointed that he was not to have the last moments alone with his father.

So they all went down-town together in the car, and there were other boys there with parents, and some recognitions among the older people—desultory, perfunctory conversations; cohesion among the schoolboys, welcoming one another with ardor and strenuous cordiality. Chiltern Grismer, father of Oswald, came over and spoke to Cleland senior.

"Our respective sons, it appears, so far forgot their Christian principles as to indulge in a personal encounter in school," he said, in a pained voice. "Hadden't they better shake hands, Cleland?"

"Certainly," replied John Cleland. "If a fight doesn't clean off the slate, there's something very wrong somewhere. Jim!"

Cleland junior left the group of gossiping boys; young Grismer, also, at his father's summons, came sauntering nonchalantly over from another group.

"Make it up with young Cleland," said Chiltern Grismer tersely. "Mr. Cleland and I are friends of many years. Let there be no dissension between our sons."

"Offer your hand, Jim," added Cleland senior. "A punch in the nose settles a multitude of sins; doesn't it, Grismer?"

The ceremony was effected reluctantly, and in anything but a cordial manner. Stephanie, looking on, perplexed, caught young Grismer's amber-colored eyes fixed on her, saw the tall, sandy-haired boy turn to look at her as he moved away to rejoin his particular group, saw the color rising in his mischievous face when she surprised him peeping at her again over another boy's shoulder.

"Who is that kid?" she distinctly heard him say to the boy. She calmly looked away, and was presently aware of the elder Grismer's expressionless gaze concentrated upon herself.

"Is this the little girl?" he said to Cleland senior, in his hard, dry voice.

"That is my little daughter Stephanie," replied Cleland coldly, discouraging any possible advances on Grismer's part. For there would never be any reason for bring-

ing Stephanie in contact with the Grismer, and there might be reasons for keeping her ignorant of their existence.

"She's older than I supposed," remarked Grismer, staring steadily at her, where she stood beside Jim, shyly conversing with a group of his particular cronies. Boylike, they all were bragging noisily for her exclusive benefit, talking school-talk, and swaggering and showing off quite harmlessly, as is the nature of the animal at that age.

"I don't observe any family resemblance," mused Grismer, pursing his slitlike lips.

"No?" inquired Cleland dryly.

"No; none whatever. Of course, the connection is remote—m-m-m', yes—quite remote. I trust," he added magnanimously, "that you will be able to render her life comfortable and pleasant, and that the stipend you purpose to bestow upon her may, if wisely administered, keep her from want."

Cleland, who was getting madder every moment, turned very red now.

"I think," he said, managing to control his temper, "that it will scarcely be a question of want with Stephanie Quest. What troubles me a little is that she's more than likely to be an heiress."

"What!"

"It looks that way."

"Do you—do you mean, Cleland, that—that any legal steps to reopen—"

"Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Cleland contemptuously. "She wouldn't touch a penny of Grismer money—not a penny! I wouldn't lift a finger to stir up that mess again, even if it meant a million for her."

Grismer breathed more easily.

"Our conception of moral and spiritual responsibility differs, I fear," he said, "as widely as our creeds differ. I regret that my friend of many years should appear to be a trifle biased—m-m-m, yes—a trifle biased in his opinion—"

"It's none of my affair, Grismer. We're different—that's all. You had, perhaps, a legal right to your unhappy sister's share of the Grismer inheritance. You exercised it; I should not have done so. It's a matter of conscience—to put it pleasantly."

"It is a matter of creed," said Grismer grimly. "It was God's will."

Cleland shrugged.

"Let it go at that. Anyway, you needn't worry over any possible action that might be brought against you or your heirs. There won't be any. What I meant was that the child's aunt, Miss Rosalinda Quest, seems determined to leave little Stephanie a great deal more money than is good for anybody. It isn't necessary. I don't believe in fortunes. I'm wary of them, afraid of them. They change people—often change their very natures. I've seen it too many times—observed the undesirable change in people who were quite all right before they came into fortunes. No; I am able to provide for her amply. I have done so—that ought to be enough."

Grismer's dry, thin lips remained parted. Finally he said, in a voice so dry that it seemed to crackle:

"This is—amazing. I understood that

the family had cast out and utterly disowned the family of Harry Quest—m-m-m, yes—turned him out completely—him and his. So you will pardon my surprise, Cleland. Is—ah—the Quest fortune—as it were—considerable?"

"Several millions, I believe," replied Cleland carelessly, moving away to rejoin his son and Stephanie, where they stood amid the noisy, laughing knot of schoolboys.

Grismer looked after him, and his face, which had become drawn, grew almost ghastly. So this was it! Cleland had fooled him. Cleland, with previous knowledge of what this aunt was going to do for the child, had cunningly selected her for adoption—doubtless designed her, ultimately, for his son. Cleland had known this, had kept the knowledge from him. And that was the reason for all this philanthropy. Presently he summoned his son Oswald with a fierce gesture of his hooked forefinger. The boy strolled up to his father.

"Don't quarrel with young Cleland again. Do you hear?" he said harshly.

"Well, I—"

"Do you hear—you little fool?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Be silent and obey! Do as I order you! Seek his friendship. And, if opportunity offers, become friends with that little girl. If you don't do as I say, I'll cut your allowance. Understand me; I want you to be good friends with that little girl."

Oswald cast a mischievous but receptive glance toward Stephanie.

"I'll sure be friends with her if I have a show," he said. "She's easily the prettiest kid I ever saw. But Jim doesn't seem very anxious to introduce me. Maybe, next term—" He shrugged, but regarded Stephanie with wistful golden eyes.

After the gates were opened, and when, at last, the schoolboys had departed and the train was gone, Stephanie remained tragically preoccupied with her personal loss in the departure of Cleland junior. For he was the first boy she had ever known, and she worshiped him with all the long-pent ardor of a lonely year.

Memory of the sandy youth with golden eyes continued in abeyance, although he had impressed her. It had, in fact, been a new experience for her to be noticed by an older boy, and, although she considered young Grismer homely and a trifle insolent, there remained in her embryonic feminine consciousness the grateful aroma of incense swung before her—incense not acceptable, but still unmistakably incense—the subtle flattery of man.

As for young Grismer, reconciliation between him and Jim having been as pleasantly effected as the forcible feeding of a jailed lady on a hunger-strike, he sauntered up to Cleland junior in the car and said amiably,

"Who was the little peach you kissed good-by, Jim?"

The boy's clear brown eyes narrowed just a trifle.

"She's—my—sister," he drawled. "What about it?"

(Continued on page 147)



"I'm lonely for Jim," she whispered. "I—" But speech left her suddenly in the lurch.

"You're going to make me proud of you, darling, aren't you?" Cleland murmured, looking down at her.

The child merely nodded. Grief for 'he going of her first boy had now left her utterly dumb.

## IX

THERE is a serio-comic, yet charming, sort of tragedy—fortunately only temporary—in the attachment of a little girl for an older boy. It often bores him so, and she is so daintily in earnest.

The one adores, tags after, and often annoys; the other, if chivalrous, submits.

It began this way between Stephanie Quest and Jim Cleland. It continued. She realized with awe the discrepancy in their ages; he was amiable enough to pretend to waive the discrepancy. And his condescension almost killed her.

The poor child grew older as fast as she possibly could, resolutely determined to overtake him somewhere, if that could be done. For, in spite of arithmetic, she seemed to know that it was possible. Moreover, it was wholly characteristic of her to attack with pathetic confidence the impossible—to lead herself, as a forlorn hope, with cheerful and reckless resolution into the most hopeless *impasse*.

Cleland senior began to notice this trait in her—began to wonder whether it was an admirable trait or a light-headed one.

Once, an imbecile canary, purchased by him for her and passionately cherished, got out of its open cage, out of the open nursery window, and perched on a cornice over one of the windows. And out of the window climbed Stephanie, never hesitating, disregarding consequences, clinging like a desperate kitten to sill and blind, negotiating precarious ledges with steady feet—and the flagstones of the area four stories below her, and spikes on the iron railing.

A neighbor opposite fainted; another shouted incoherently. It became a hair-raising situation; she could neither advance nor retreat. The desolate Irish keening of Janet brought Meacham; Meacham, at the telephone, notified the nearest police station and a section of the Fire Department. The latter arrived with extension-ladders.

It was only when pushed violently backward, as punishment, that the child realized there had been anything to be frightened about. Then she became scared, and was tearfully glad to see Cleland when he came in that evening from a print-hunting expedition.

Stephanie's development was watched with tender, half-fearful curiosity by Cleland.

As usual, two separate columns were necessary to record the varied traits so far apparent in her. These traits, Cleland noted in the book devoted to memoranda concerning the child, writing them as follows:

Inclined to self-indulgence. Generous with her possessions.

Consequently, a trifle selfish at times. Easily moved to impulsive self-sacrifice.

Oversensitive and likely to exaggerate.

Very great talent latent, possibly histrionic.

Anger, when finally aroused, likely to lead to extremes.

Ardent in her affections, loyal to friendship, and essentially truthful.

Indignation quickly excited by any form of cruelty or treachery. Action likely to be immediate without regard for personal considerations.

So far, he could discover nothing vicious in her, no unworthy inherited instincts beyond those common to young humans—instincts supposed to be extirpated by education.

She was no greedier than any other healthy child, no more self-centered; all her appetites were normal, all her inclinations natural. She had a good mind, but a very human one, fairly balanced but sensitive to emotion, inclination, and impulse, and sometimes rather tardy in readjusting itself when logic and reason were required to regain equilibrium.

But the child was more easily swayed by gratitude than by any other of the several human instincts known as virtues.

So she grew toward adolescence, closely watched by Cleland, good-naturedly tolerated by Jim, worshiped by Janet, served by Meacham with instinctive devotion—the only quality in him not burnt out in his little journeys through hell.

There were others, too, in the world, who remembered the child. There was her aunt, who came once a month and brought always an expensive present, over the suitability of which she and Cleland differed to the verge of rudeness, but always parted on excellent terms.

And there was Chiltern Grismer, who sat sometimes for hours in his office, thinking about the child and the fortune which threatened her.

Weeks, adhering to one another, became months; months totaled years—several of them—recorded so suddenly that John Cleland could not believe it. Yet, being always with Stephanie, he could not notice her rapid development as he noted the astonishing growth of his son when the boy came home after brief absences at school.

Stephanie, still a child, was becoming something else very rapidly. But still she remained childlike enough to idolize Jim Cleland and to show it without reserve. And though he really found her excellent company, amusing and diverting, her somewhat persistent and doglike devotion embarrassed and bored him sometimes. He was at that age.

Young Grismer, in Jim's hearing, commenting upon a similar devotion inflicted on himself by a girl, characterized her as "too darn pleasant"—a brutal yet graphic summary.

And, for a while, the offensive phrase stuck in Jim's memory, though always chivalrously repudiated as applying to Stephanie. Yet the poor girl certainly bored him at times, so blind her devotion, so pitiful her desire to please, so eager her heart of a child for the comradeship denied her in the dreadful years of solitude and fear.

For a year or two, the affair lay that way between these two—the schoolboy's interest in the little girl—was the interest of polite responsibility, consideration for misfortune, toleration for her sex, with added allowance for her extreme youth. This was the boy's attitude.

Had not boarding-school and college limited his sojourn at home, it is possible that indifference might have germinated.

But he saw her so infrequently and for such short periods, and, even during the summer vacations, growing outside interests, increasing complexity in social relations with fellow students—invitations to house-parties, motor-trips, camping-trips—so interrupted the placid continuity of his vacation in their pleasant summer home in the northern Berkshires that he never quite realized that Stephanie Quest was really anything more than a sort of permanent guest, billeted indefinitely under his father's roof.

When he was home in New York at Christmas and Easter, his gravely detached attitude of amiable consideration never varied toward her.

The few weeks at a time that he spent at Runner's Rest, his father's quaint and ancient place on Cold River, permitted him no time to realize the importance and permanency of the place she already occupied as an integral part of the house of Cleland.

A thousand new interests, new thoughts possessed the boy in the full tide of adolescence. All the world was beginning to unclose before him like the brilliant, fragrant petals of a magic flower. And in this rainbow transformation of things terrestrial, a boy's mind is always unbalanced by the bewildering and charming confusion of it all—for it is he who is changing, not the world; he is merely learning to see, instead of to look; to comprehend, instead of to perceive; to realize, instead of to take for granted, all the wonders and marvels and mysteries to which a young man is heir.

It is drama, comedy, farce, tragedy—this inevitable awakening; it is the alternate elucidation and deepening of mysteries; it is a day of clear, keen reasoning succeeding a day of illogical caprice; an hour aquiver with undreamed-of mental torture followed by an hour of spiritual exaltation; it is the era of magnificent aspiration, of inexplicable fear, of lofty abnegations, of fierce egotisms, of dreams and of convictions, of faiths for which youth dies, and, alas! it is a day of pitiless development, which leaves the shadowy memory of faith lingering in the brain, and on the lips a smile.

And, amid such emotions, such impulses, such desires, fears, aspirations, hopes, regrets, the average boy puts on that Nessus coat called manhood. And he has, in his temporarily dislocated and unadjusted brain, neither the time nor the patience nor the interest nor the logic at his command necessary to see and understand what is happening under his aspiring and heavenward-tilted nose. Only the clouds enrapture him; where every star beckons him he responds in a passion of endeavor.

In his freshman year at Harvard, Jim got drunk. The episode was quite inadvertent on his part—one of those accidents incident to the vile, claret-colored "punches" offered by some young idiot in "honor" of his own birthday.

The Cambridge police sheltered him overnight; his fine was oversubscribed; he explored the depths of remorse in consequence of the affair, endured the agony of shame and self-loathing to the physical and mental limit, and eventually recovered, regarding himself as a reformed criminal with a shattered past.

However, the youthful gloom and melancholy dignity with which this clothed him had a faint and not entirely unpleasant flavor—as one who might say: "I have lived and learned. There is the sad wisdom of worldly things within me." But he cut out alcohol. It being the fashion at that time to shrug away an offered cup, he found little difficulty in avoiding it.

In his sophomore year, he met the inevitable young person. And, after all that had been told him, all that he had disdainfully pictured to himself, did not recognize her when he met her.

It was one of those episodes which may end any way. And it ended, of course, in one way or another. But it did end.

Thus the limited world he moved in began to wear away the soft-rounded contours of boyhood; he learned a little about men, nothing whatever about women, but was inclined to consider that he understood them sadly and perfectly. He wrote several plays, novels, and poems to amuse himself, wrote articles for the college periodicals when he was not too busy training with the baseball squad or playing tennis, or lounging through those golden and enchanted hours when the smoke of undergraduate pipes spins a magic haze over life, enveloping books and comrades in that exquisite and softly brilliant web which never tears, never fades in memory while life endures.

He made many friends; he visited many homes; he failed sometimes, but more often he made good in whatever he endeavored.

His father came on to Cambridge several times—always when his son requested it—and he knew the sympathy of his father in days of triumph, and he understood his father's unshaken belief in his only son when that son, for the moment, faltered.

For he had confided in his father the episodes of the punch and the young person. Never had his father and he been closer together in mind and spirit than after those confessions.

In spite of several advances made by Chiltern Grismer, whose son Oswald was also at Harvard and a popular man in his class, John Cleland remained politely unresponsive, and there were no social amenities exchanged. Jim Cleland and Oswald Grismer did not visit each other, although friendly enough at Cambridge. Cleland senior made no particular effort to discourage any such friendly footing, and he was not inclined to judge young Grismer by his father. He merely remained unresponsive.

In such cases, he who makes the advances interprets their non-success according to his own nature. And Grismer concluded that he had been a victim of insidious guile and sharp practise, and that John Cleland had taken Stephanie to his heart only after he had learned that, some day, she would inherit the Quest fortune from her eccentric relative.

Chagrin and sullen irritation against Cleland had possessed him since he first

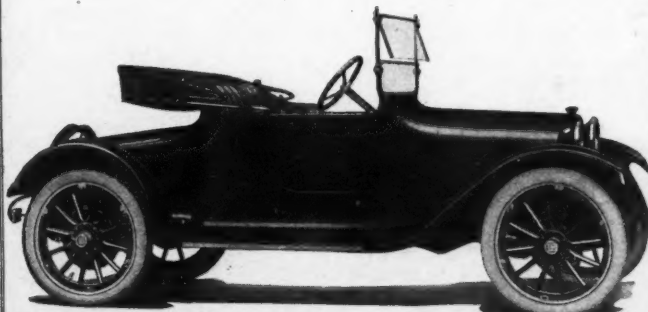
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learned of this inheritance, and he nourished both until they grew into a dull, watchful anger. And he waited for something or other that might in some way offer him a chance to repair the vital mistake he had made in his attitude toward the child.

But Cleland gave him no opening whatever; Grismer's social advances were amiably ignored. And it became plainer and plainer to Grismer, as he interpreted the situation, that John Cleland was planning to unite, through his son Jim, the comfortable Cleland income with the Quest millions, and to elbow everybody else out of the way.

"The philanthropic hypocrite!" mused Grismer, still smarting from a note expressing civil regrets in reply to an invitation to Stephanie and Jim to join them after church for a motor-trip to Lakewood.

"Can't they come?" inquired Oswald.

"Previous engagement," snapped Grismer, tearing up the note. His wife, an invalid, with stringy hair and spots on her face, remarked with resignation that the Clelands were too stylish to care about plain Christian people.

"Stylish!" repeated Grismer. "I've got ten dollars to Cleland's one. I can put on style enough to swamp him if I've a mind to—m-m-m, yes—if I've a mind to."

"Why don't you?" inquired Oswald, with a malicious side glance at his father's frock coat and ready-made cravat. "Chuck the religious game and wear spats and a topper. It's a better graft, governor."

Chiltern Grismer, only partly attentive to his son's impudence, turned a fierce, preoccupied glance upon him. But his mind was still intrigued with that word "stylish." It began to enrage him. He repeated it aloud, once or twice, sneeringly.

"So you think we may not be sufficiently stylish to suit the Clelands—or that brat they picked out of the sewer? M-m-m, yes; out of an East Side sewer!"

Oswald pricked up his intelligent and rather pointed ears.

"What brat?" he inquired.

Chiltern Grismer had never told his son the story of Stephanie Quest. In the beginning, the boy had been too young, and there seemed to be no particular reason for telling him. Later, when Grismer suddenly developed ambitions in behalf of his son for the Quest fortune, he did not say anything about Stephanie's origin, fearing that it might prejudice his son.

Now he suddenly concluded to tell him, not from spite entirely, or to satisfy his increasing resentment against Cleland, but because Oswald would, some day, inherit the Grismer money. And it might be just as well to prime him now, in the event that any of the Clelands should ever start to reopen the case which had deprived Jessie Grismer of her own inheritance so many years ago.

The young fellow listened with languid astonishment as the links of the story, very carefully and morally polished, were displayed by his father for his instruction and edification.

"That is the sort of stylish people they are," concluded Grismer, making an abrupt end. "Let it be a warning to you to keep your eye on the Clelands; for a man that calls himself a philanthropist and is sharp enough to pick out an heiress from the gutter will bear watching. M-m-m, yes; he certainly will bear watching."

Mrs. Grismer, who was sitting with folded hands, sighed.

"You always said it was God's judgment on Jessie and her descendants, Chiltern. But I kind of wish you'd been a little mite more forgiving."

"Who am I," demanded Grismer suddenly, "to thwart God's wrath—m-m-m, yes—the anger of the Lord Almighty? And I never thought of that imbecile aunt. It was divine will that punished my erring sister and her children and her children's children."

"Rot!" remarked Oswald. "Cleland caught you napping and put one over. That's all that worries you. And now you are properly and piously sore."

"That is an impious and wickedly outrageous way to talk to your father!" said Grismer, glaring at him. "You have come back from college lacking reverence and respect for everything you have been taught to consider sacred—m-m-m, yes—everything! You have returned to us utterly demoralized, defiant, rebellious, changed!"

"I'm sorry I was disrespectful, governor—"

"No! You are *not* sorry!" retorted Grismer tartly. "You rejoice secretly in your defiance of your parents. You have been demoralized by the license permitted you by absence from home. You live irresponsibly; you fling away your money on theaters. You yourself admit that you have learned to dance. Nothing that your pastor has taught you, nothing that our church holds sacred seems capable of restraining you from wickedness. That is the truth, Oswald. And your mother and I despair of your future, here and"—he lifted his eyes solemnly—"above."

There was an awkward silence. Finally, Oswald said, with sullen frankness:

"You see I'm a man, now, and I've got to do my own thinking. Things I used to believe seem tommy-rot to me now—"

"Oswald!" sighed his mother.

"I'm sorry to pain you, mother, but they do. And about everything you object to I find agreeable. I'm not very bad, mother. But this sort of talk inclines me to raise the devil. What's the harm in going to a show—in dancing—in smoking a cigar? For heaven's sake, let a fellow alone! The line of talk the governor hands me makes a cynic of a man who's got any brains." There was another silence; then Oswald continued: "And, while we are trying to be frank with each other this pleasant Sunday morning, what about my career? Let's settle it now!"

"I'm opposed to any such frivolous profession!" snapped Grismer angrily. "That's your answer. And that settles it!"

"You mean that you still oppose my studying sculpture?"

"Emphatically."

"Why?" demanded the youth, rather white but smiling.

"Because it is no business career for a Christian!" retorted his father, furious. "It is a loose, irregular, eccentric profession, beset with pitfalls and temptations. It leads to immorality and unbelief—m-m-m, yes—to hell itself! And that is why I oppose it!"

Oswald shrugged.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, but I can't help it, of course."

"Do you mean," inquired his mother, "that you intend to disregard our solemn wishes?"

"I don't know," said the young fellow; "I really don't know, mother. I can't seem to breathe and expand at home. You've never made things very cheerful for me."

"Oswald! You are utterly heartless!" "I've been fed up on the governor's kind of religion, on narrow views and gloom; and that's no good for a modern boy. It's a wonder I have any heart at all, and sometimes I think it's dried up—"

"That will do!" shouted Grismer, losing all self-control. "If your home, your parents, and your Creator cannot make a Christian of you, there is nothing to hope from you! I'll hear no more from you. Go and get ready for church!"

"I shan't go," said the young fellow calmly.

When he went back to Cambridge at the end of the week, it was with the desire never to see his home again.

## X

WHEN Stephanie was fifteen years old, John Cleland took her to Cambridge. The girl had been attending a celebrated New York school during the last two years. She had developed the bearing and manners which characterized the carefully trained products of that institution, but the régime seemed to have subdued her, and made her retiring and diffident.

She could have formed friendships there, had she desired to do so. She formed none; yet any girl there would have been happy and flattered to call Stephanie Quest her friend. But Stephanie cared little for those confidential and intimate relations so popular among schoolgirls of her age.

She made no enemies, however. An engaging reticence and reserve characterized her—the shy and wistful charm of that indeterminate age when a girl is midway in the delicate process of transformation.

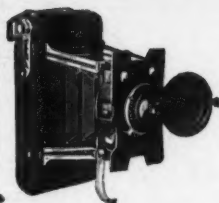
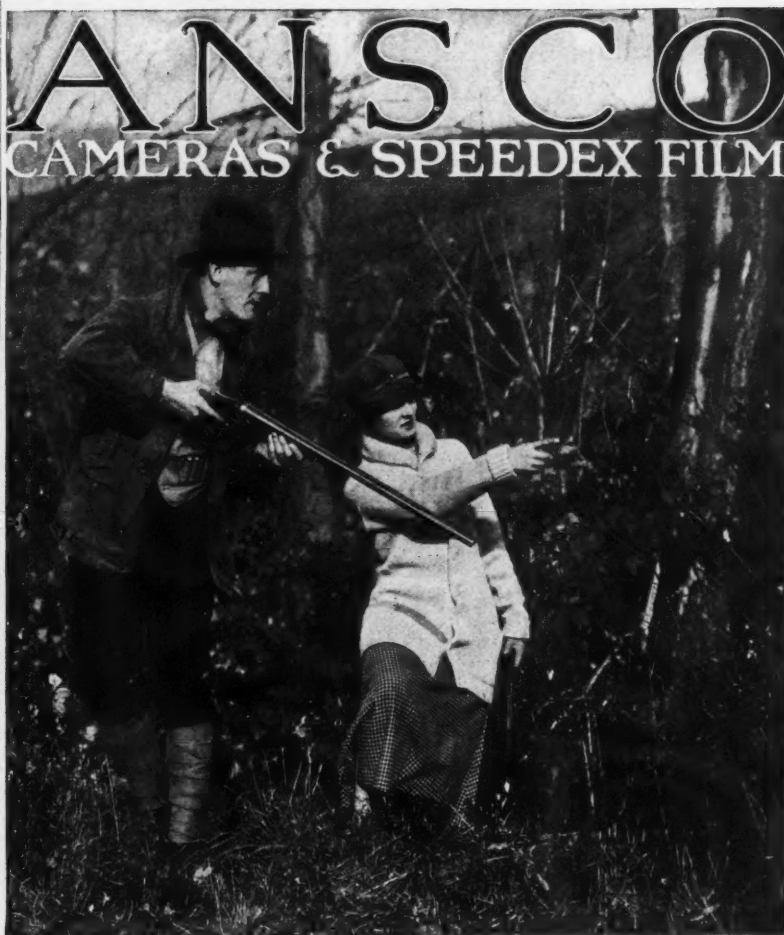
If she cared nothing about girls, she lacked self-confidence with boys, though vastly preferring their society; but she got little of it except when Jim's school-friends came to the house during holidays. Then she had a heavenly time just watching and listening.

So when John Cleland took her to Cambridge, she had, in the vernacular of the moment, a "wonderful" experience—everything during that period of her career being "wonderful" or "topping."

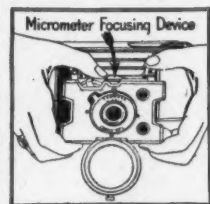
Jim, as always, was "wonderful," and the attitude of his friends alternately delighted and awed her, so gaily devoted they instantly became to Jim's "little sister."

But what now secretly thrilled the girl was that Jim for the first time seemed to be proud of her, not tolerating her as an immature member of the family but welcoming her as an equal, on an equal footing. And, with inexpressible delight, she remembered her determination, long ago, to overtake him, and realized that she was doing it very rapidly.

So she went to a football game at the stadium; she took tea in the quarters of these godlike young men; she motored about Cambridge and Boston; she saw all that a girl of fifteen ought to see, heard all that she ought to hear, and went back to New York with John Cleland in the seventh paradise of happiness fulfilled, madly enamored of Jim and every youthful superman he had presented to her



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Every year while Jim was at college there was a repetition of this program, and when, in due time, Jim prepared to emerge from that great university, swaddled in sheepskin and reeking with Cambridge culture, Stephanie went again to Cambridge with her adopted father—a girl then of seventeen, still growing, still in the wondering maze of her own adolescence.

She had a "wonderful" week in Cambridge—more and more excited by the discovery that young men found her as agreeable as she found them, and that they sought her now on perfectly even terms of years and experience, regarded her as of them, not merely *with* them. And this enchanted her.

Two of her school-friends, the Hildreth girls, were there with their mother, and the latter very gladly extended her wing to cover Stephanie for the dance, John Cleland not feeling very well and remaining in Boston.

And it chanced that Stephanie met there Oswald Grismer, and knew him instantly when he was presented to her. He said, in his easy, half-mischievous way,

"You don't remember me, of course, Miss Quest, but, when you were a very little girl, I once saw you at the Grand Central Station in New York."

Stephanie, as yet too inexperienced a diplomat to forget such things, replied frankly that she remembered him perfectly. When it was too late, she blushed at her admission.

"That's unusually nice of you," he said. "Maybe it was my bad manners that impressed you, Miss Quest. I remember that I had never seen such a pretty little girl in my life, and I'm very sure I stared at you, and that you were properly annoyed."

He was laughing easily as he spoke, and she laughed, too, still a trifle confused.

"I did think you rather rude," she admitted. "But what a long time ago that was! Isn't it strange that I should remember it? I can even recollect that you and my brother had had a fight in school and that dad made you both shake hands there in the station before you went aboard the train. Naturally, I didn't feel kindly toward you," she added, laughingly.

"Jim and I are now on most amiable terms," he assured her; "so please feel kindly toward me now—kindly enough to give me one unimportant dance. Will you, Miss Quest?"

Later, when he presented himself to claim the dance, her reception of him was unmistakably friendly.

He had grown up into a spare, loosely coupled, yet rather graceful young fellow, with hair and eyes that matched, both of a deep-amber shade.

But there was in his bearing, in his carelessly attractive manner, in his gaze, a lurking hint of irresponsibility, perhaps of mischief, which did not, however, impress her disagreeably.

On the contrary, she felt oddly at ease with him, as though she had known him for some time.

"Have you forgiven me for staring at you so many years ago?" he inquired smilingly.

She thought that she had.

But his next words startled her a little. He said, still smiling, in his careless and attractive way,

"I have a queer idea that we're beginning in the middle of everything—that we've already known each other long enough to waive preliminaries and begin our acquaintance as old friends."

He was saying almost exactly what she had not put into words. He was still looking at her intently, curiously, with the same slightly importunate, slightly deferential smile which she now vividly remembered in the boy.

"Do you, by any chance, feel the same way about our encounter?" he asked.

"What way?"

"That we seem to have known each other for a long time?"

"Yes; I do."

"As though," he insisted, "you and I are beginning in the middle of the Book of Friendship, instead of bothering to cut the pages of the preface?" he suggested gaily.

She laughed.

"You know," she warned him, "that I have not yet made up my mind about you."

"Oh! Concerning what are you in doubt?"

"Concerning exactly how I ought to consider you."

"As a friend, please."

"Perhaps. Are we going to dance or talk?"

After they had been dancing for a few moments,

"So you are a crew-man?"

"Who told you?"

"I've inquired about you," she admitted, glancing sideways at the tall, spare, graceful young fellow with his almost golden coloring. "I have questioned various people. They told me things."

"Did they give me a black eye?" he asked, laughingly.

"No. But somebody gave you a pair of golden ones. You've a golden look; do you know it?"

"Red-headed men turn that way when they're in the sun and wind," he explained, still laughing, yet plainly fascinated by the piquant, breezy informality of this young girl. "Tell me: Do you still go to school, Miss Quest?"

"How insulting! Yes; but it was mean of you to ask."

"Good Lord! You didn't expect me to think you the mother of a family, did you?" That mollified her. "Where do you go to school?" he continued.

"Miss Montfort's. I finish this week."

"And then?"

"To college, I'm afraid."

"Don't you want to?"

"I'd rather go to a dramatic school."

"Is that your inclination, Miss Quest?"

"I'd adore it? But dad doesn't."

"Too bad."

"I don't know. I'm quite happy, anyway. I'm having a wonderful time, whatever I'm doing."

"Then it isn't an imperious call from heaven to leave all and elevate the drama?" he asked, with a pretense of anxiety that made her laugh.

"You are disrespectful! I'm sure I could elevate the drama if I had the chance. But I shan't get it. However, next to the stage I adore to paint," she explained.

"There is a class. I have attended it for two years. I paint rather nicely."

"No wonder we feel so friendly!" exclaimed Grismer.

"Why? Do you paint?"

"No; but I'm to be a sculptor."

"How wonderful! I'm simply mad to do something, too! Don't you love the atmosphere of bohemia, Mr. Grismer?"

He said that he did, with a mischievous smile straight into her gray eyes.

"It is my dream," she went on, slightly confused, "to have a studio—not a bit fixed up, you know, and not frilly."

"Great!" he assented. "Please ask me to tea!"

"Wouldn't it be wonderful! And, of course, I'd work like fury until five o'clock every day, and then just have tea ready for the brilliant and interesting people who are likely to drop in to discuss the most wonderful things. Just think of it, Mr. Grismer! Think what a heavenly privilege it must be to live such a life, surrounded by inspiration and— atmosphere and— and such things—and listening to the conversation of celebrated people telling each other all about art and how they became famous!"

Grismer also had looked forward to a professional career in bohemia, with a lively appreciation of its agreeable informalities. And the irresponsibility and liberty—perhaps license—of such a life had appealed to him only in a less degree than the desire to satisfy his artistic proclivities with a block of marble or a fistful of clay.

"Yes," he repeated; "that is undoubtedly the life, Miss Quest. And it certainly seems as though you and I were cut out for it."

Stephanie sighed, lost in "iridescent dreams of higher things—vague visions of spiritual and artistic levels from which, if attained, genius might stoop to regenerate the world. But Grismer's amber eyes were brilliant with slumbering mischief.

"What do you think of Grismer, Steve?" inquired Jim Cleland, as they drove back to Boston that night.

"I really don't exactly know, Jim. Do you like him?"

"Sometimes. He's crew, Dicky, Hasty Pudding. He's a curious chap. You've got to hand him *that*, anyway."

"Cleverness?"

"Oh, more than that, I think. He's an artist through and through."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. He's a bird on the box, too."

"What!"

"On the piano, Steve. He's the real thing. He sings charmingly. He draws better than Harry Belter. He's done things in clay and wax—really; wonderful things. You saw him in theatricals."

"Did I? Which was he?"

"Why, the Duke of Brooklyn! He was practically the whole show!"

"I didn't know it," she murmured. "I didn't recognize him. How clever he really is!"

"You hadn't met him then."

"But I had seen him once," she answered in a low, dreamy voice.

Jim Cleland glanced round at her. Again it struck him that Stephanie was growing up very rapidly into an amazingly ornamental girl—a sister to be proud of.

"Did you have a good time, Steve?" he asked.

"Wonderful," she signed, smiling back at him out of sleepy eyes.

The car sped on toward Boston.

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